WESTMINSTER SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNAL

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WESTMINSTER

SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNAL

A Collection of Hymns and Tunes

FOR USE IN

SABBATH-SCHOOLS AND SOCIAL MEETINGS

PREPARED BY THE

Rev. JOHN W. DULLES, D.D.

AND

MR. THEODORE F. SEWARD

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INTRODUCTION.

In response to a pressing demand, as well as to the recommendations of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the Westminster Sabbath-School Hymnal is now published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. It aims to give, as to both hymns and tunes, (1) what our young people can sing; (2) what they will sing; and (3) what they ought to sing. A carefully-made selection from the standard hymns of the Church gives permanent value to the book. Among these invaluable gems of sacred song, preference has been given to those most worthy of being stored in the memory, those most readily grasped by the young and best adapted to hearty singing. Besides these indispensable hymns of the Church, there is given a liberal selection, from the many books published for use in "gospel-meetings" and in the Sabbath-school, of hymns and tunes deservedly favorites. Original pieces of merit, with others from the best modern ecclesiastical music of England and the Continent, complete the collection. It is believed that thus a volume has been prepared sound in its composition, whilst highly attractive and available for the service of song in the Sabbath-school, and also fitted for use in the chapel and in prayer-meeting. To pack as much as possible into the book without unduly increasing its size and cost, hymns are given without the music where the familiar tunes to which they are ordinarily sung are pretty sure to be within easy reach.

The long experience, the good taste and skill, with the Christian sympathy in the work, of the musical editor, Mr. Theodore F. Seward, assure us of excellence in that department of our Westminster Sabbath-School Hymnal, which is offered to the public with the belief that it will be found truly serviceable, ministering gladness in God's praise and spiritual profiting to those by whom it shall be used. May the blessing of God rest upon all whose devotions it shall guide!

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Electrotyped by Westcott & Thomson, Philadelphia.

WESTMINSTER
SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMNAL.

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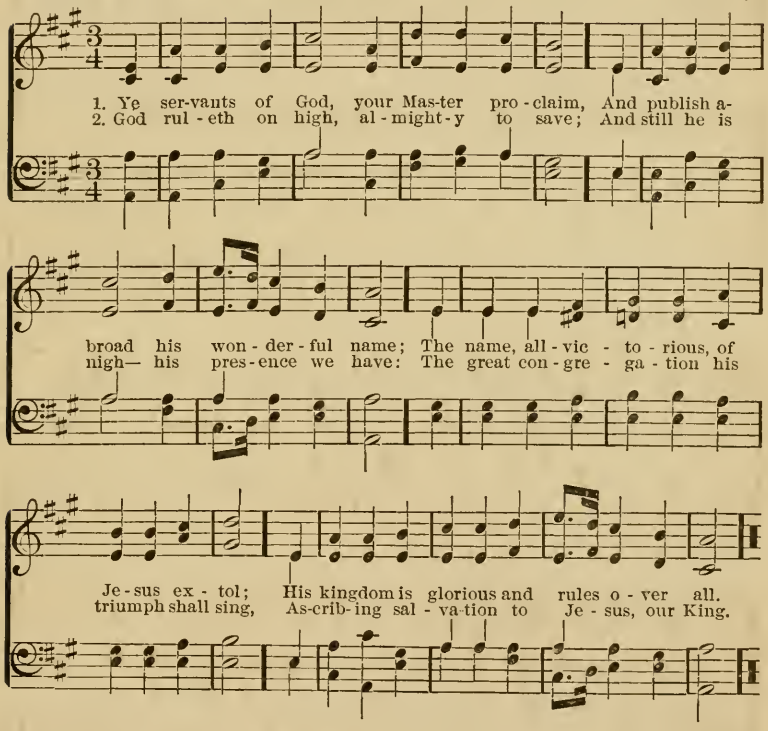
1 **Lyons.** 10s & 11s.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. HAYDN.



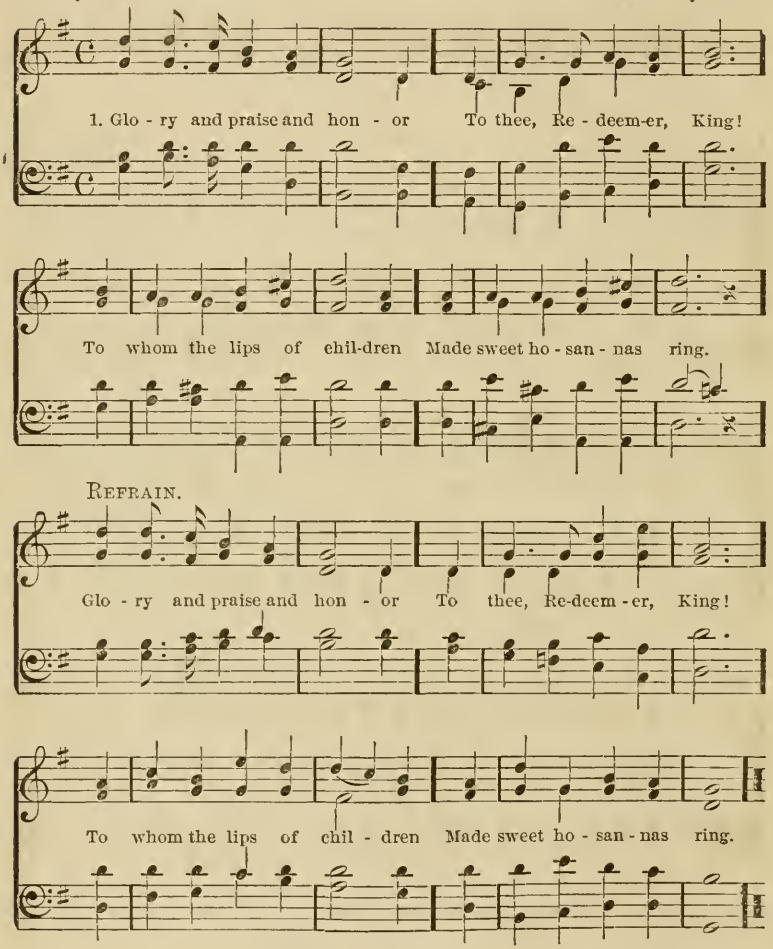
3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne!
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

Glory and Praise and Honor. 7s & 6s.

THEODULPH OF ORLEANS.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

Arr. from "Catholic Hymns."

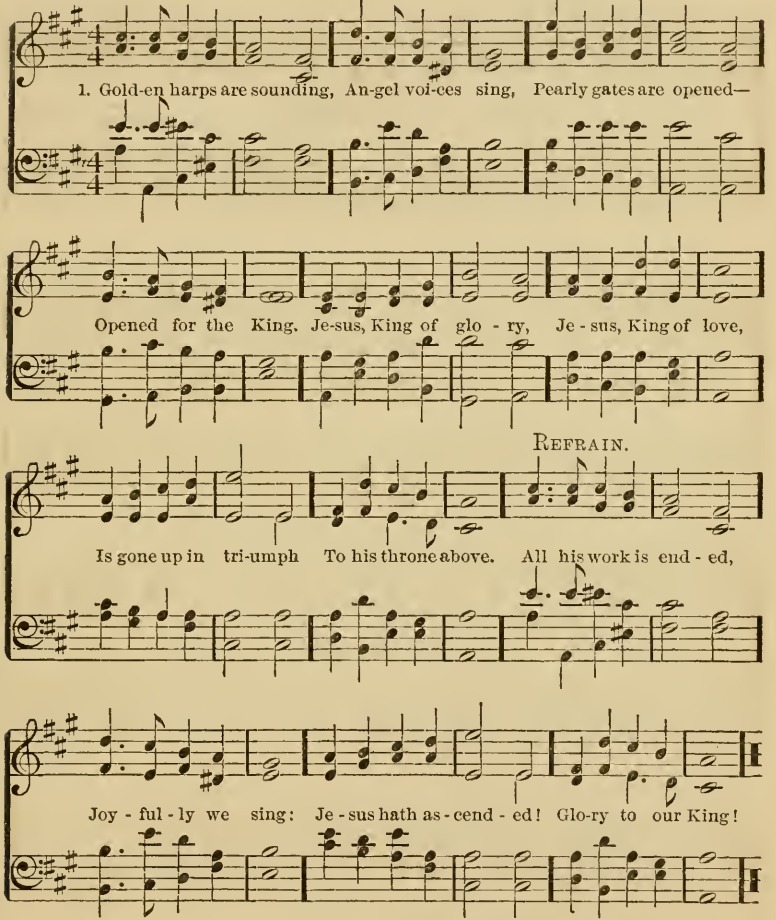


2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and blessed One.
REF.—Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King! etc.

3 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!
REF.—Glory and praise and honor
To thee, Redeemer, King! etc.

3 • Golden Harps are Sounding. 6s & 5s.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



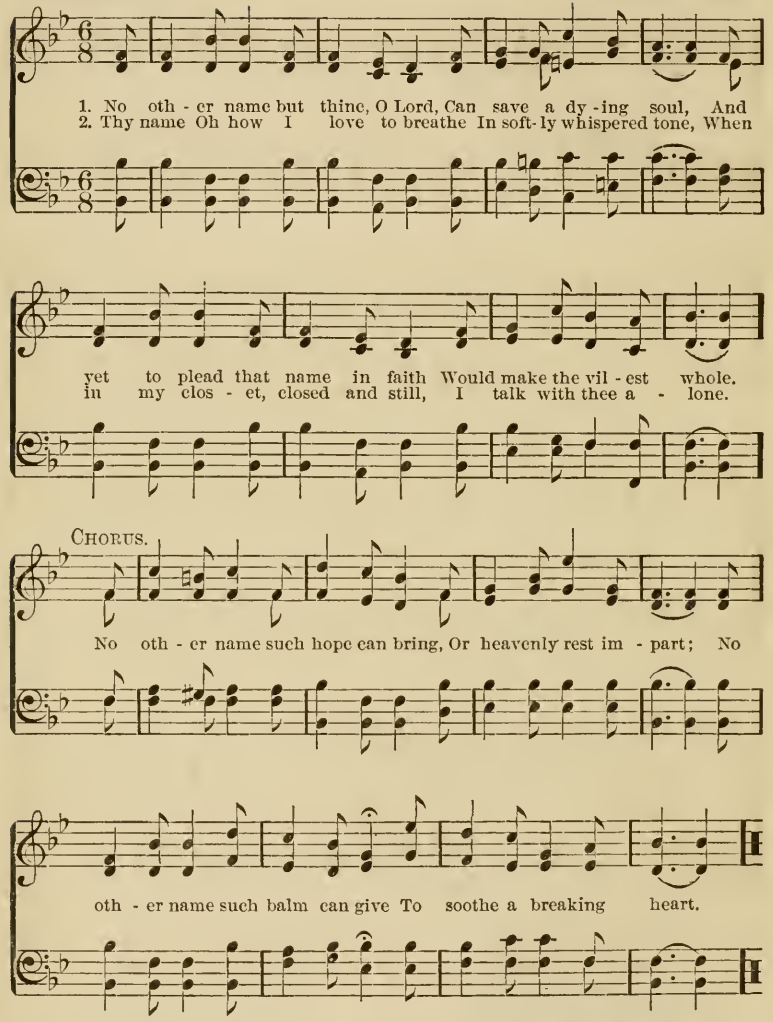
2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At his Father's side.
Nevermore to suffer,
Nevermore to die,
Jesus, King of glory,
Has gone up on high.—REF.

3 Praying for his children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them his grace,
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you,—
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.—REF.

No Other Name.

C. M.

RUTH HARMON. SAMUEL ALMAN.



3 I feel, I know, thou hearest prayer
And answ'rest my request,
Bestowing what thy love decides
The wisest and the best.—CHO.

4 And when I reach thy dear abode,
And all its joys are mine,
No other name shall be my song—
No other name but thine.—CHO.

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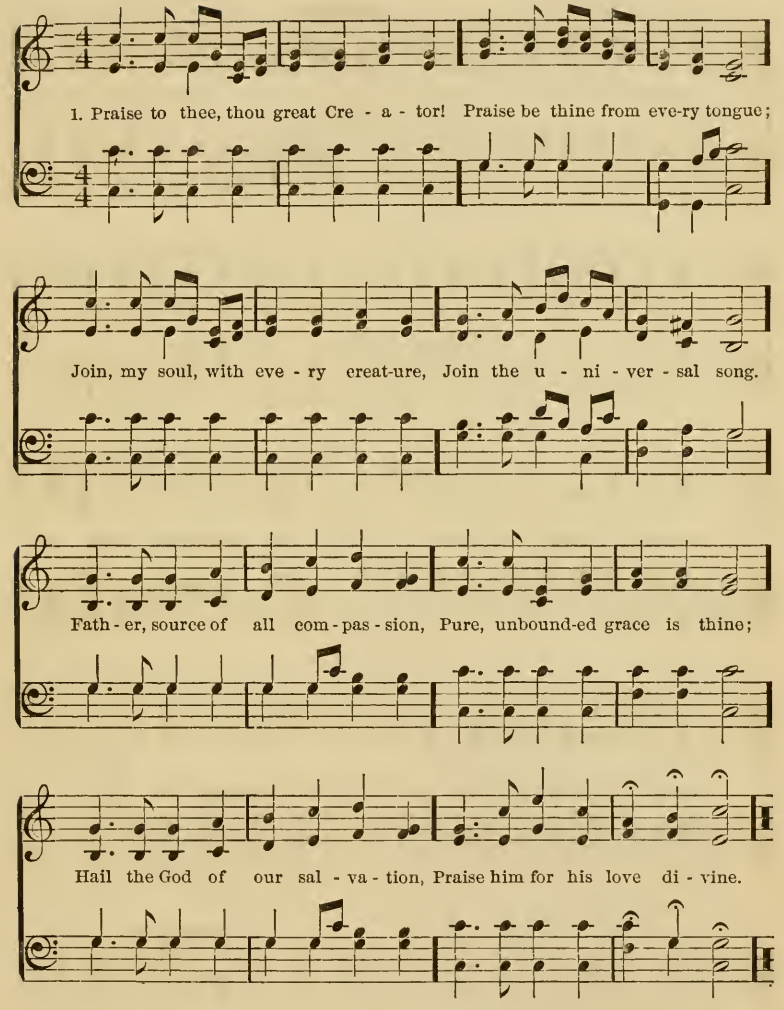
Praise to Thee.

8s & 7s.

JOHN FAWCETT. THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

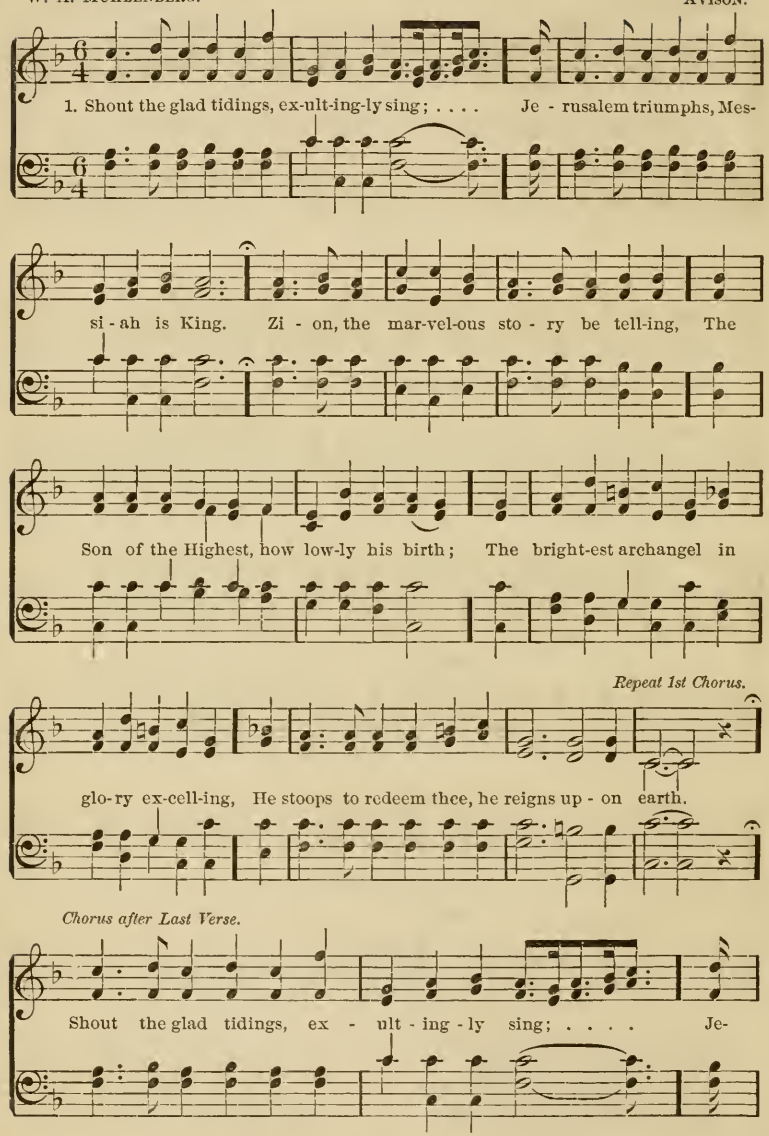


2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

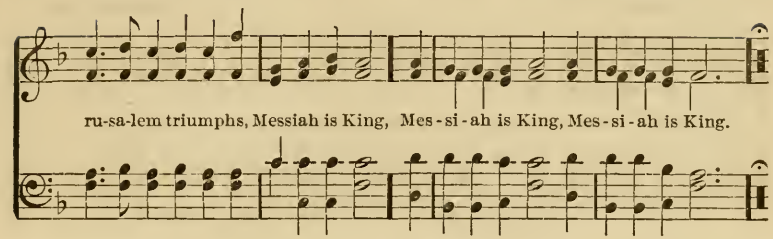
Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

Shout the Glad Tidings.

W. A. MUHLENBERG. AVISON.



Shout the Glad Tidings.—Concluded.



2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation!
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned!
CHO.—Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
FINAL CHO.—Shout the glad, etc.

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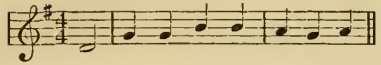
7 CORONATION. C. M.



1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all!

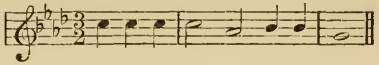
2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all!

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

4 Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

Edward Perronet.

8 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



1 AROUND the Saviour's lofty throne,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sing;
They worship him as God alone,
And crown him—everlasting King.

2 Approach, ye saints! this God is yours;
'Tis Jesus fills the throne above:
Ye cannot want while God endures;
Ye cannot fail while God is love.

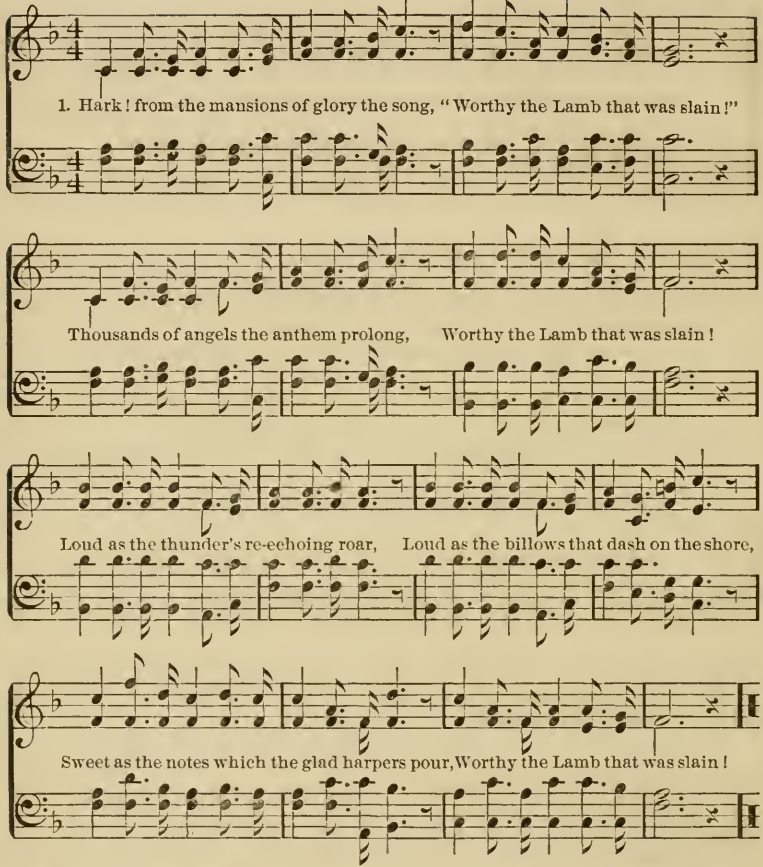
3 Jesus, thou everlasting King!
To thee the praise of heaven belongs;
Yet smile on us, who fain would bring
The tribute of our humble songs.

4 Though sin defile our worship here,
We hope ere long thy face to view;
And when our souls in heaven appear,
We'll praise thy name as angels do.

Thomas Kelly.

Worthy the Lamb.

H. L. HASTINGS. SAMUEL ALMAN.



2 We here on earth would assist in the strain,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain!
We would take up the glad anthem again,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain!
He hath redeemed us from sin and from woe,
Taught us his mercy and glory to know:
Ever his rapturous praise we would show,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain!

3 Soon shall we shout by the side of the King,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain!
Soon with the angels his praise we shall sing,
Worthy the Lamb that was slain!
Soon in his glory and pow'r he shall come,
Soon shall he gather his ransomed ones home;
Then shall we shout, as we sit on his throne,
"Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

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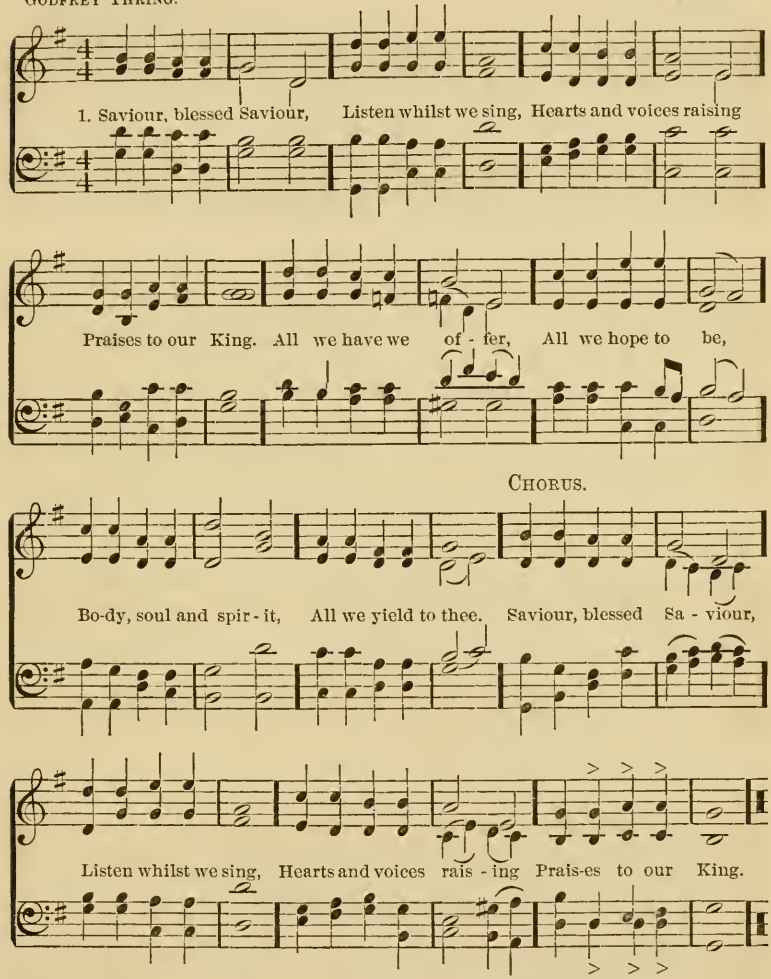
10 Saviour, Blessed Saviour. 6s & 5s. D.

GODFREY THRING. HAYDN.

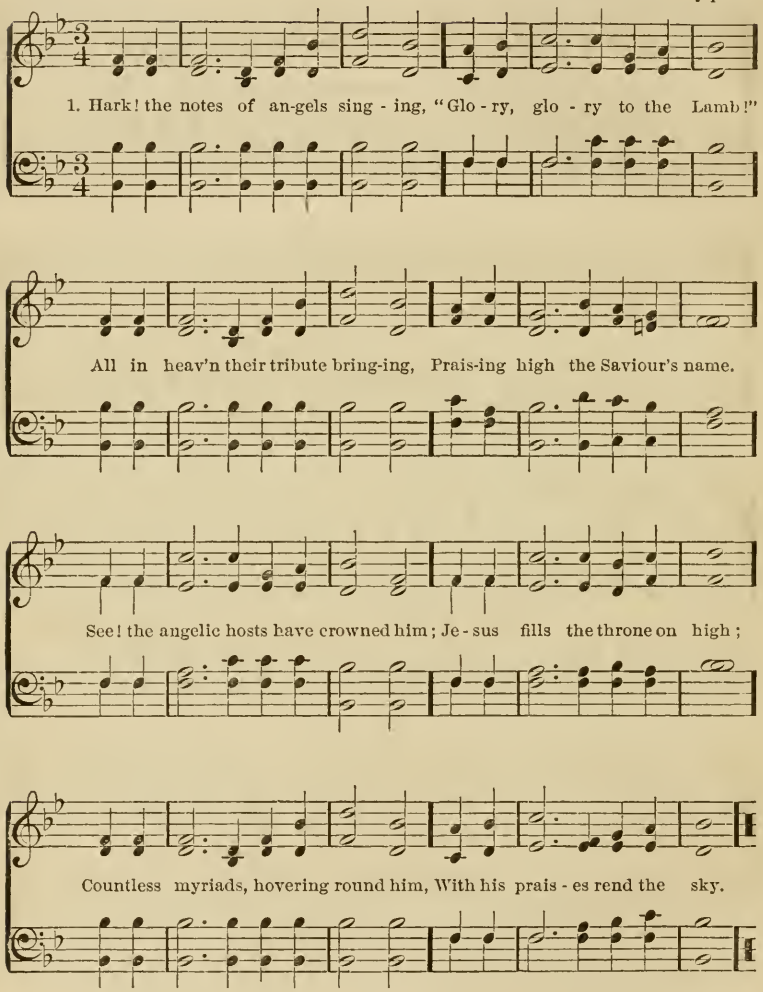


2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.—CHO.

3 Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain or sorrow,
Toil or care, is known,
Where the angel-legions
Circle round thy throne.—CHO.

11 Hark! the Notes of Angels. 8s & 7s.

THOMAS KELLY. THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

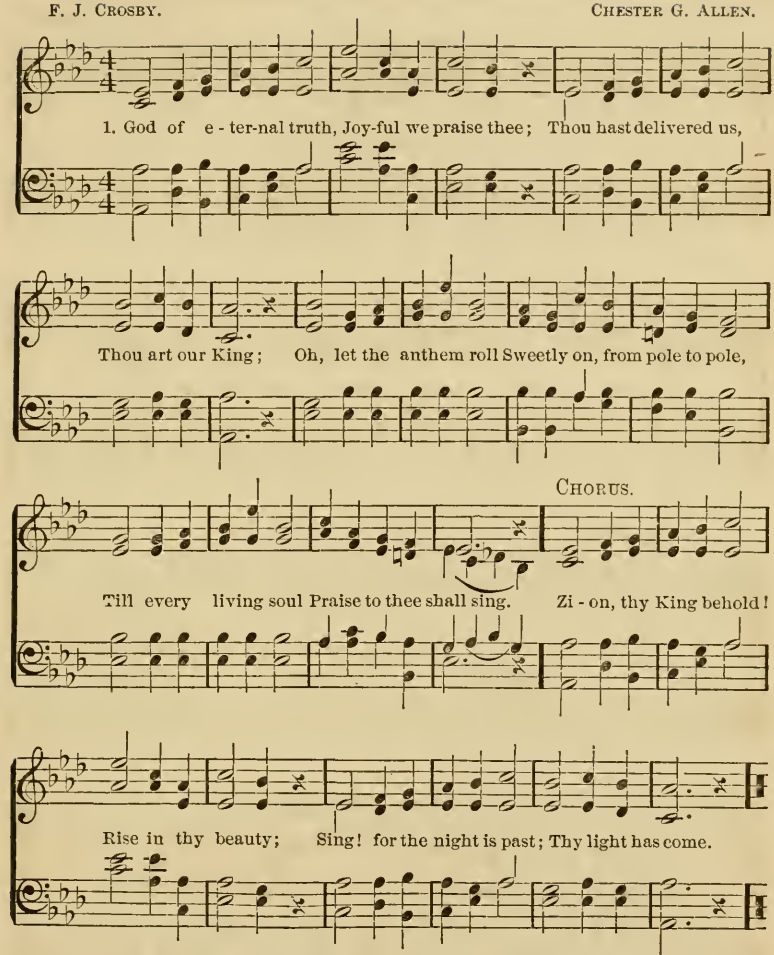


2 Filled with holy emulation,
Let us vie with those above;
Sweet the theme—a free salvation,
Fruit of everlasting love.

Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name;
Glory, honor, power and blessing,
Be for ever to the Lamb.

Zion, thy King Behold!

F. J. CROSBY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.



2 Through thy victorious arm
Thy foes are captive;
Death and the hosts of sin
Conquered for aye;
Now on thy Father's throne,
Risen Saviour, God alone,
Earth shall thy sceptre own,
Thy unbounded sway.—CHO.

3 Swell your triumphant songs,
Angels in glory!
There let your golden harps
Ring evermore;
From Eden's lovely plain,
Where immortal pleasures reign,
Hail Him who lives again,
Praise him and adore.—CHO.

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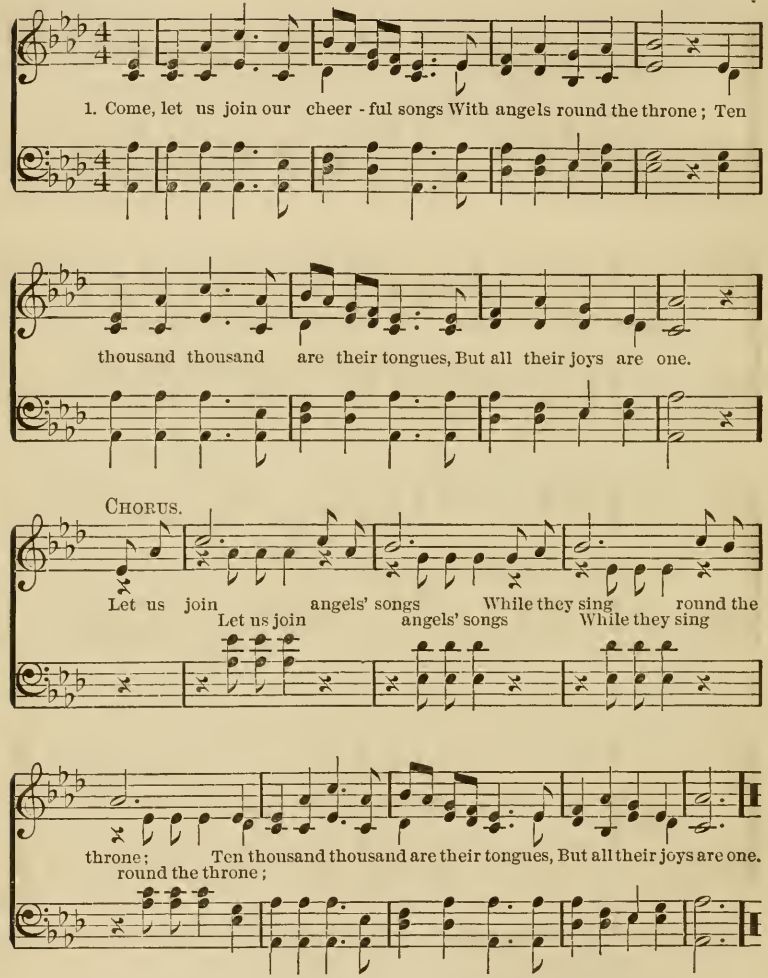
13 Come, let us Join our Cheerful Songs. C. M.

ISAAC WATTS. I. C. PIERSON.



2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

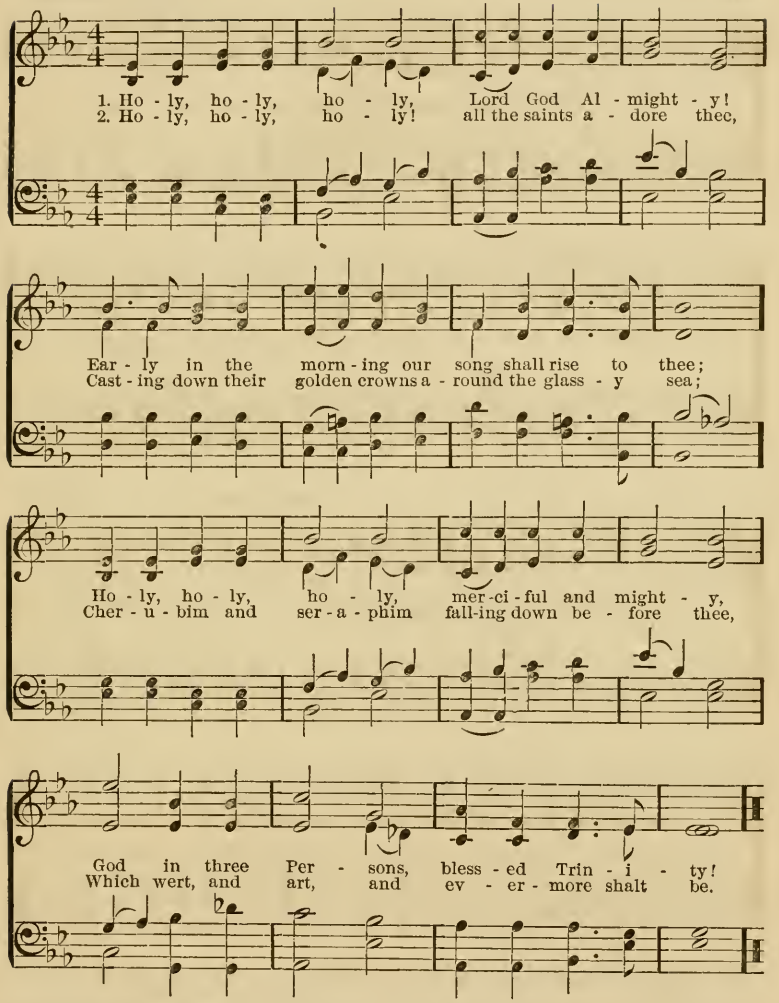
CHO.—Let us join, etc.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

CHO.—Let us join, etc.

Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.

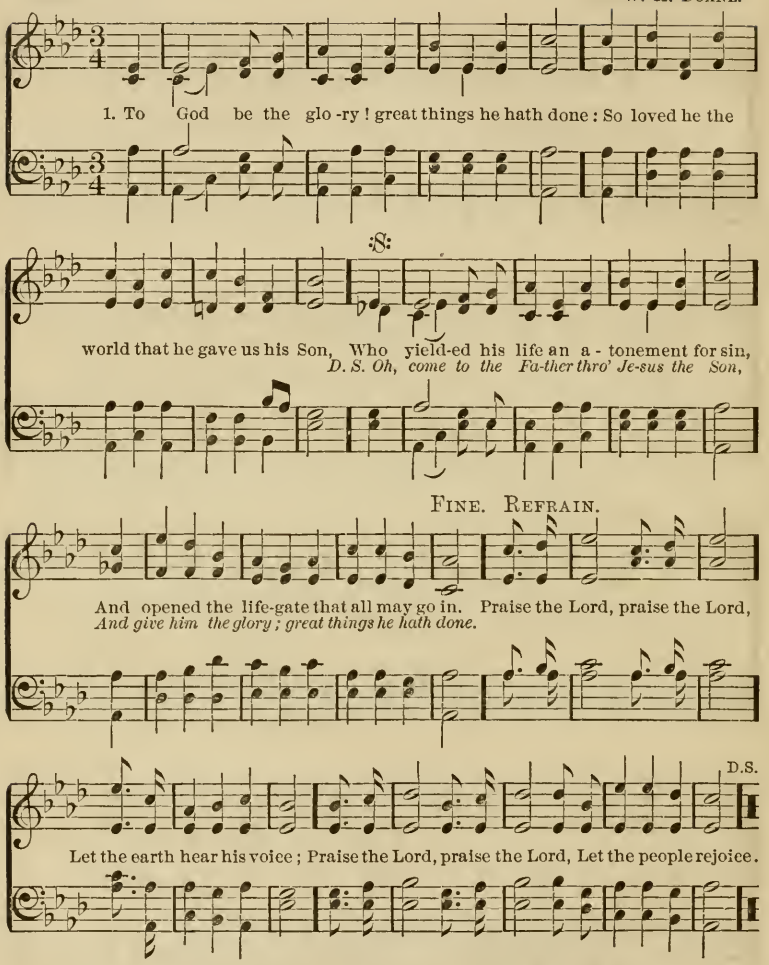


3 Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

15 To God be the Glory.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



2 Oh, perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
To every believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.—REF.

3 Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done,
And great our rejoicings through Jesus the Son;
But purer and higher and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.—REF.

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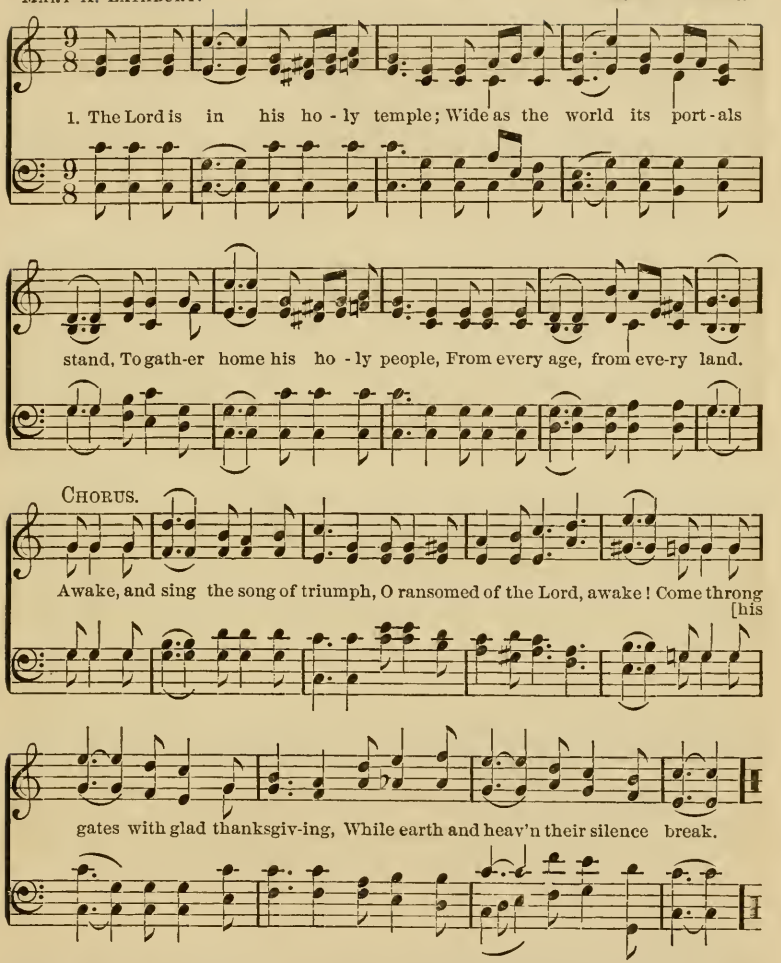
Awake, and Sing.

MARY A. LATHBURY. M. L. BARTLETT.



2 His star of promise shines above thee,
And lights thee to his temple gates;
And then, to greet thy glad home-coming,
The King of heaven in patience waits.—CHO.

3 Come home, come home! The Father calls thee,
And Christ the Shepherd bids thee come;
The tender lambs his arm shall gather,
His love their light, his heart their home.—CHO.

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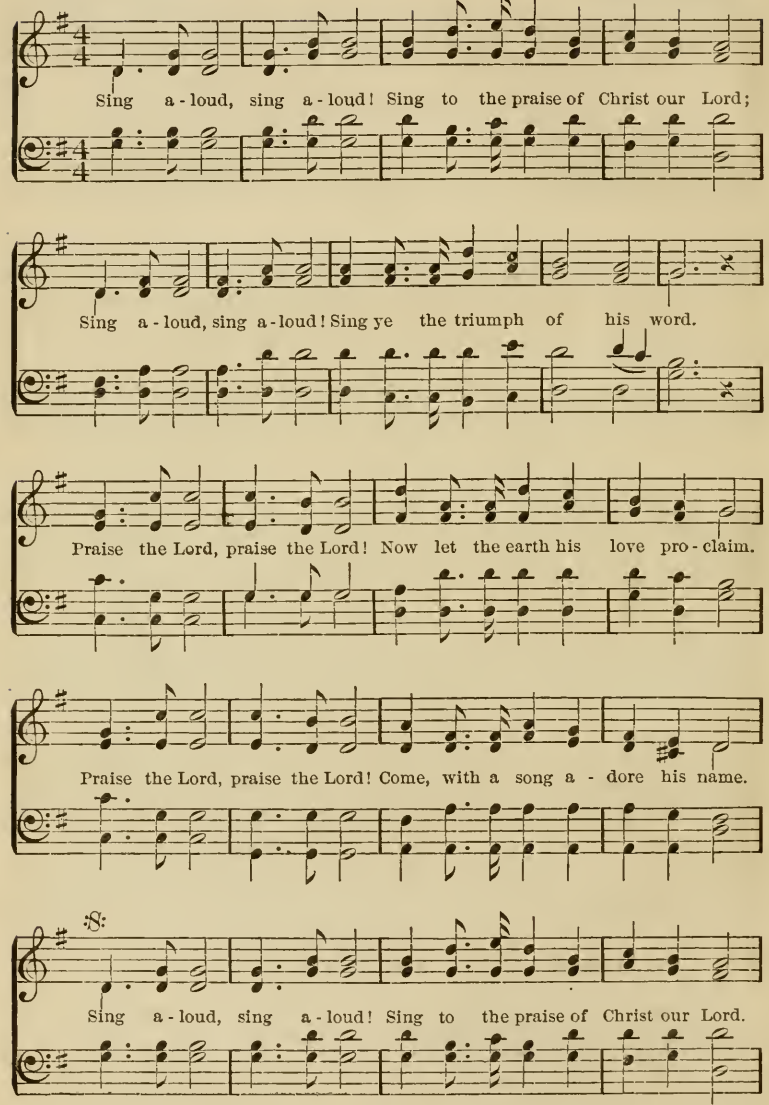
17 Sing Aloud. (Anthem.)

Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne. Theo. F. Seward.



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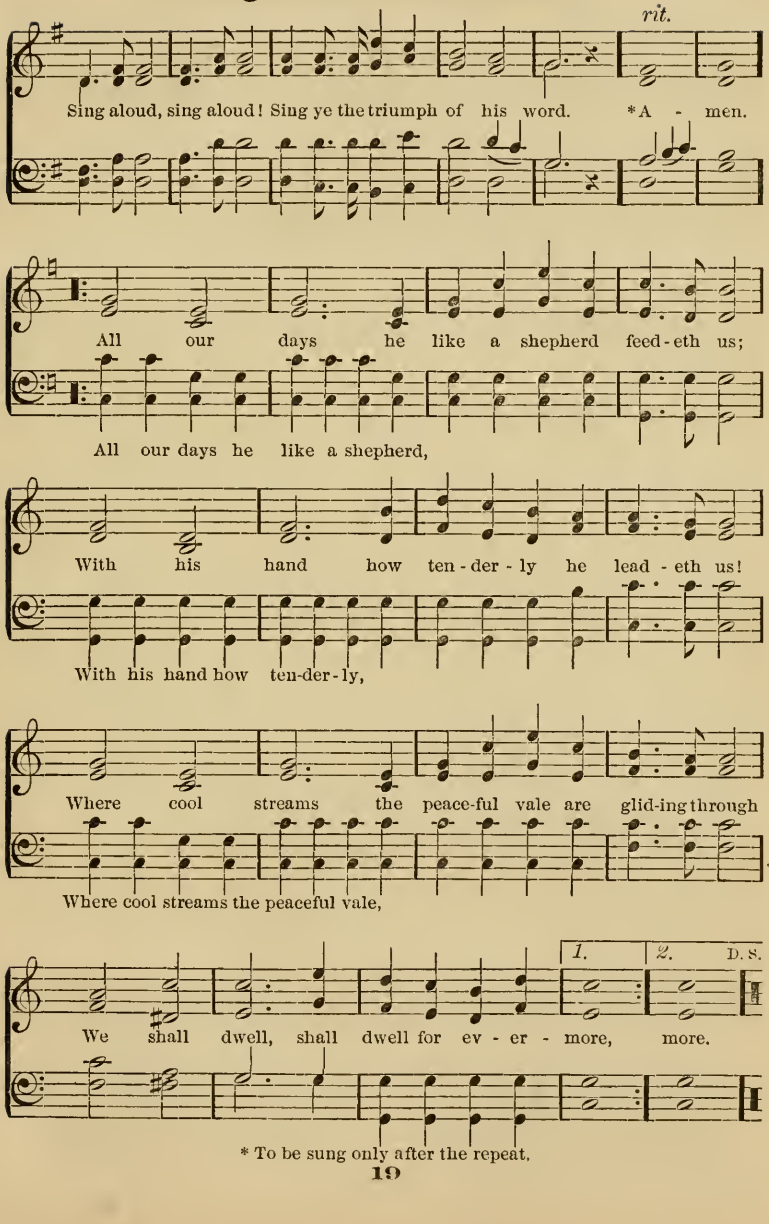
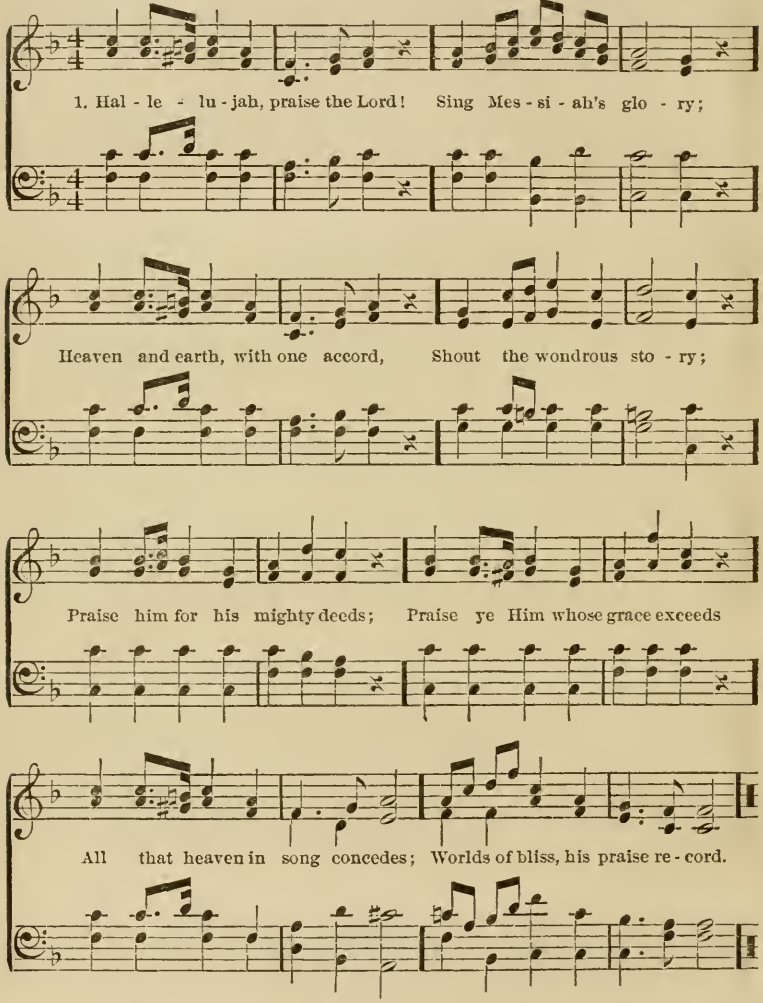
Sing Aloud.—Concluded.



* To be sung only after the repeat.

Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.

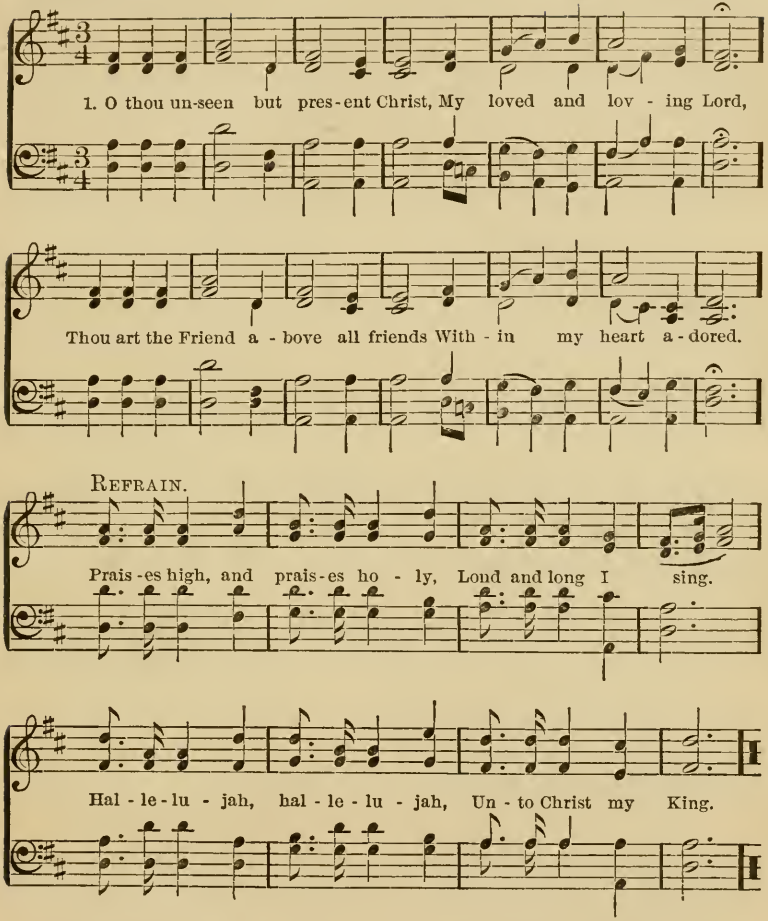
E. F. HATFIELD, D. D. — ARR. from DONIZETTI, by L. W. BACON, D. D.



2 Praise him with the trumpet's tongue,
Far and wide resounding;
Praise him with the harp well strung,
While your hearts are bounding;
Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre;
Let his praise the lute inspire;
Praise him in a mighty choir;
Let his praise be loudly sung.

19 Christ my Lord.

HELEN E. BROWN. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.



2 Thou art the source of all the life
That in my life I see;
The fountain of my faith and hope,
My springs are all in thee.—REF.

3 Thou art the pearl of greatest price,
My truest, noblest wealth;
Thou the indwelling quickener,
My soul's eternal health.—REF.

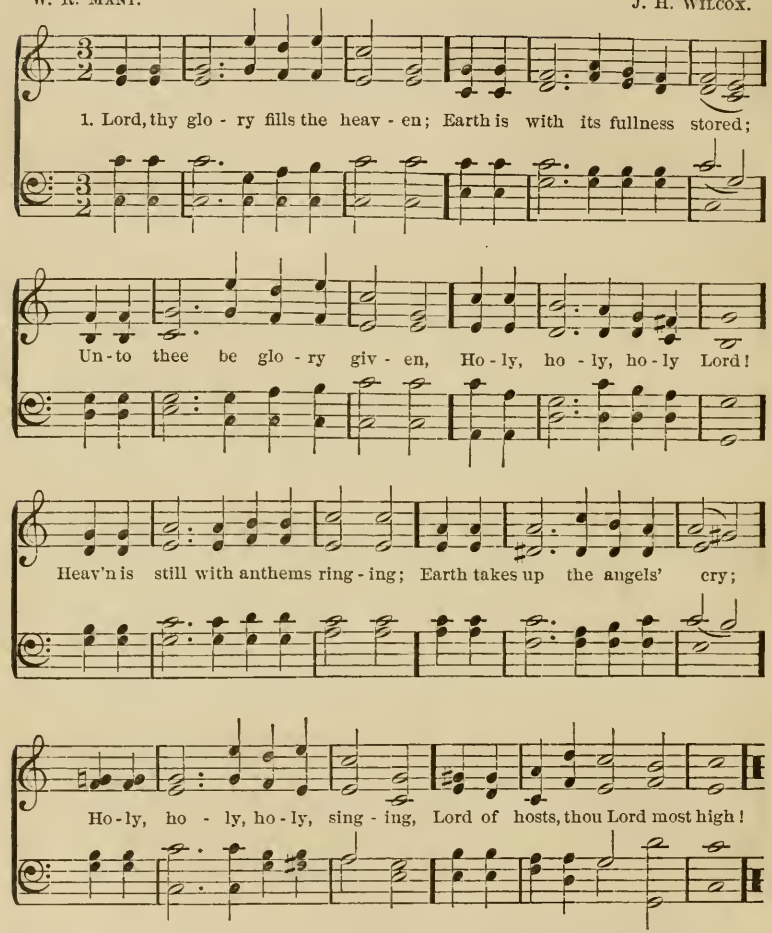
4 Thou art my succor in distress,
My guard, behind, before;
My shield from fiery darts of sin,
My help for evermore.—REF.

5 Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but thee?
And who on earth beside?
Within thy heart thou holdest me;
In mine thou dost abide.—REF.

Copyright, 1882, by W. J. Kirkpatrick

20 Lord, thy Glory Fills the Heaven. 8s & 7s.

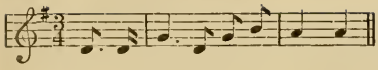
W. R. Mant. J. H. Wilcox.



2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren, let our tongues unite,
While our thoughts his greatness raises,
And our love his gifts excite;
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy Church below,
Thus unite we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow.

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fullness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thus, thy glorious day confessing,
We adopt the angels' cry,
Holy, holy, holy, blessing
Thee, the Lord our God most high!

21 EXALTATION.



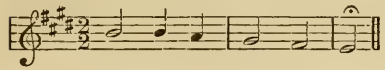
1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, Amen.

2 King of glory! reign for ever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King!"

Thomas Kelly.

22 MORNINGTON. S. M.



1 OH, bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favors are divine.

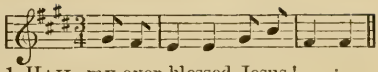
2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

Isaac Watts.

23 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.



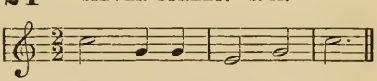
1 HAIL, my ever-blessed Jesus!
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest and King:
Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin, I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passèd by:
Witness, all ye host of heaven!
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love;
That blest moment I received him
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

J. Wingrove.

24 SILVER STREET. S. M.



1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

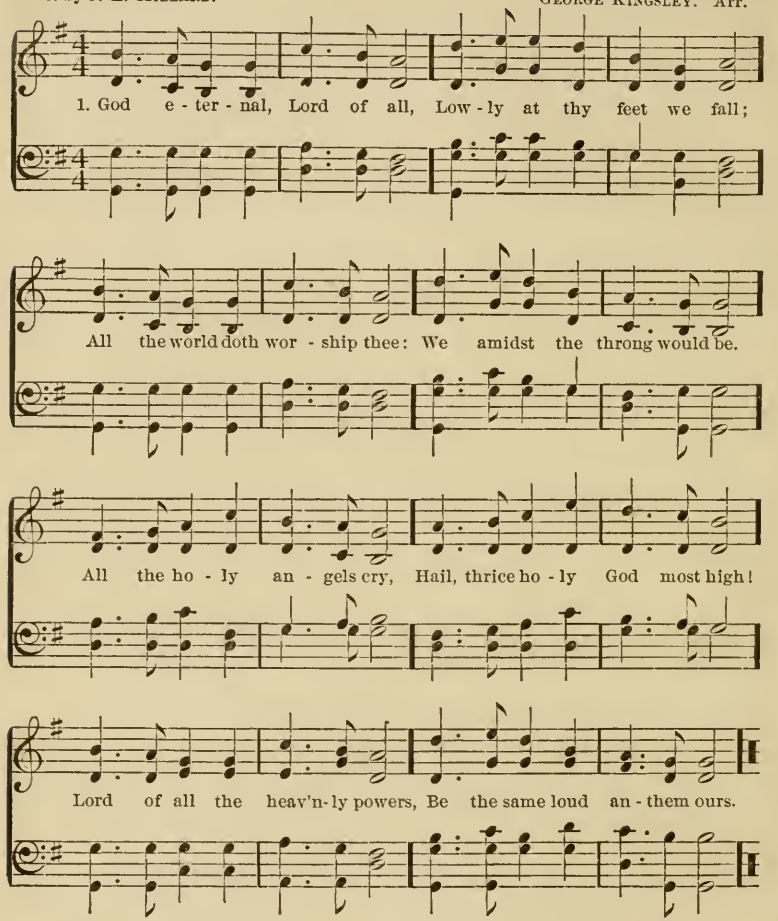
2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

Isaac Watts.

25 God Eternal, Lord of All. 7s. D.

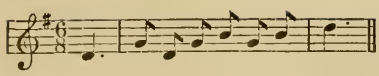
Tr. by J. E. MILLARD. GEORGE KINGSLEY. Arr.



2 Glorified apostles raise,
Night and day, continual praise;
Hast thou not a mission too
For thy children here to do?
With the prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For thou hast to babes revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of thy cross are heard to boast;
Since so bright the crown they wear,
We with them thy cross would bear.
All thy Church, in heaven and earth,
Jesus, hail thy spotless birth:
Seated on the judgment-throne,
Number us among thine own.

26 DE FLEURY. 8s.



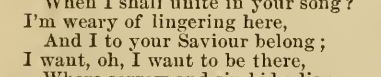
1 Ye angels who stand round the throne
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune all your soft harps to his praise;
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by his power, you stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair,
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh, when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong;
I want, oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you.

Maria de Fleury.

27 HEBER. C. M.



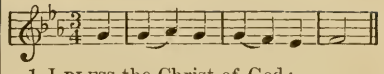
1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

John Newton.

28 TUCKER. S. M.



1 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lip and heart
I call this Saviour mine.

2 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

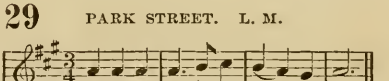
3 I praise the God of grace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.

4 'Tis he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

5 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

H. Bonar.

29 PARK STREET. L. M.



1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

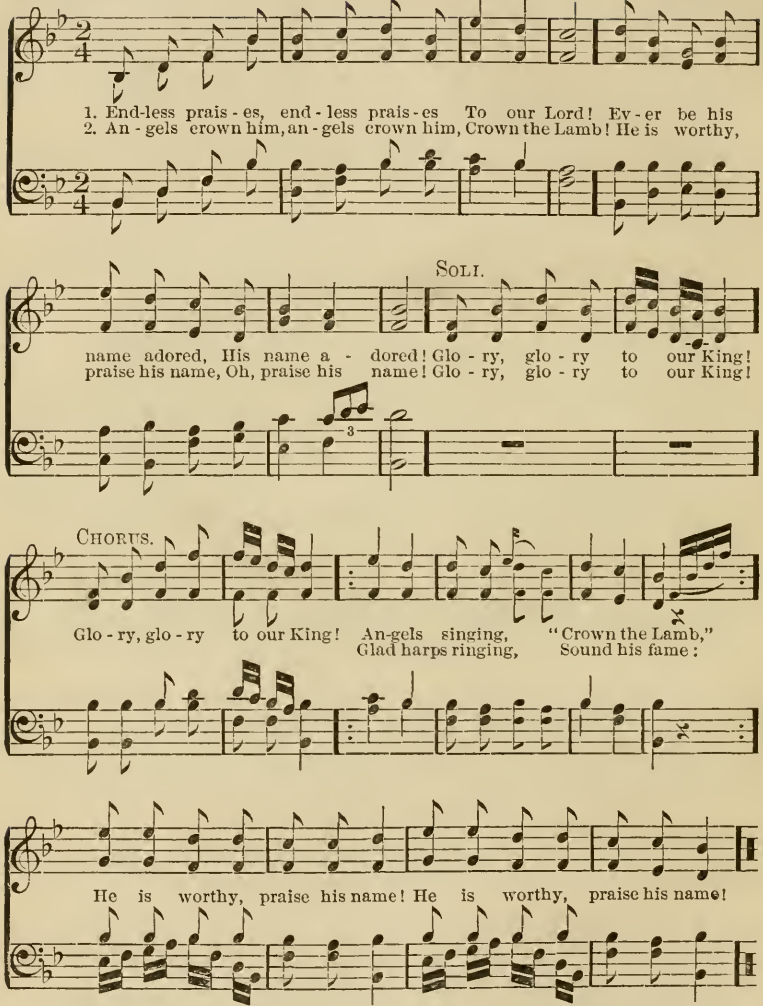
4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Isaac Watts

Glory to our King.

Rev. Thomas Kelly. J. H. Tenney.



3 Saints adore him, saints adore him,
Sound his fame:
You he saves ‖: from endless shame. :‖
Glory, glory, etc.

4 Saints and angels, saints and angels,
Jointly sing,
Glory to ‖: th' almighty King. :‖
Glory, glory, etc.

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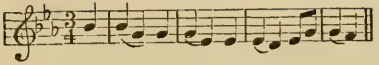
31 ARIEL. C. P. M.



1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

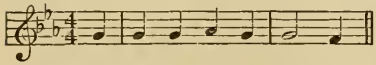
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, glorious dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face:
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Samuel Medley.

32 AURELIA. 7s & 6s.

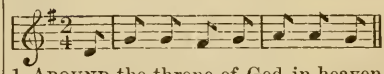


1 Lord of the vast creation,
Support of worlds unknown,
Desire of every nation,
Behold us at thy throne;
We come for mercy crying
Through thine atoning blood,
And, on thy grace relying,
We seek each promised good.

2 Oh, when shall thy salvation
Be known through every land,
And men, in every station,
Obey thy great command?
In God's own Son believing,
From sin may they be free,
And, gospel-grace receiving,
Find life and peace in thee.

John Balmer.

33



1 Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Refrain.—Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.

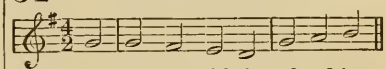
3 What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love—
How came those children there?

4 Because the Saviour shed his blood
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved his name;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.

Anne H. Shepard.

34 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



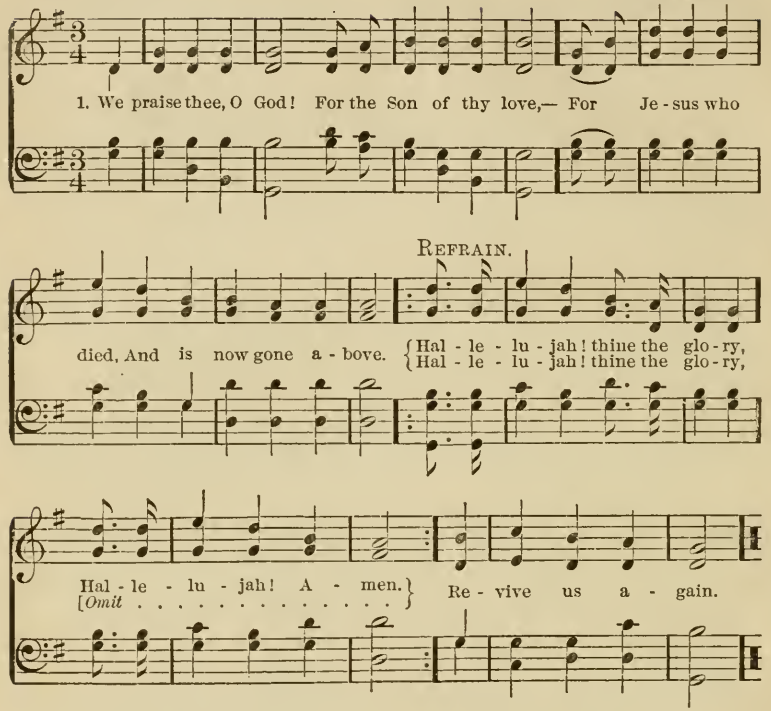
1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall set and rise no more.

Isaac Watts.

35 We Praise Thee, O God.

Dr. W. P. MACKAY. English Melody.



2 We praise thee, O God!
For thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour
And scattered our night.
REF.—Hallelujah, etc.

3 All glory and praise
To the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins,
And has cleansed every stain.
REF.—Hallelujah, etc.

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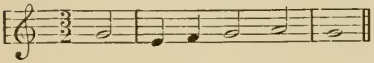
36 BOYLSTON. S. M.



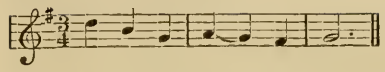
1 MY soul, repeat His praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Isaac Watts.

37 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.



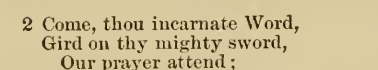
1 COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour;
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be
Hence, evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore. *C. Wesley.*

38 ARLINGTON. C. M.



1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in God his Father's name
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.
Isaac Watts.

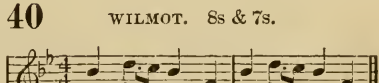
39 ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let praises fill the sky;
Praise ye his name;
Angels, His name adore
Who all our sorrows bore,
And, saints, cry evermore,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name;
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 To him our hearts we raise;
None else shall have our praise;
Praise ye his name;
Him, our exalted Lord,
By us below adored,
We praise with one accord:
"Worthy the Lamb!"
James Allen.

40 WILMOT. 8s & 7s.



1 ONE there is above all others
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

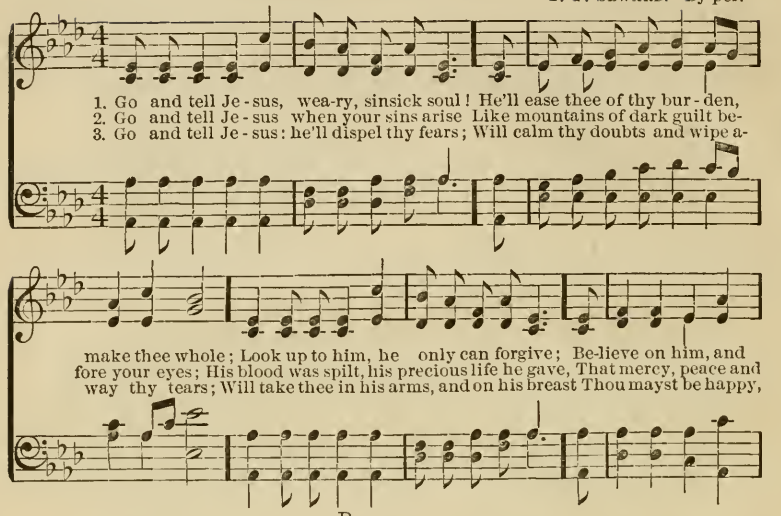
3 When he lived on earth, abasèd,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.
John Newton.

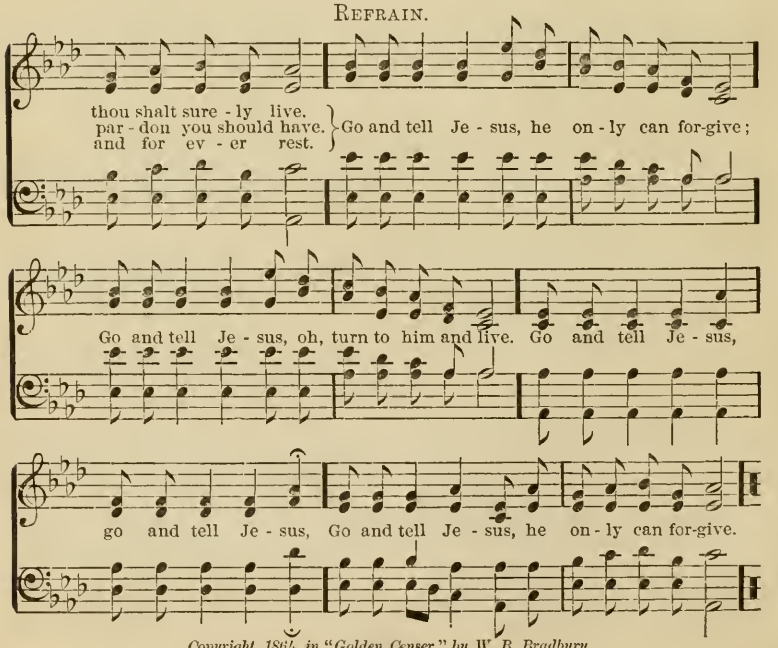
Go and Tell Jesus.

10s.

T. F. Seward. By per.



Refrain.



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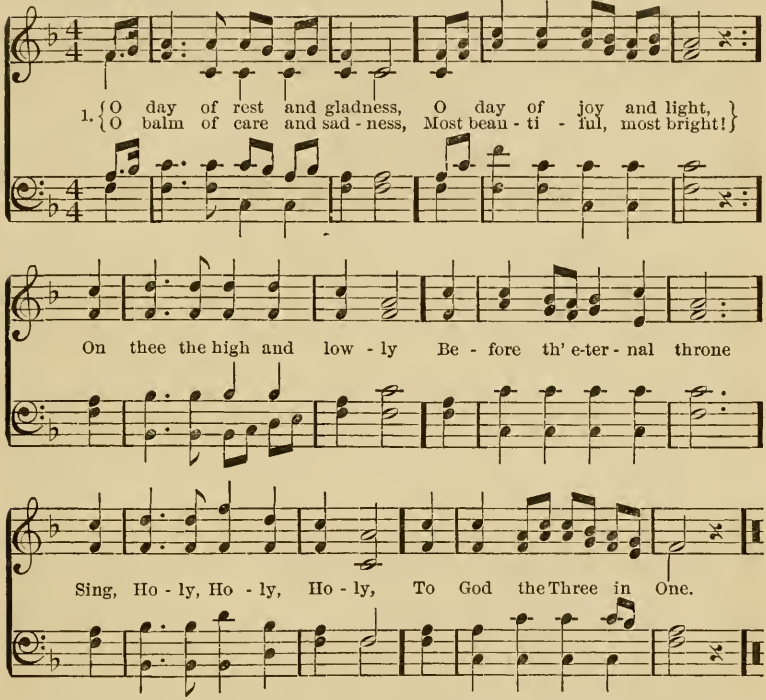
42 O Day of Rest and Gladness. 7s & 6s.

CHR. WORDSWORTH. LOWELL MASON, Arr.



2 On thee at the creation
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

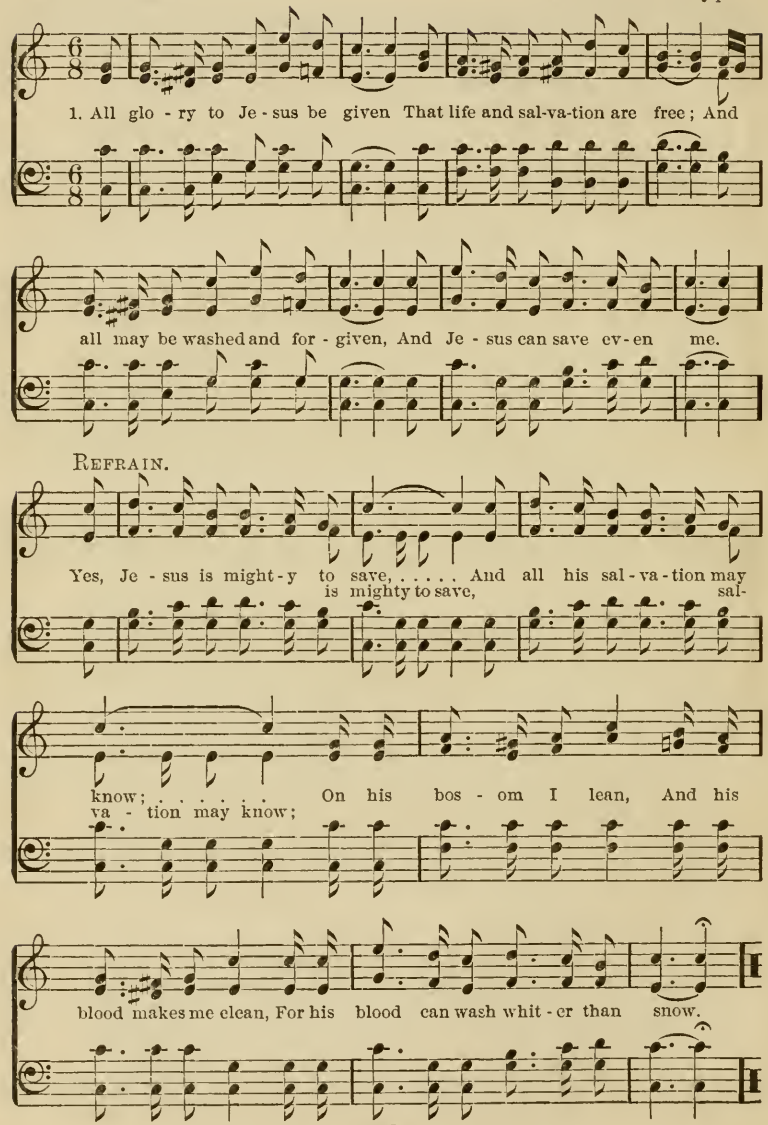
3 Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

4 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest.
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One!

43 Jesus is Mighty to Save.

ANNIE WITTENMYER. WM. G. FISCHER. By per.



Jesus is Mighty to Save.—Concluded.

2 From the darkness of sin and despair,
Out into the light of his love,
He has brought me and made me an heir
To kingdoms and mansions above.

3 Oh, the rapturous heights of his love,
The measureless depths of his grace!
My soul all his fullness would prove,
And live in his loving embrace.

4 In him all my wants are supplied,
His love makes my heaven below,
And freely his blood is applied, [snow.
His blood that makes whiter than

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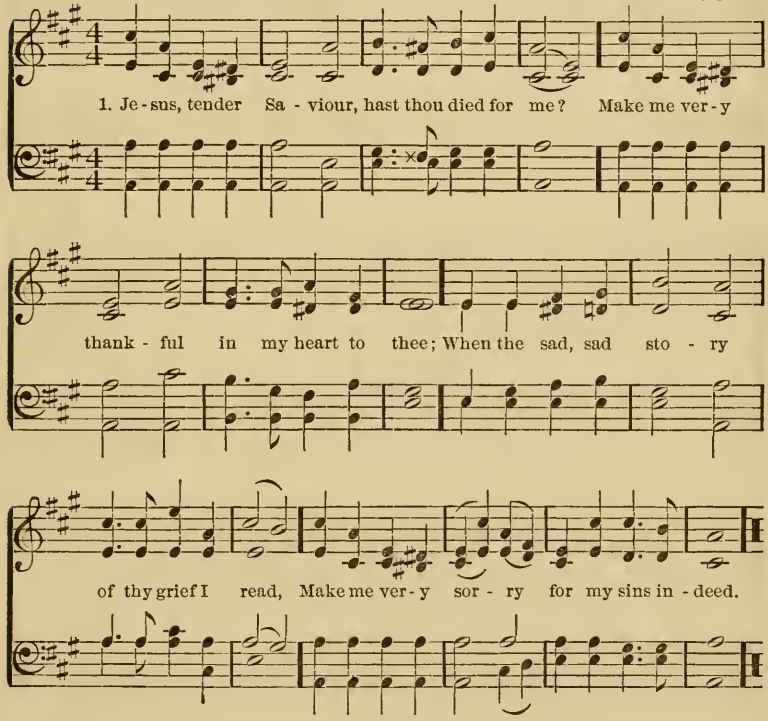
44 Jesus, Tender Saviour.

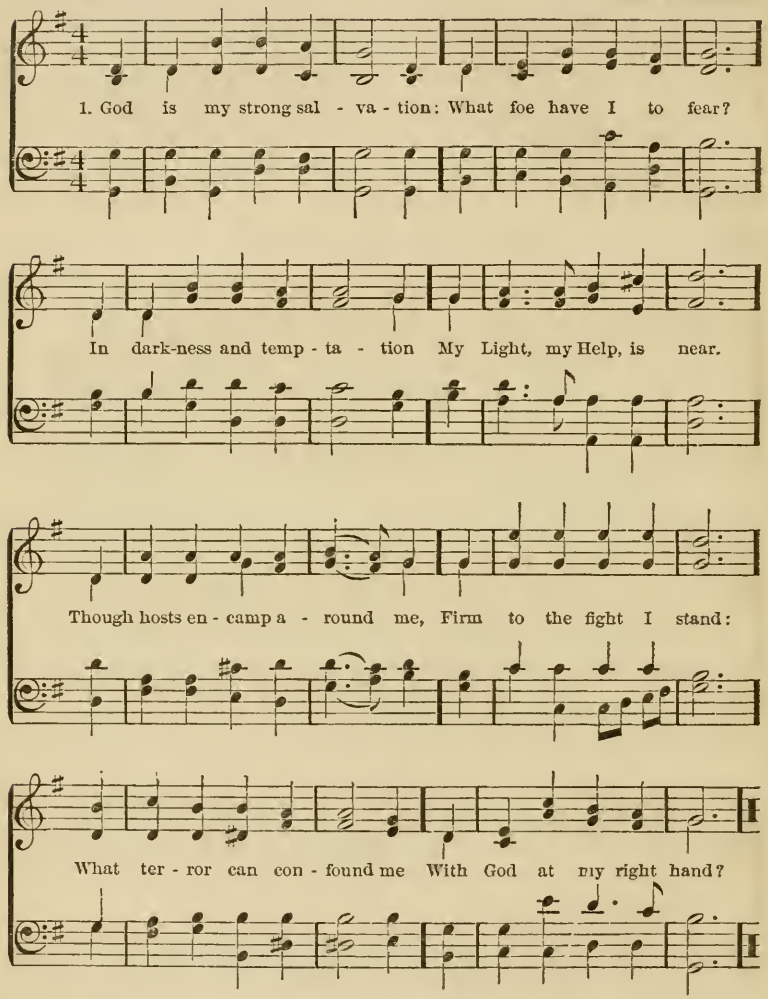
H. N. WHITNEY. By per.



2 Now I know thou lovest and dost plead for me,
Make me very thankful in my prayers to thee;
Soon I hope in glory at thy side to stand:
Make me fit to meet thee in that happy land.

45 God is my Strong Salvation. 7s & 6s.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Rev. T. R. MATTHEWS.



2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate.

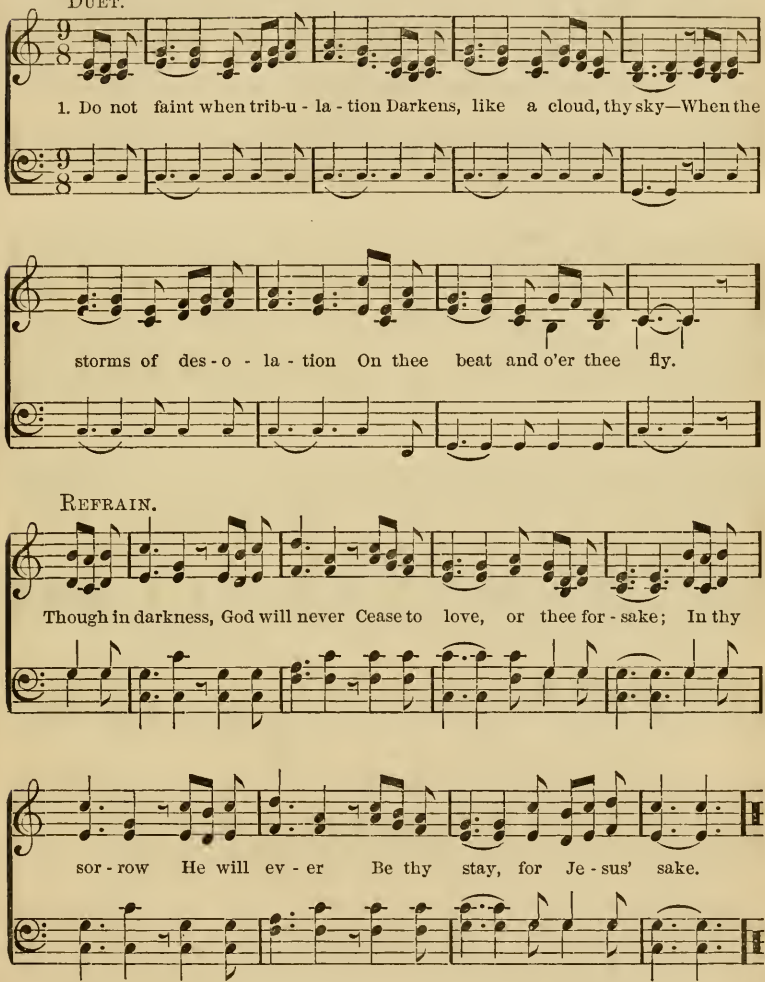
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen:
The Lord will give thee peace.

Though in Darkness.

8s & 7s.

Rev. J. H. Martin. R. M. McIntosh. By per.

Duet.

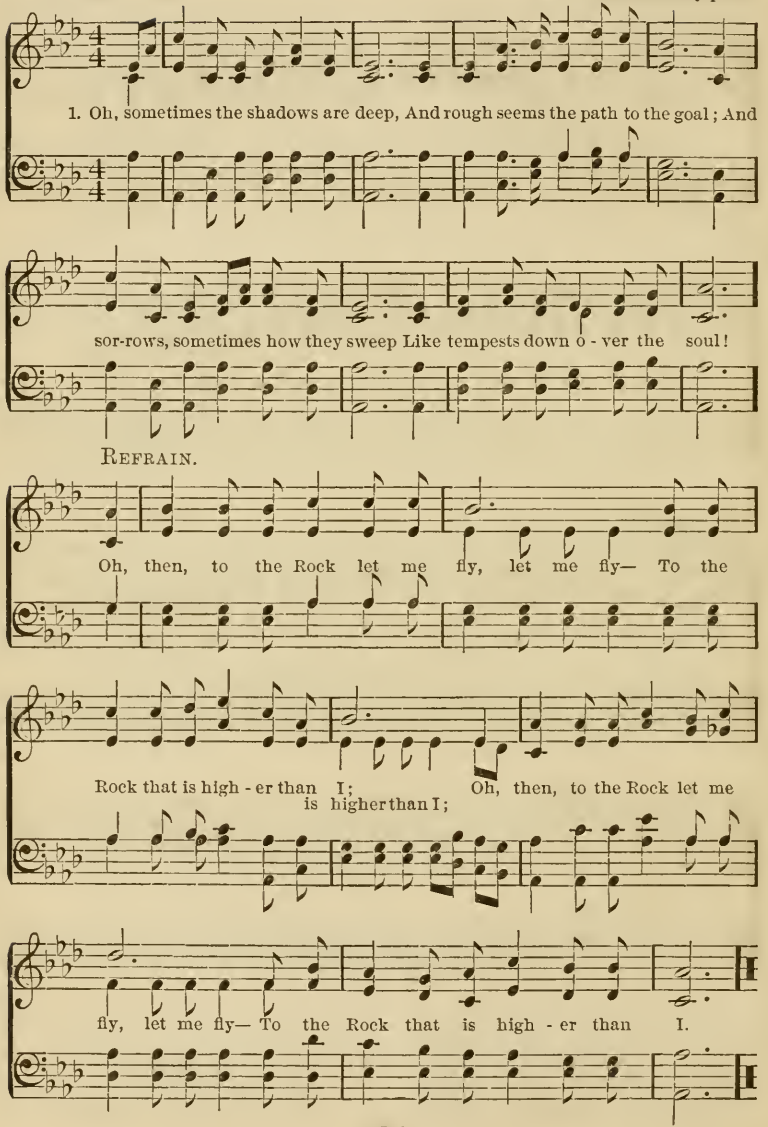


2 Should thy way be rough and dreary,
With a gloomy shade o'ercast,
Should thy feet be sore and weary,
Thou shalt reach thy home at last.

3 Onward press, amid thy sadness,
Till thy toils and cares are o'er:
All thy grief shall turn to gladness
On the fair celestial shore.

47 The Rock that is Higher. L. M.

E. JOHNSON. W. G. FISCHER. By per.



The Rock that is Higher.—Concluded.

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet!
But, toiling in life's dusty way, [sweet!
The Rock's blessèd shadow how

REF.—Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly,
let me fly—
To the Rock that is higher
than I;
Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly,
let me fly—
To the Rock that is higher
than I.

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail,
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

REF.—Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
I can fly—
To the Rock that is higher
than I;
Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
I can fly—
To the Rock that is higher
than I.

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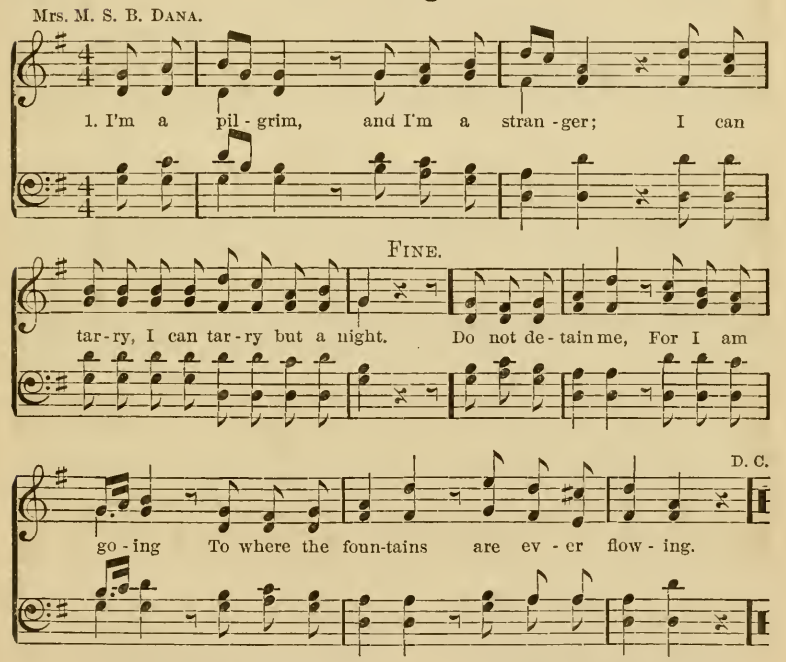
48 I'm a Pilgrim.

Mrs. M. S. B. DANA.



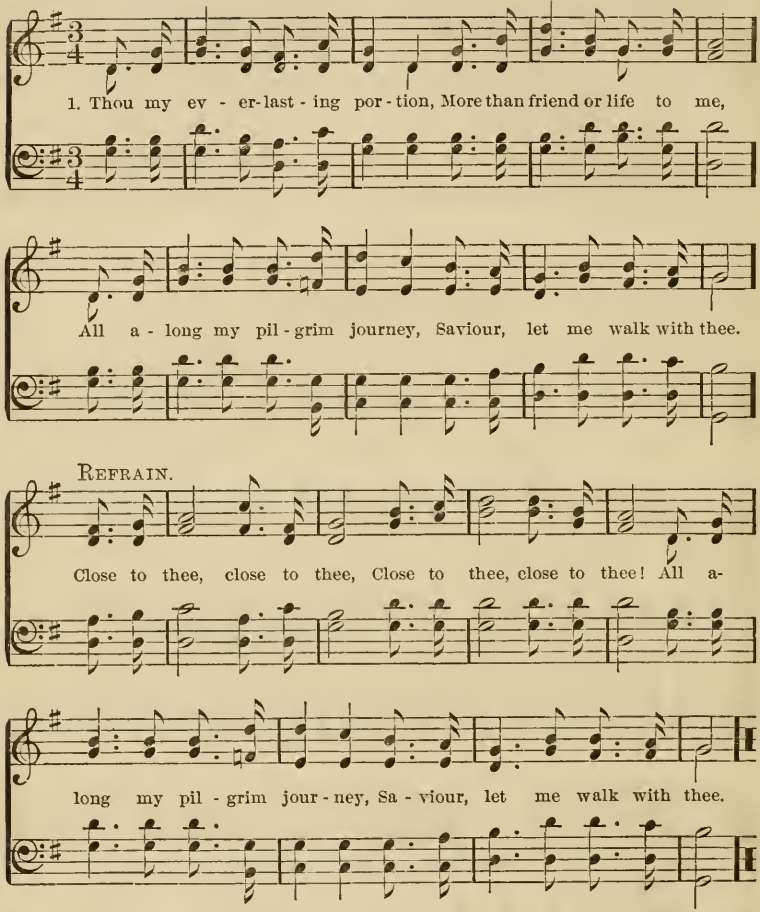
2 There the sunbeams are ever shining:
I am longing, I am longing for the sight.
Within a country unknown and dreary
I have been wandering forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 Of that country to which I'm going
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the Light;
There are no sorrows, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

Close to Thee.

8s & 7s.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. VAIL. By per.



2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame, my prayer shall be;
Gladly will I toil and suffer:
Only let me walk with thee.

REF.—Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
Gladly will I toil and suffer:
Only let me walk with thee.

3 Lead me through the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea;
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

REF.—Close to thee, close to thee,
Close to thee, close to thee,
Then the gate of life eternal
May I enter, Lord, with thee.

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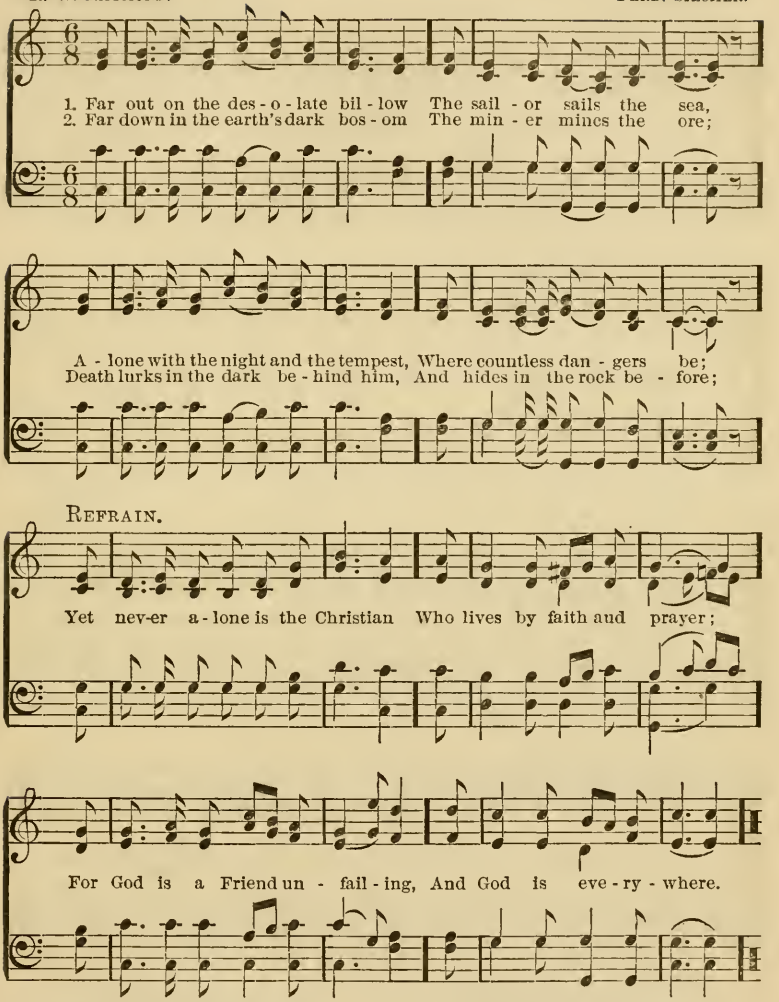
50 Never Alone.

R. W. RAYMOND. FERD. SILCHER.

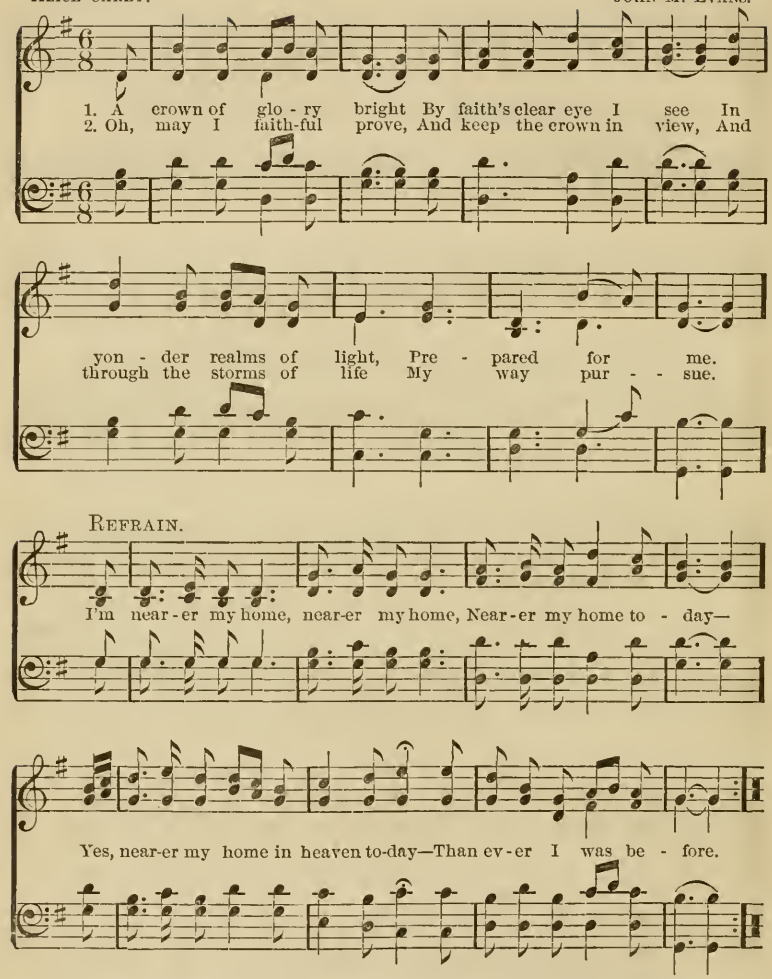


3 Forth into the dreadful battle
The steadfast soldier goes,
No friend, when he lies a-dying,
His eyes to kiss and close;
REF.—Yet never alone, etc.

4 Lord, grant as we sail life's ocean,
Or delve in its mines of woe,
Or fight in its terrible conflict,
This comfort all to know:
REF.—That never alone, etc.

51 A Crown of Glory.

ALICE CAREY. JOHN M. EVANS.



3 Jesus, be thou my guide;
Do thou my steps attend;
Oh, keep me near thy side:
Be thou my friend.

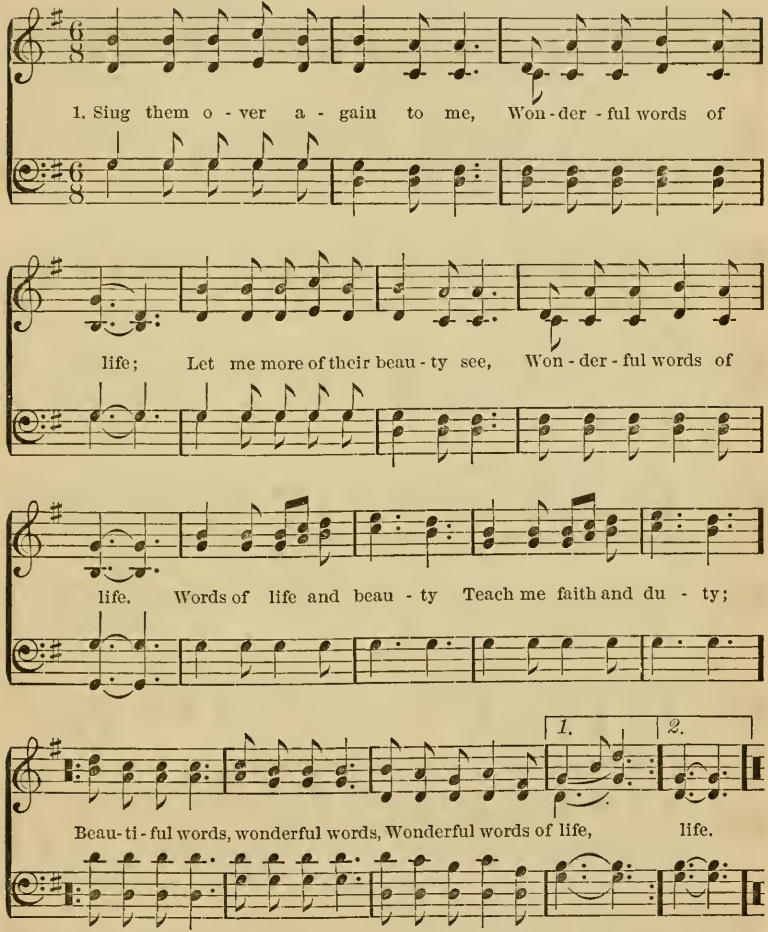
REF.—I'm nearer, etc.

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard,
And when my work is done
My great reward.

REF.—I'm nearer, etc.

52 Wonderful Words of Life.

From "*Words of Life*," 1874. Words and Music by P. P. Bliss. By per.

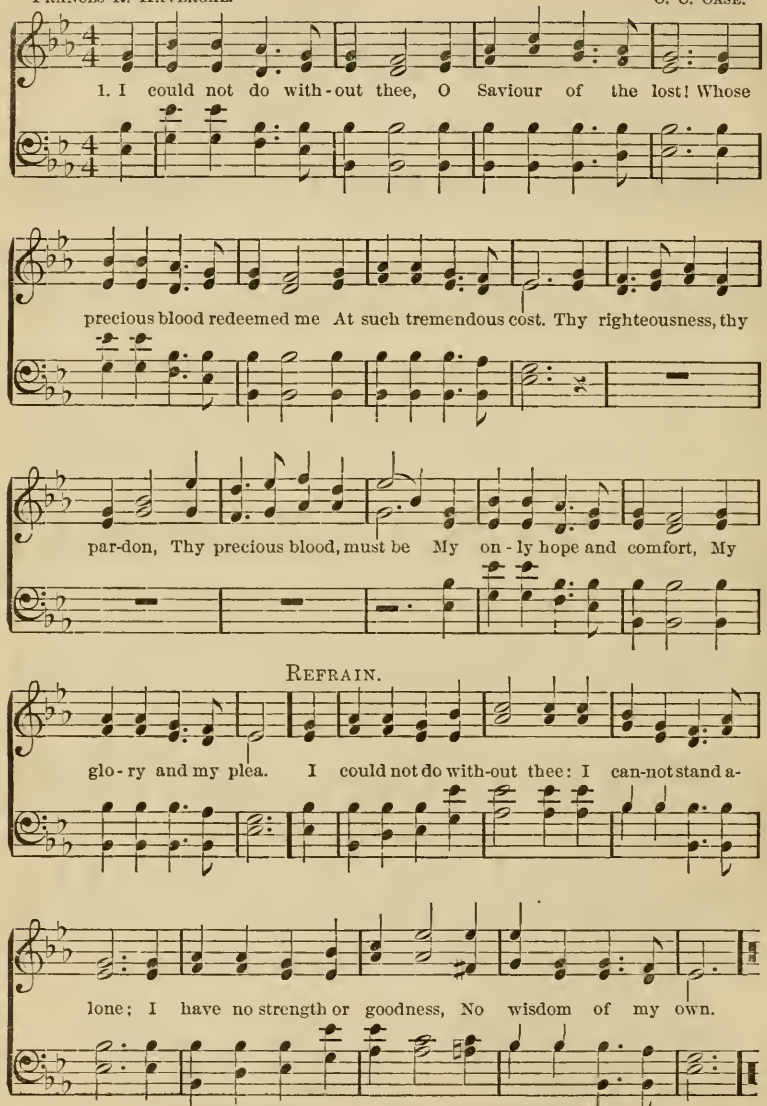


2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of life;
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of life,
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.
REF.—Beautiful words, etc.

3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of life.
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify for ever.
REF.—Beautiful words, etc.

53 I Could not Do without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. C. C. CASE.



Copyright, 1883, by Presbyterian Board of Publication.

I Could not Do without Thee.—Concluded.

2 I could not do without thee:
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me,
And weakness will be power
If leaning hard on thee.—REF.

3 I could not do without thee;
For oh, the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without thee?
I do not know the way:
Thou knowest and thou leadest,
And will not let me stray.—REF.

4 I could not do without thee;
For years are fleeting fast;
And soon, in solemn loneliness,
The river must be past;
But thou wilt never leave me,
And, though the waves roll high,
I know thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."—REF.

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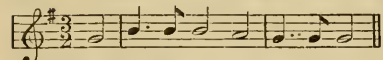
54 ARLINGTON. C. M.



1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this dark world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Isaac Watts.

55 ARLINGTON. C. M.

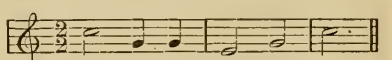
1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears—
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts.

56 SILVER STREET. S. M.



1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to mine ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Ph. Doddridge.

57 RETREAT. L. M.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

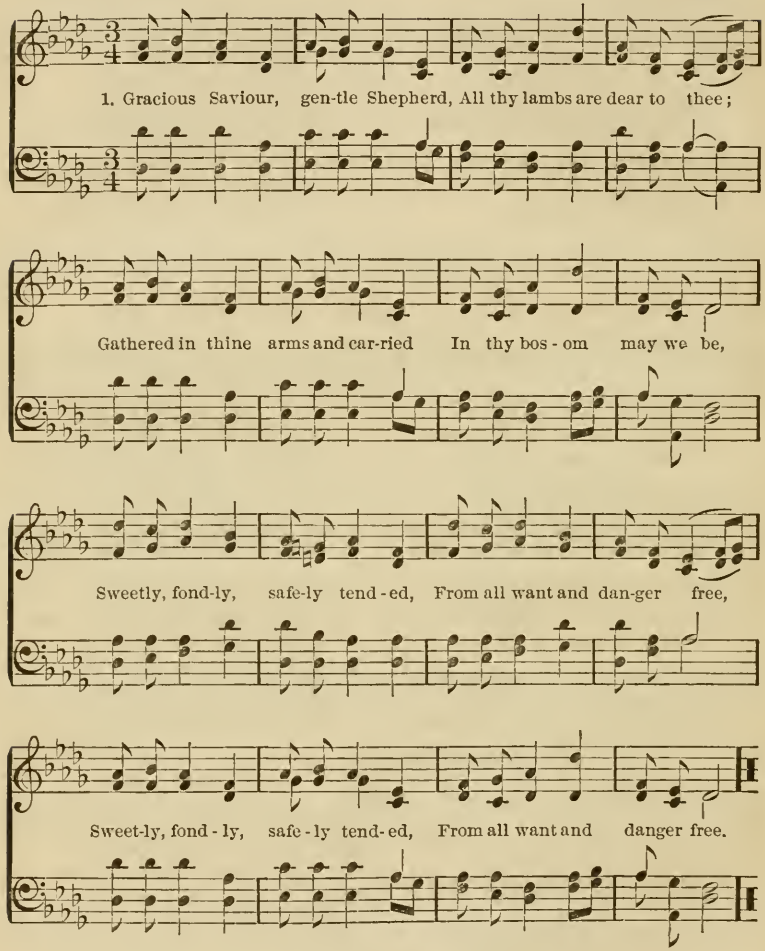
2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all beside more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell.

58 Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd.

JANE E. LEESON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From thy fold to go astray;
By thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way!
‖: Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall to sin a prey. :‖

3 Taught to lisp thy holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeignèd,
May we our thank-offering bring,
‖: Then, with all the saints in heaven,
Join to praise our Lord and King! :‖

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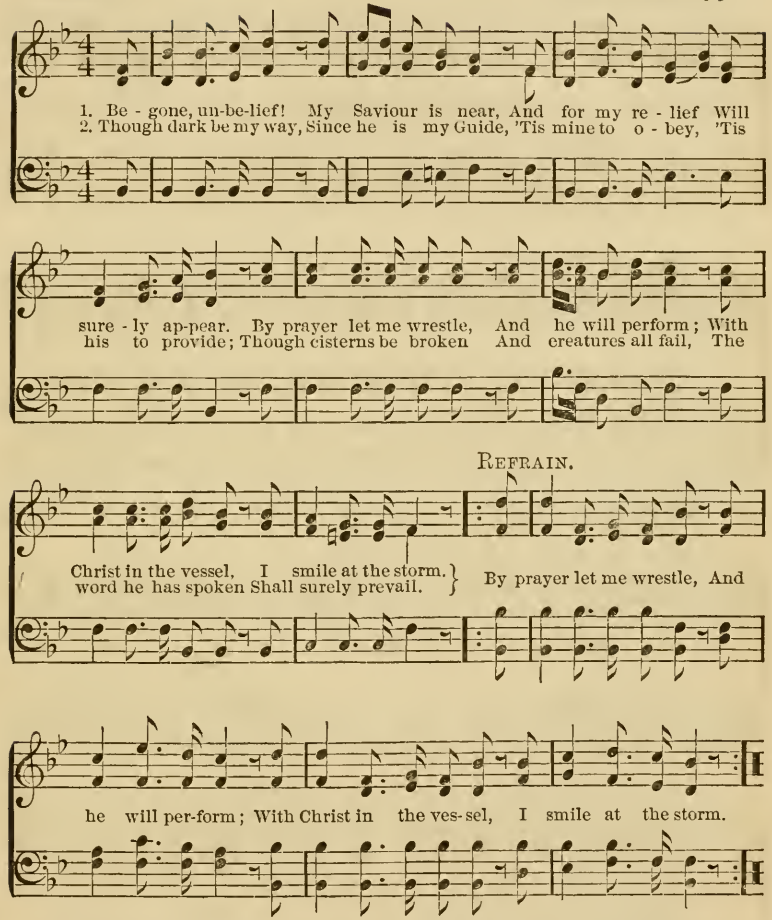
59 Christ in the Vessel.

NEWTON. KARL REDEN. By per.

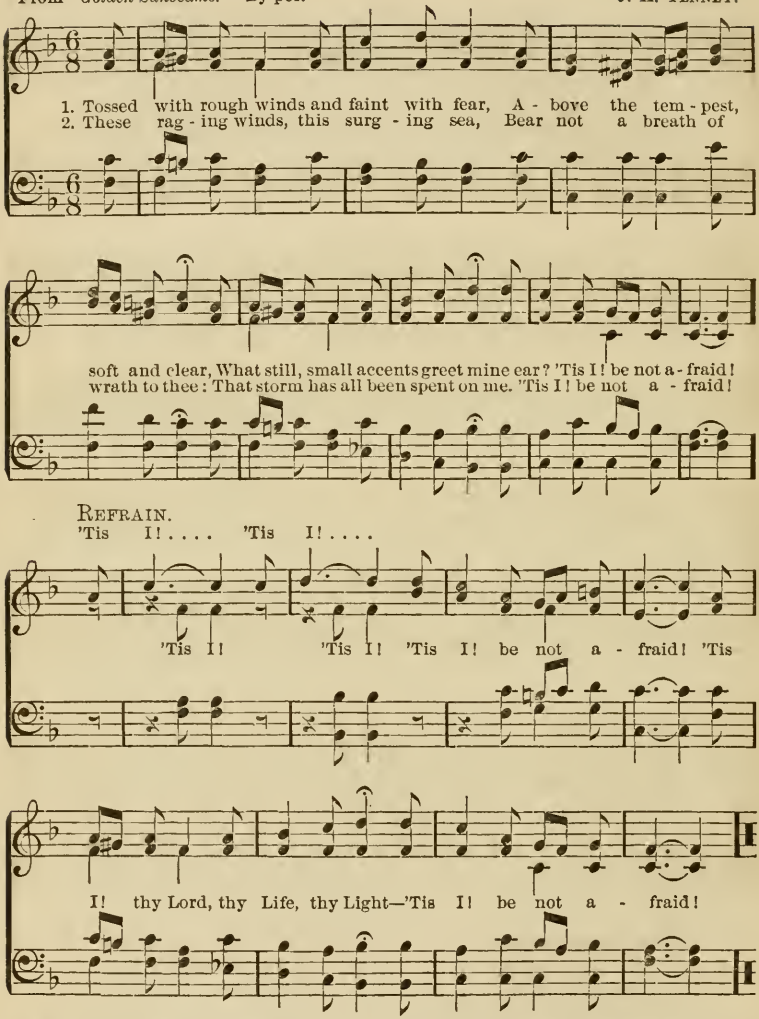


3 His love in times past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink.
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through.—REF.

4 Why should I complain
Of want and distress,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no less.
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation
Must follow their Lord.—REF.

60 "'Tis I! be not Afraid!"

From "*Golden Sunbeams.*" By per. J. H. TENNEY.

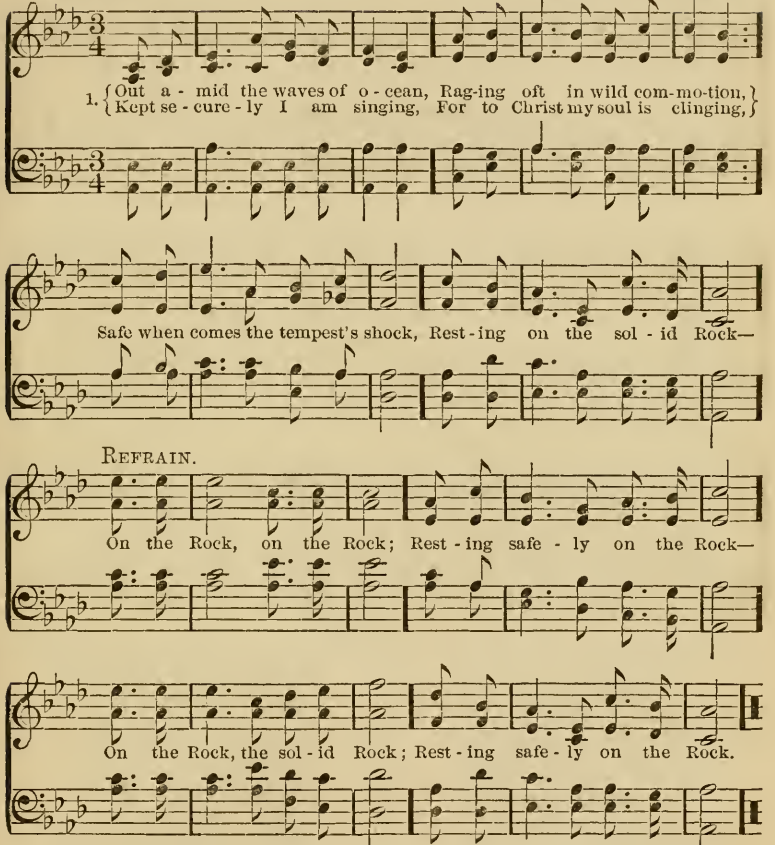


3 Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head.
My blessing is around thee shed.
'Tis I! be not afraid!—REF.

4 When on the other side thy feet [meet,
Shall rest where welcome thousands
One well-known voice thy heart shall
'Tis I! be not afraid!—REF. [greet:

61 Out Amid the Waves of Ocean.

M. D. JANES. W. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



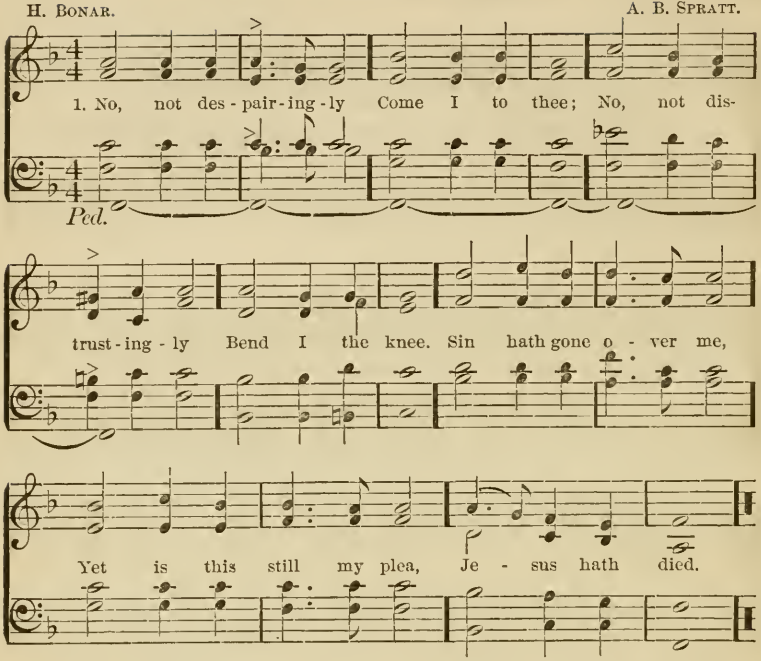
2 What though darkness now surround me?
What though winds be howling round me,
Threatening with desolation?
Christ the Rock is my salvation.
Calm amid the wildest shock,
On the everlasting Rock.—REF.

3 With my Saviour, what can harm me?
Satan's hosts cannot alarm me;
Jesus' mighty arms enclosing,
Sweetly is my soul reposing,
Sheltered from the fiercest shock
By the ever-blessed Rock.—REF.

4 Praise the Rock of our salvation!
With increasing adoration,
Laud and bless His name for ever
From whose love no force can sever.
Saved, we wait the final shock
On the strong eternal Rock.—REF.

62 No, not Despairingly. 6s & 4s.

H. Bonar. A. B. Spratt.



2 Lord, I confess to thee,
Sadly, my sin;
All I am tell I thee,
All I have been.
Purge thou my sin away,
Wash thou my soul this day;
Lord, make me clean.

3 Faithful and just art thou,
Forgiving all;
Loving and kind art thou
When poor ones call.
Lord, let the cleansing blood—
Blood of the Lamb of God—
Pass o'er my soul.

63

1 More love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee.
This is my earnest plea:
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

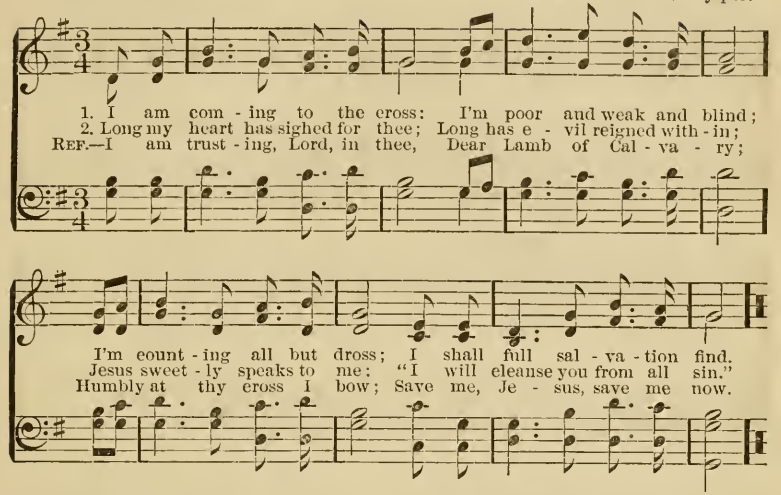
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek:
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain:
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain
When they can sing, with me,
More love, O Christ to thee,
More love to thee!

Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

64 Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. Wm. G. Fischer. By per.



3 Here I give my all to thee—
Friends and time and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—for evermore.—Ref.

4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.—Ref.

65

6s & 4s.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

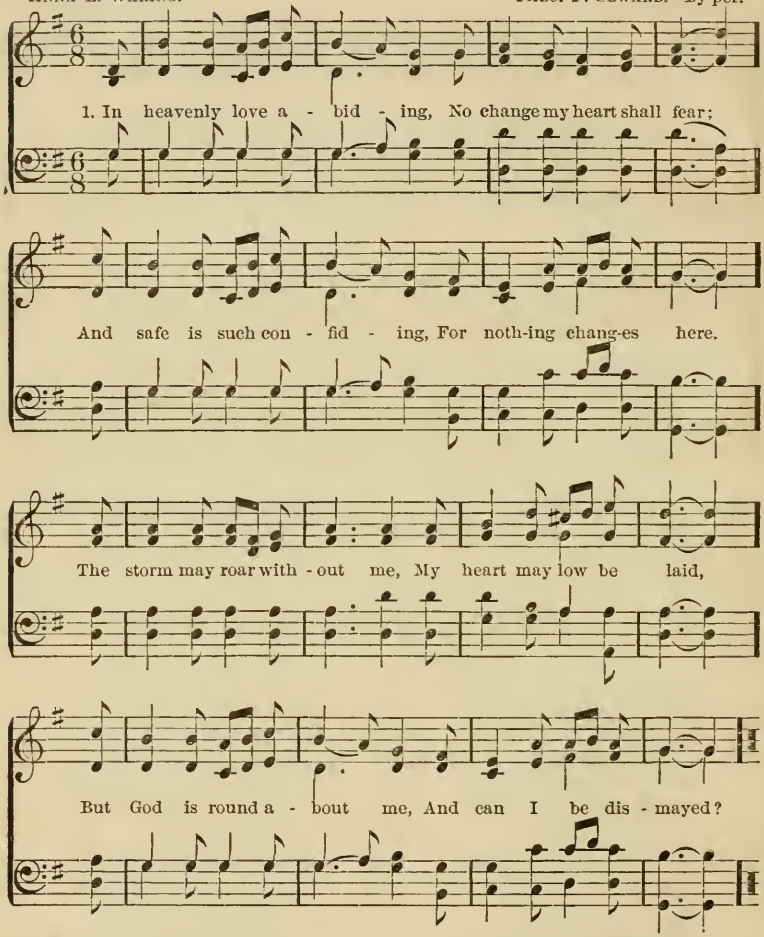
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

Mrs. S. F. Adams.

66 In Heavenly Love Abiding. 7s & 6s.

ANNA L. WARING. THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

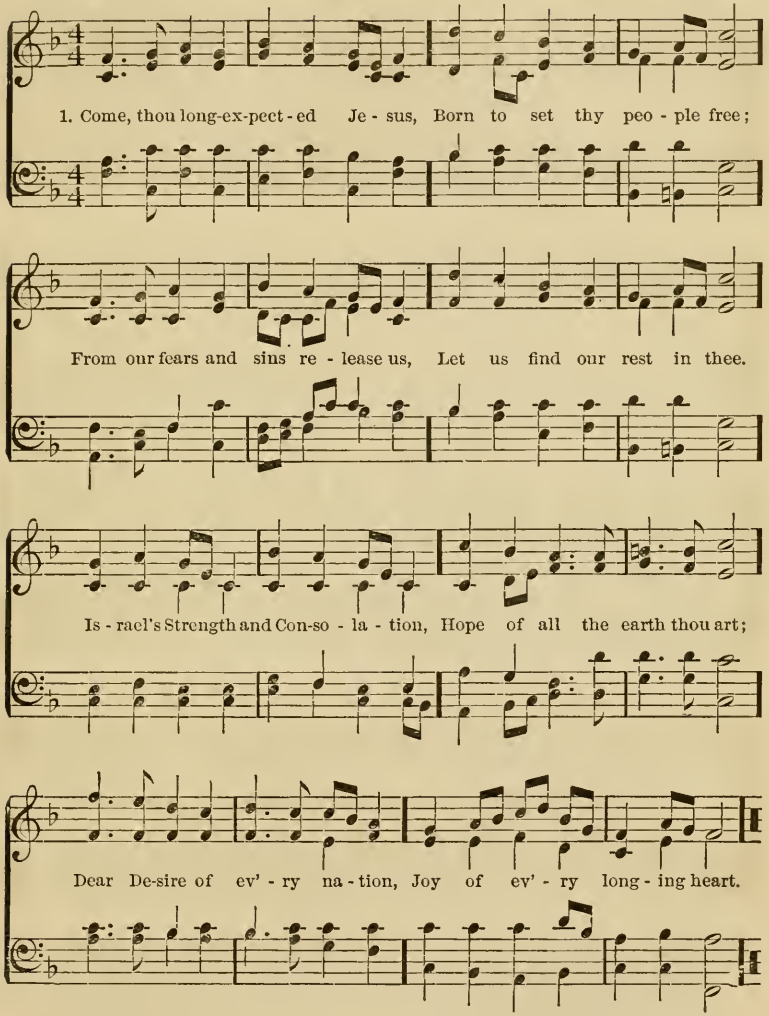


2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

67 Come, thou Long-Expected Jesus. 8s & 7s.

CHAS. WESLEY. HAYDN.

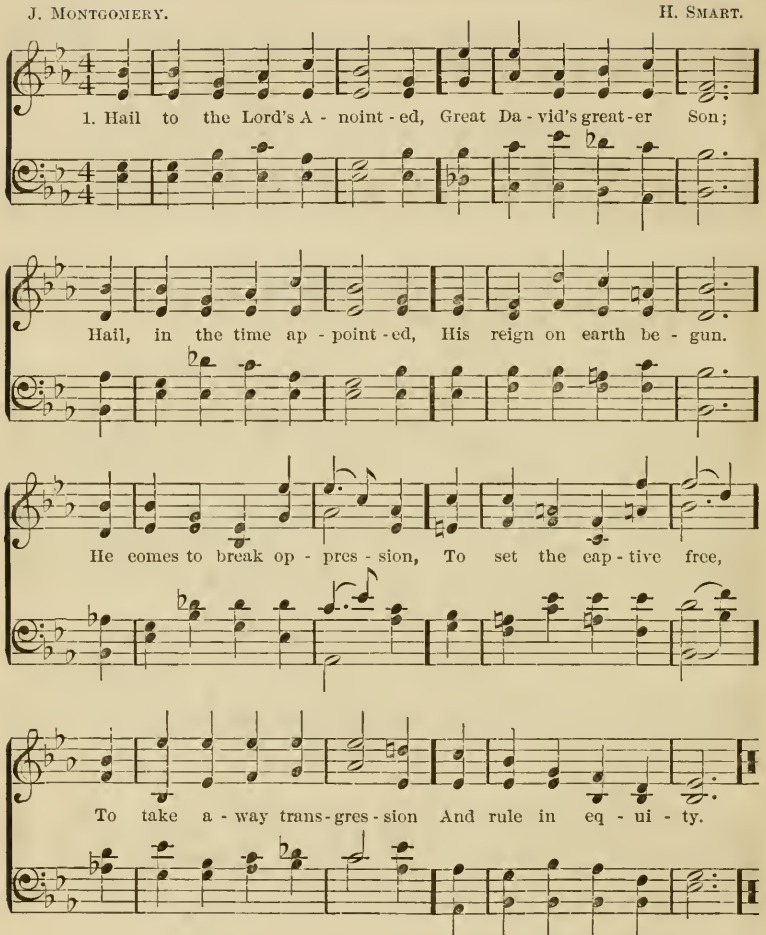


2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,—
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

J. MONTGOMERY. H. SMART.

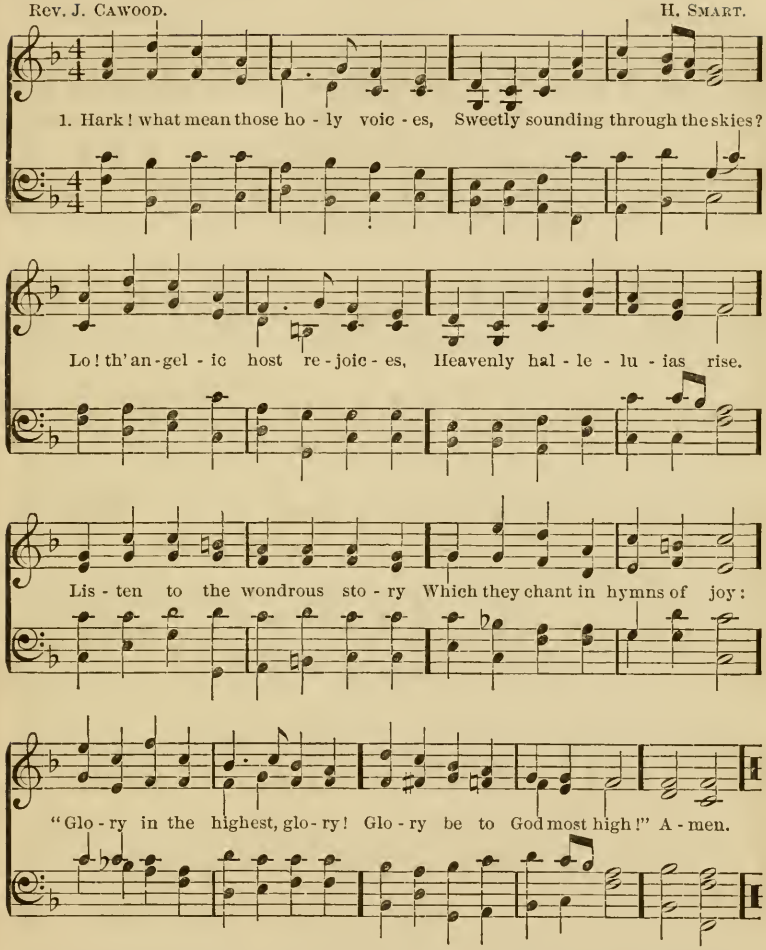


2 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever:
That name to us is Love.

69 Hark! what Mean those Holy Voices.

Rev. J. Cawood. H. Smart.

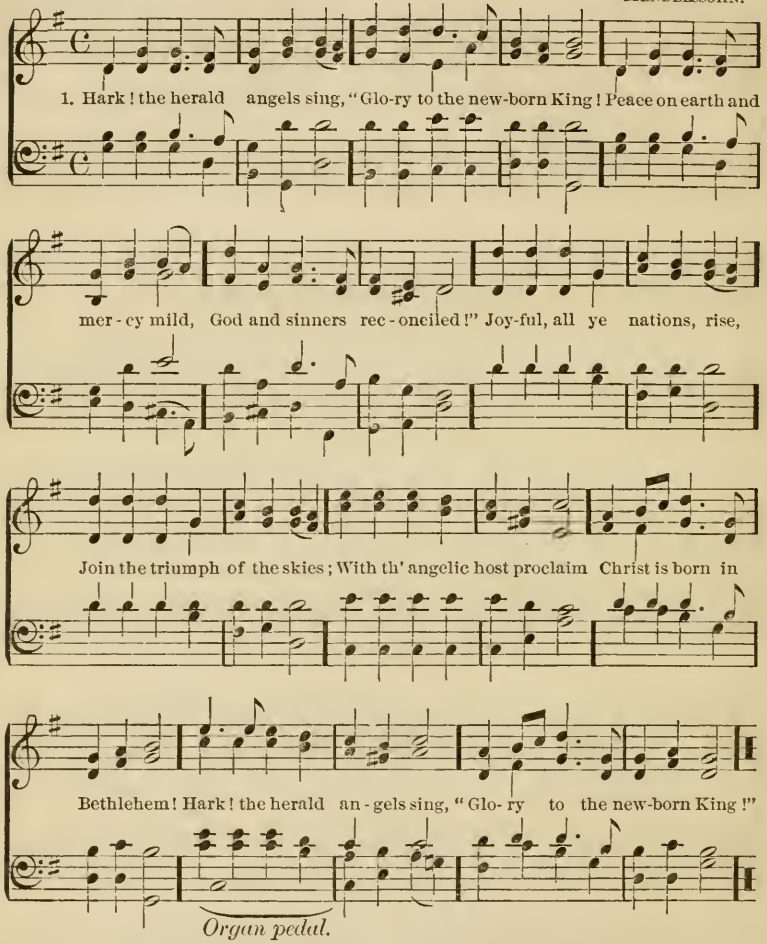


2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing:
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King!

3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth. Amen.

Hark! the Herald Angels Sing. 7s. D.

CHAS. WESLEY. MENDELSSOHN.

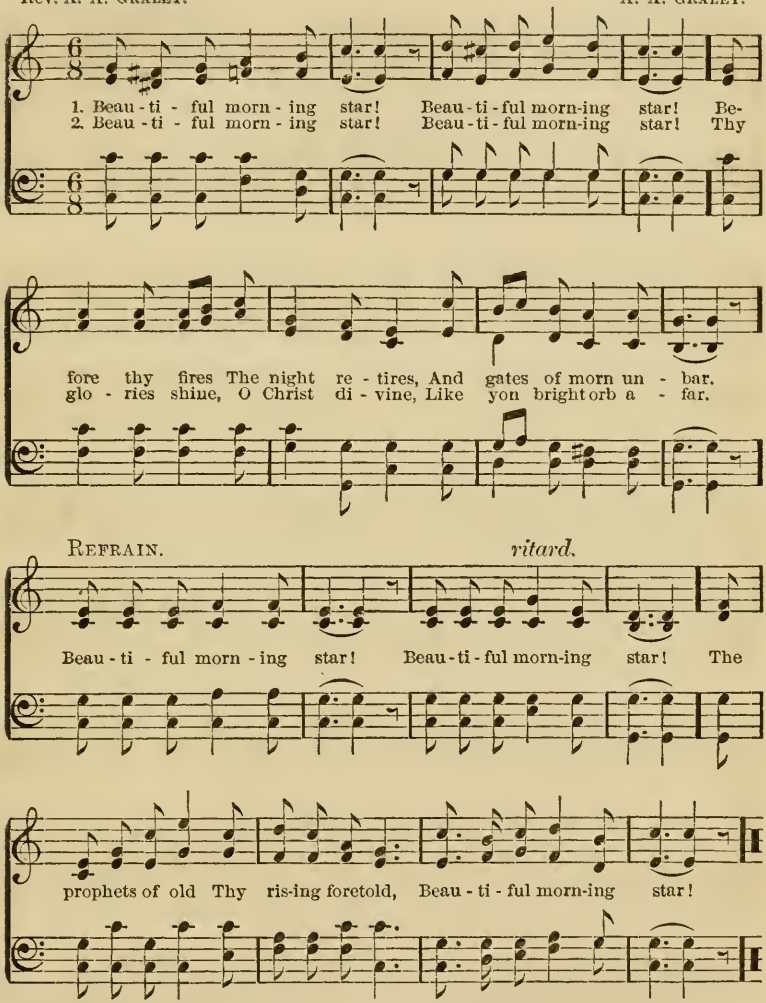


2 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels, etc.

3 Hail! the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail! the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
Mild, he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels, etc.

71 Beautiful Morning Star.

Rev. A. A. Graley. A. A. Graley.



3 Beautiful morning star!
Beautiful morning star!
When fears control
My trembling soul,
Thy beams my comfort are.—Ref.

4 Beautiful morning star!
Beautiful morniug star!
Thy glory bright
Shall fill with light
The shining land afar.—Ref.

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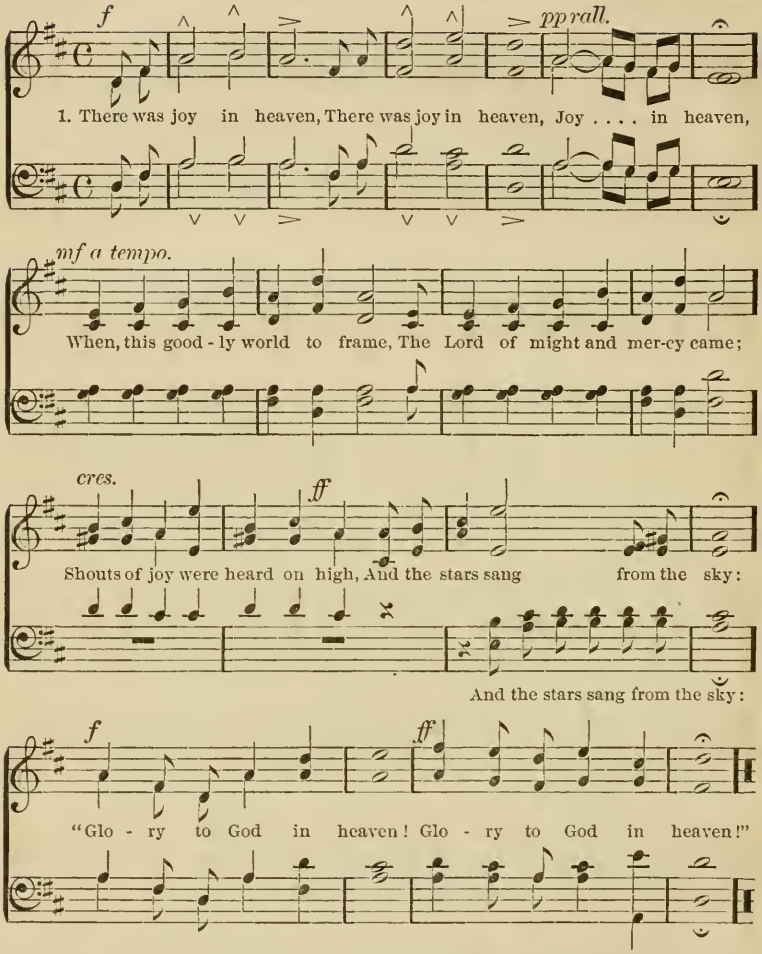
There was Joy in Heaven.

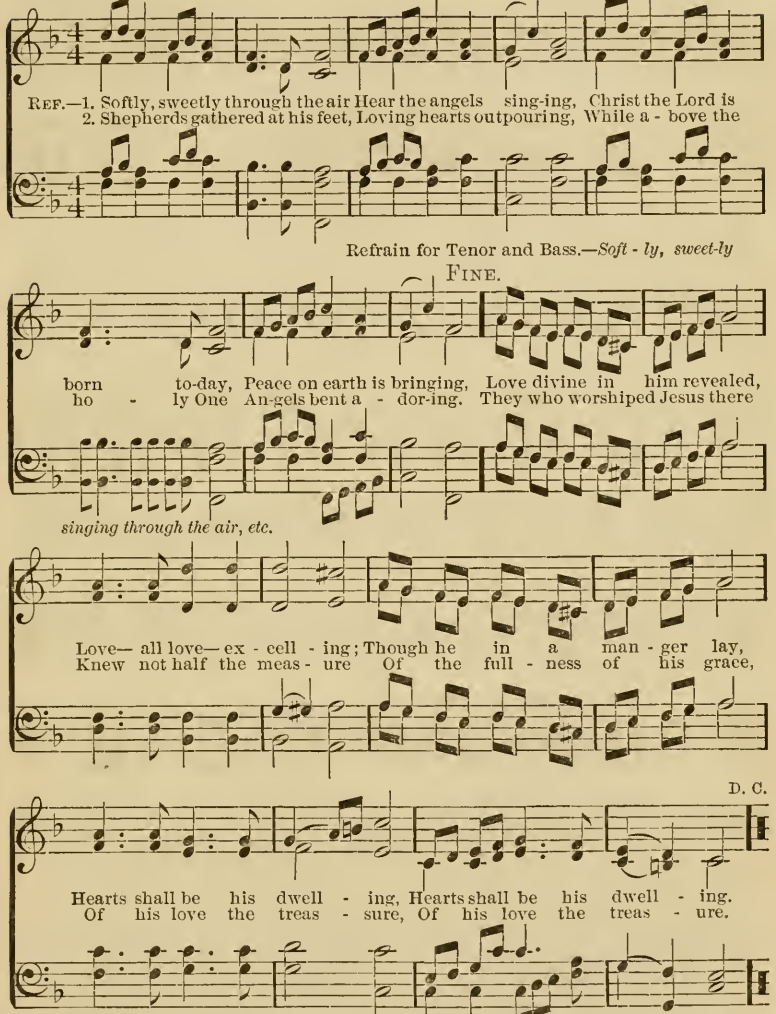


2 There was joy in heaven,
There was joy in heaven,
Joy in heaven,
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark,
And the rainbow's wat'ry span
Spake of mercy, hope to man
And peace with God in heaven,
And peace with God in heaven.

3 There was joy in heaven,
There was joy in heaven,
Joy in heaven,
When of love the midnight beam
Dawned on favored Bethlehem,
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang, "On earth good-will,
Glory to God in heaven,
Glory to God in heaven."

73 Softly, Sweetly through the Air.

MARY C. SEWARD. T. F. SEWARD.



3 Now revealed the Saviour stands,
With a full salvation,
Man in God, and God in man—
Wondrous incarnation!

Glad hosannas, then, we'll raise,
Through the earth resounding:
Peace, good-will, for evermore,
Love divine abounding.—REF.

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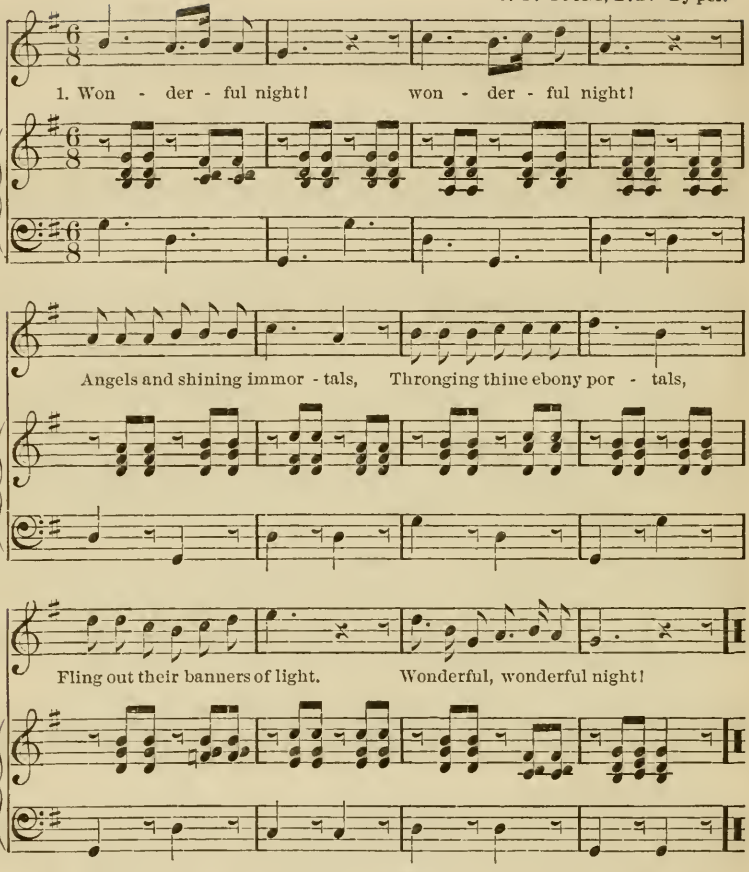
Wonderful Night.

J. F. Young, D. D. By per.



2 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
Dreamed of by prophets and sages,
Manhood, redeemed for all ages,
Welcomes thy hallowing might.
Wonderful, wonderful night!

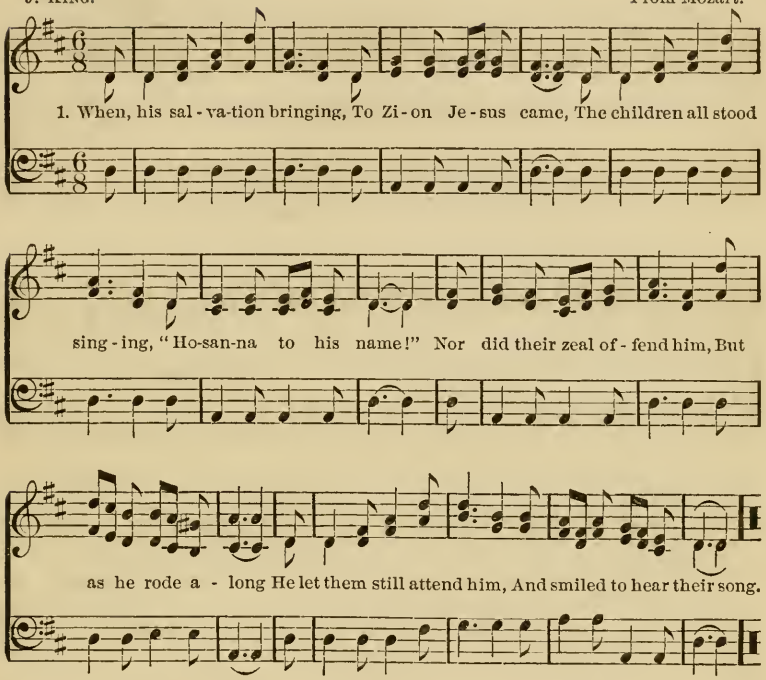
3 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
Down o'er the stars, to restore us,
Leading his flame-winged chorus,
Comes the Eternal to sight.
Wonderful, wonderful night!

4 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
Sweet be thy rest to the weary,
Making the dull heart and dreary
Laugh in a dream of delight.
Wonderful, wonderful night!

5 Wonderful night! wonderful night!
Let me, as long as life lingers,
Sing with the cherubim singers:
"Glory to God in the height!"
Wonderful, wonderful night!

75 When, his Salvation Bringing. 7s & 6s.

J. KING. From Mozart.



2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still—
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill—
We'll flock around His banner
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

3 For, should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well "Hosanna!" raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! While our hearts are tender
They too shall be the Lord's.

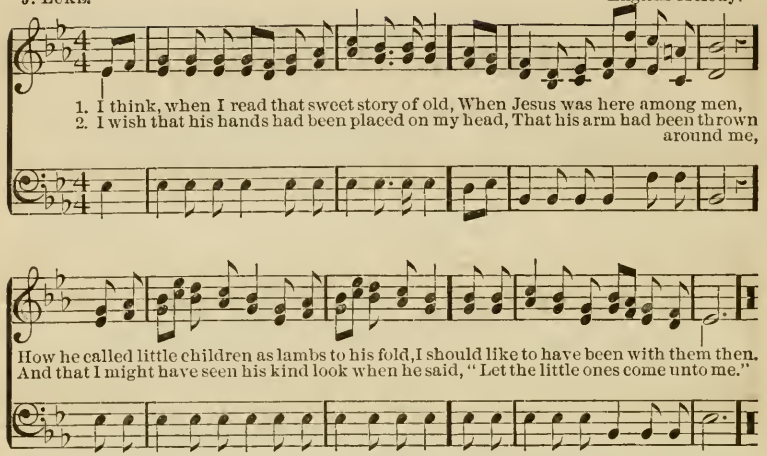
76 7s & 6s.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along,
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain
A second time descended
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then, from the craggy mountains,
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the hymn around,
All "Hallelujah!" swelling
In one continued sound.

77 The Sweet Story of Old.

J. LUKE. English Melody.



3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above,

4 In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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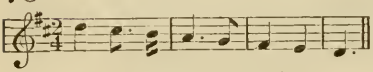
78 ANTIOCH. C. M.



1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

79 HERMON. C. M.

1 THE people that in darkness sat
A glorious Light have seen;
The Light has shined on them who long
In shades of death have been.

2 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

3 His name shall be the Prince of peace
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

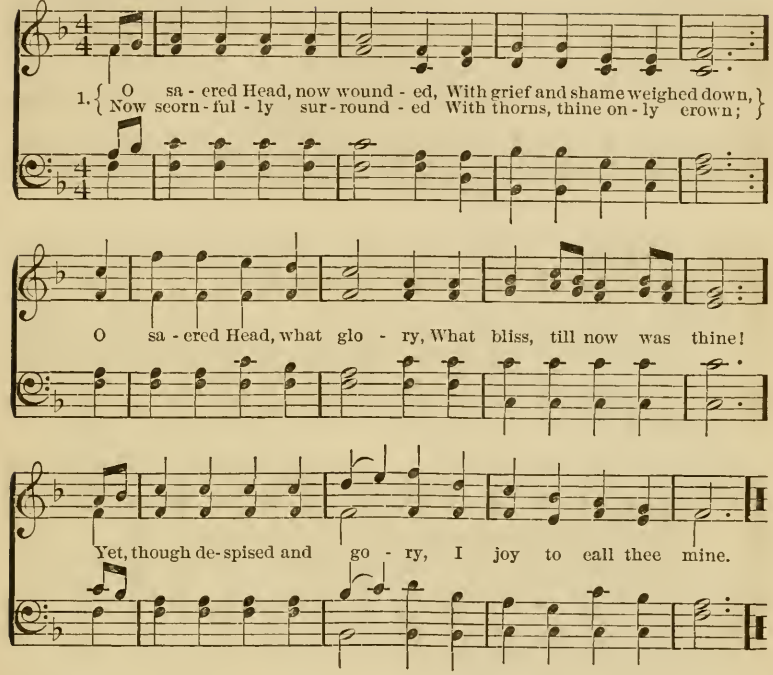
4 His power increasing still shall spread,
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

J. Morrison.

80 O Sacred Head. 7s & 6s.

GERHARDT.
Tr. by J. W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

Greek Air.



2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside thy cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to thee.

81 O SACRED HEAD. 7s & 6s.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most precious
Till not a stain remains.

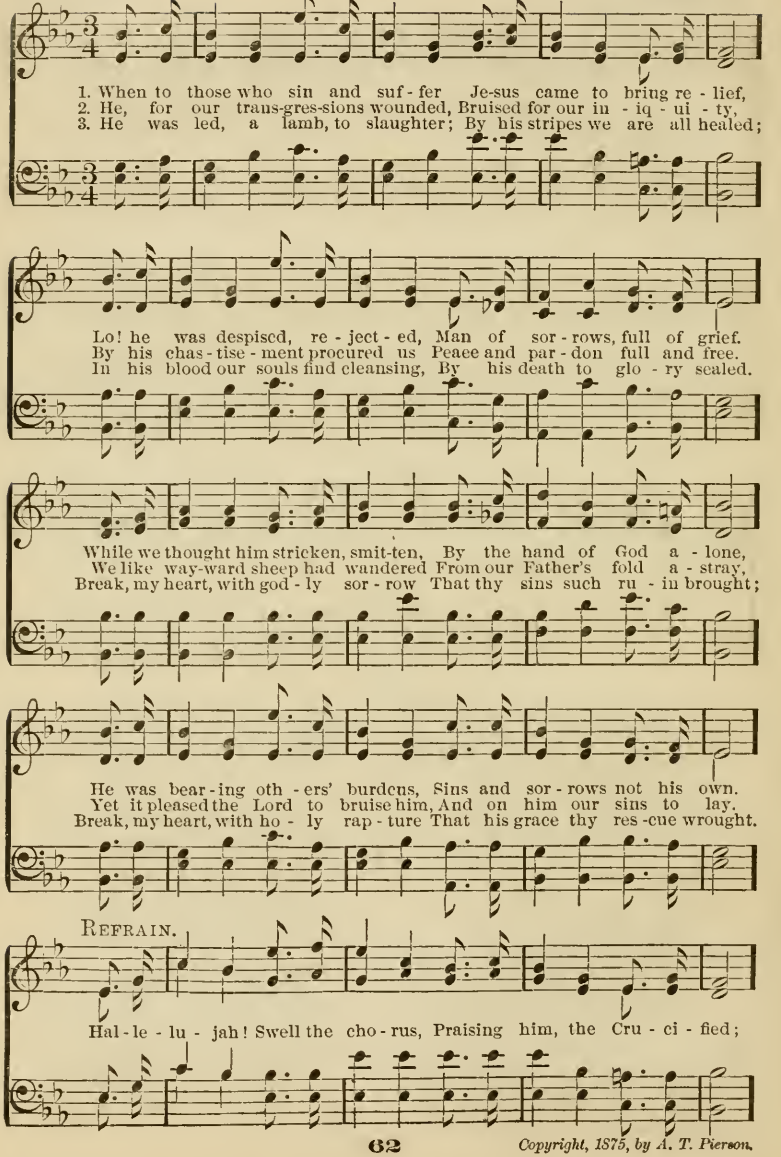
2 I lay my wants on Jesus:
All fullness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my guilt on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

H. Bonar.

The Man of Sorrows.

A. T. Pierson. A. T. Pierson, D. D.



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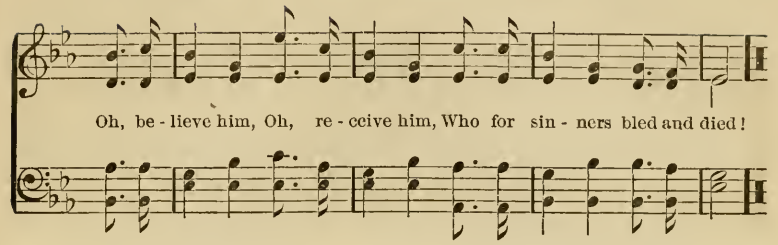
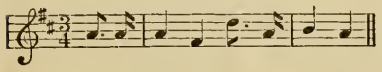


83 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.



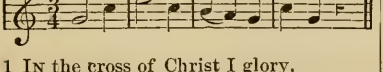
1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" Oh what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jonathan Evans.

84 RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.



1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

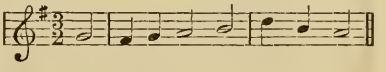
2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

John Bowring.

85 ROCKINGHAM. L. M.



1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

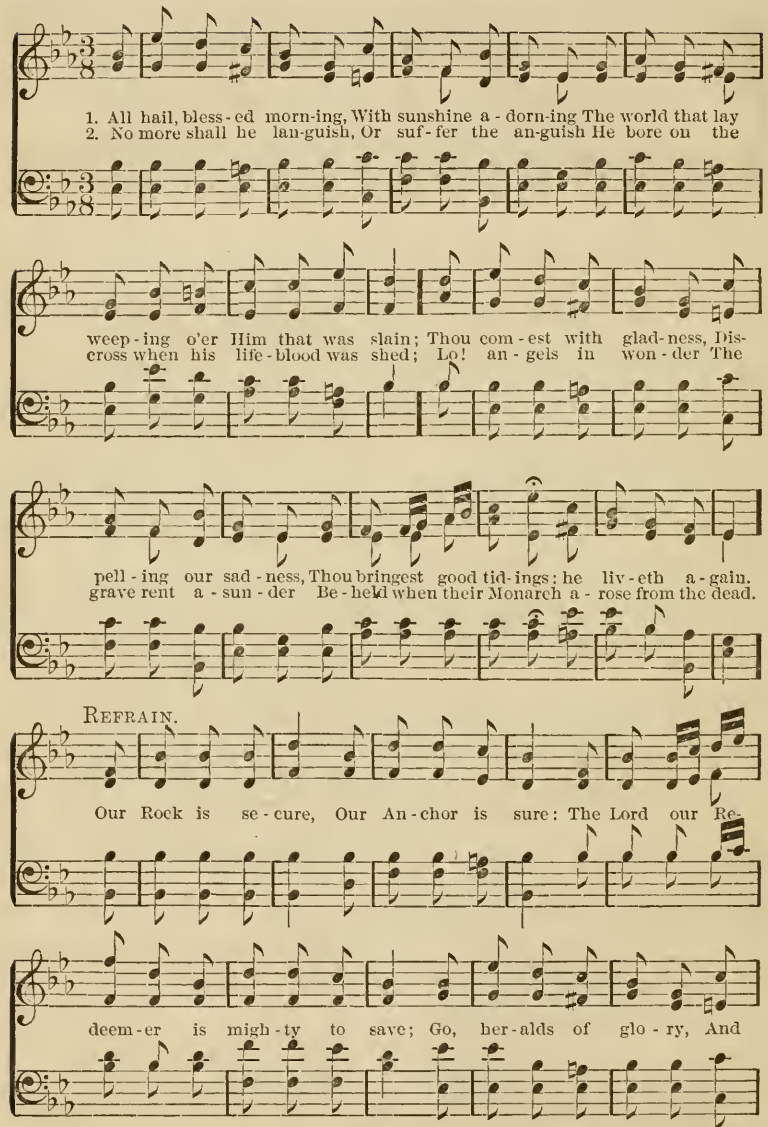
3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts.

86 All Hail, Blessed Morning.

FANNY J. CROSBY. THEO. F. SEWARD.



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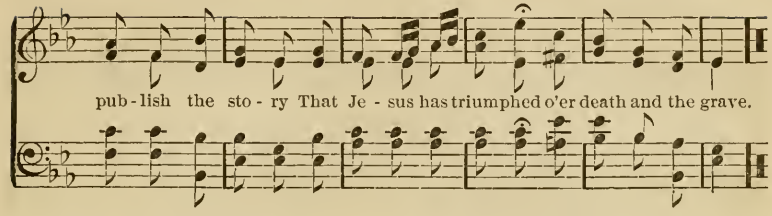
All Hail, Blessed Morning.—Concluded.



3 He liveth victorious,
He liveth all glorious
Through him shall the captive from bondage be free;
The volume of ages
Proclaims on its pages
For ever established his kingdom shall be.—REF.

4 Then, while we adore him
And gather before him,
Our hearts and our voices united shall praise
The great Intercessor
For every transgressor,
The Son of the Highest, the Ancient of days.—REF.

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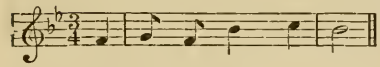
87 OLMUTZ. S. M.



1 NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

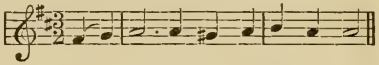
3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Isaac Watts.

88 COOLING. C. M.



1 ENTHRONED on high, almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfill in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire—
Thy Spirit in our heart.

3 Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we might live.

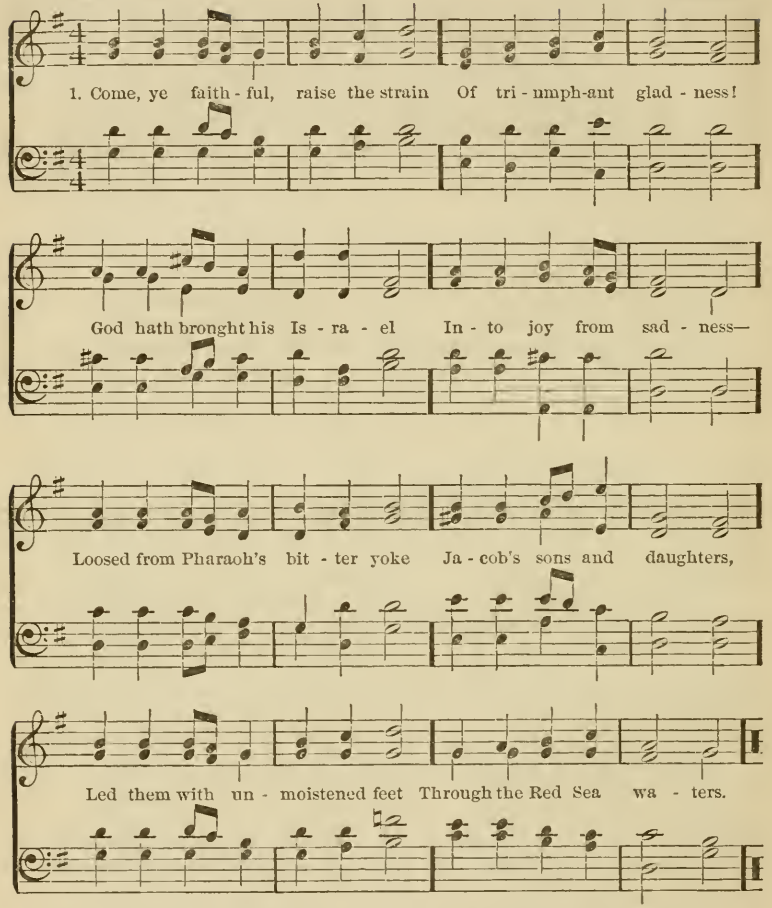
4 To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

5 His love within us shed abroad—
Life's ever-springing well—
Till God in us and we in God
In love eternal dwell.

Thomas Haweis.

89 Come, ye Faithful.

JOHN M. NEALE, D. D. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

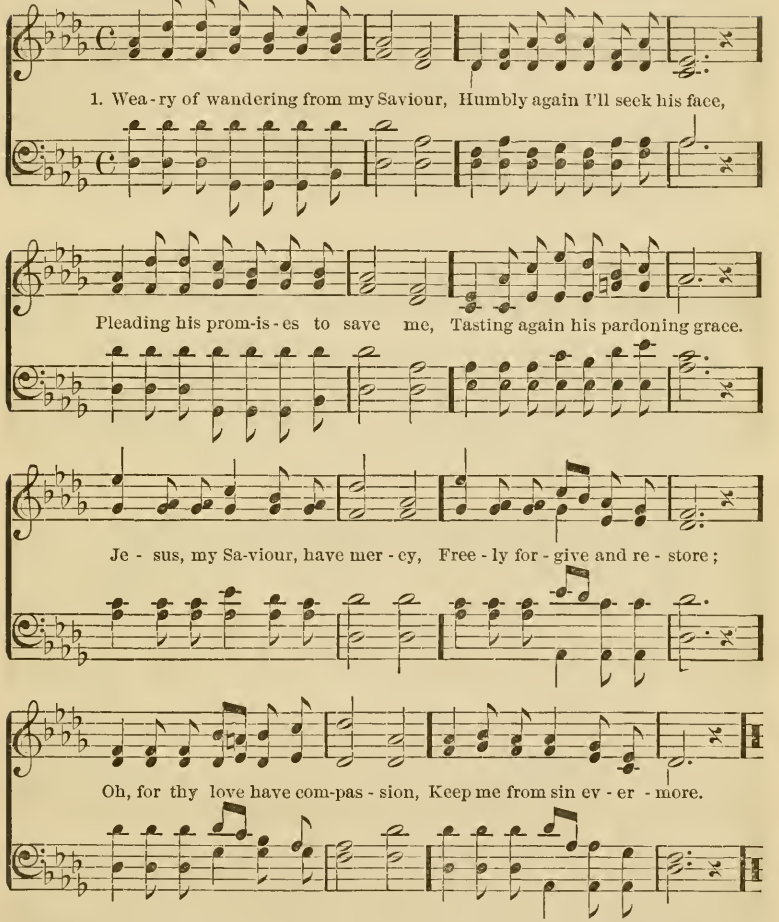


2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst his prison;
From the frost and gloom of death
Light and life have risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His face to whom we give
Thanks and praise undying.

3 Now the queen of seasons—bright
With the day of splendor,
With the royal feast of feasts—
Comes its joy to render;
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
Jesus' resurrection.

90 "Weary of Wandering."

Mrs. MARY C. SEWARD. Mrs. MARY C. SEWARD. By per.

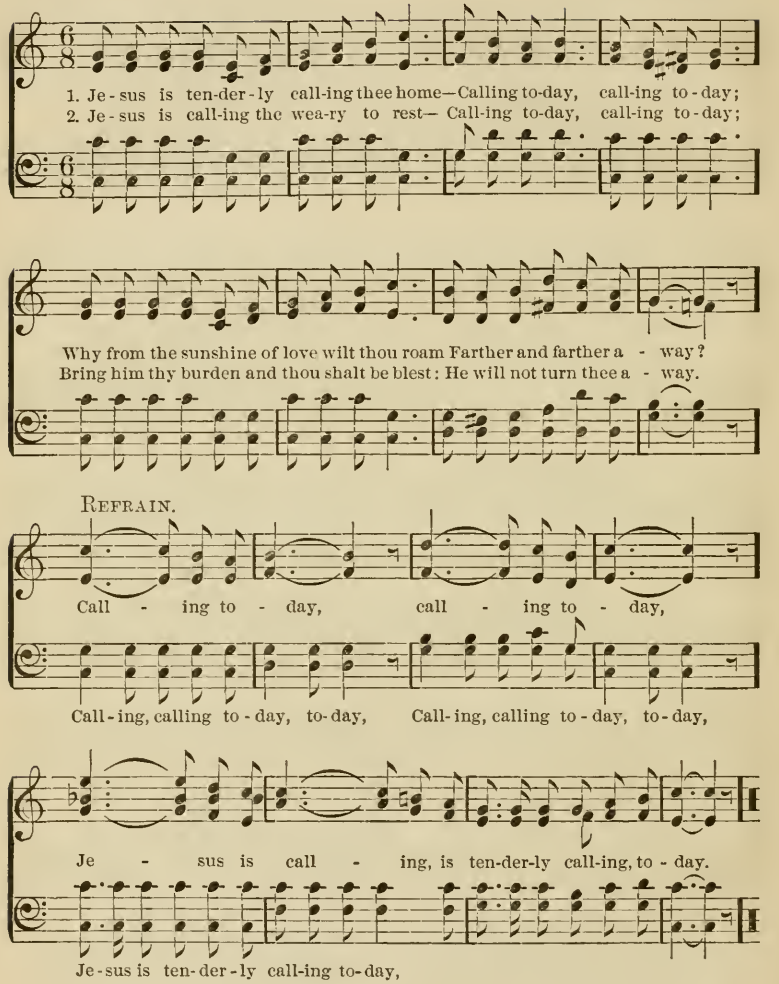


2 Sinful, unworthy, but repenting,
Prostrate I bow before thy throne;
Seeking forgiveness and thy blessing,
Comfort and peace from thee alone.
Saviour, Redeemer, accept me,
Grant me thy presence and love;
Bear with my weakness and folly;
Send me thy strength from above.

3 Helpless I come, my sin confessing;
Trusting in thee, why need I fear,
Knowing that all so heavy-laden
Surely will find thee ever near?
Take, then, dear Saviour, my burden;
Teach me to walk in thy way;
Tenderly shelter and keep me;
Be thou my help and my stay.

91 Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



3 Jesus is waiting; oh, come to him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins; at his feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.—REF.

4 Jesus is pleading; oh, list to his voice:
Hear him to-day; hear him to-day;
They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.—REF.

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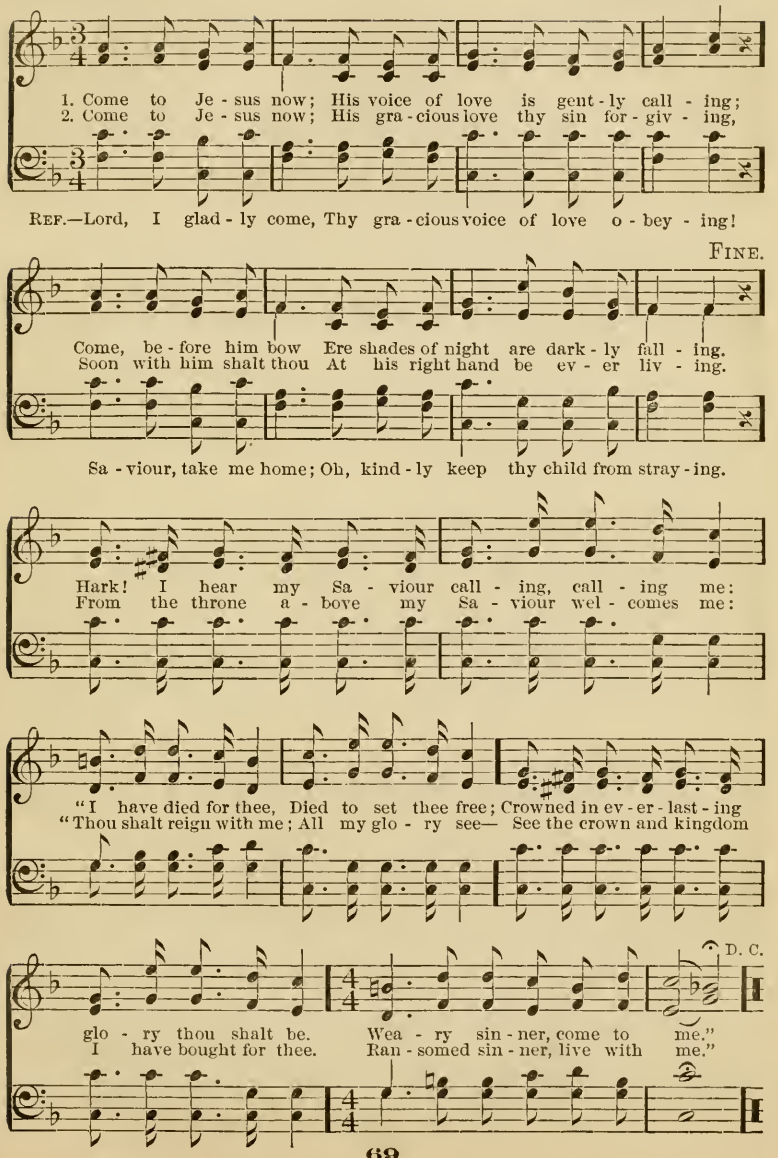
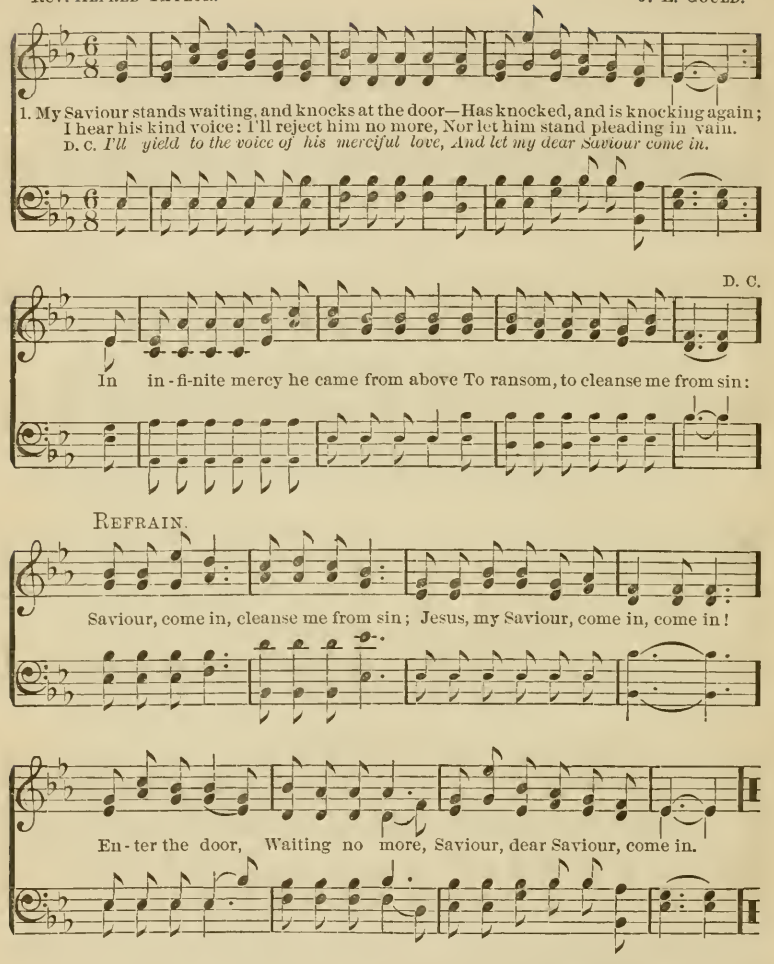
92 Voice of Love.

Rev. Alfred Taylor. From the Russian.



93 At the Door.

Rev. Alfred Taylor. J. E. Gould.

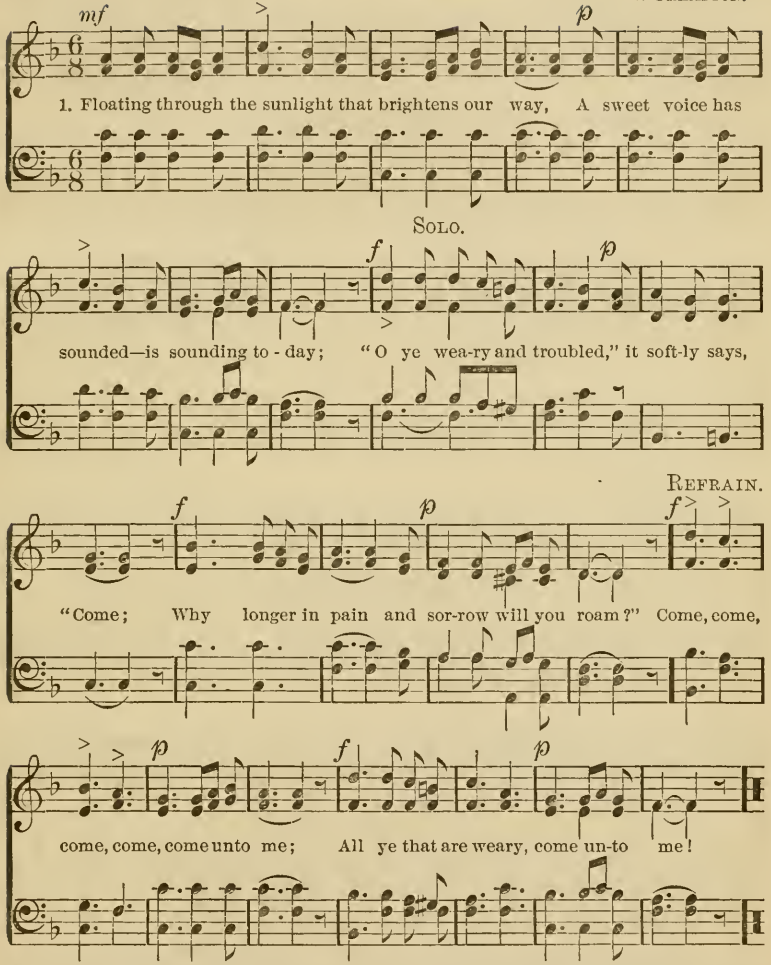


2 O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer and Friend,
The Life and the Truth and the Way,
On thy precious merit alone I depend;
Dwell in me and keep me, I pray.
Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart:
'Tis open in welcome to thee;
Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart;
Come in, with thy mercy, to me.

From "Songs of Gladness," by permission of Garrigues Bros.

"Come unto Me."

T. CRAMPTON.

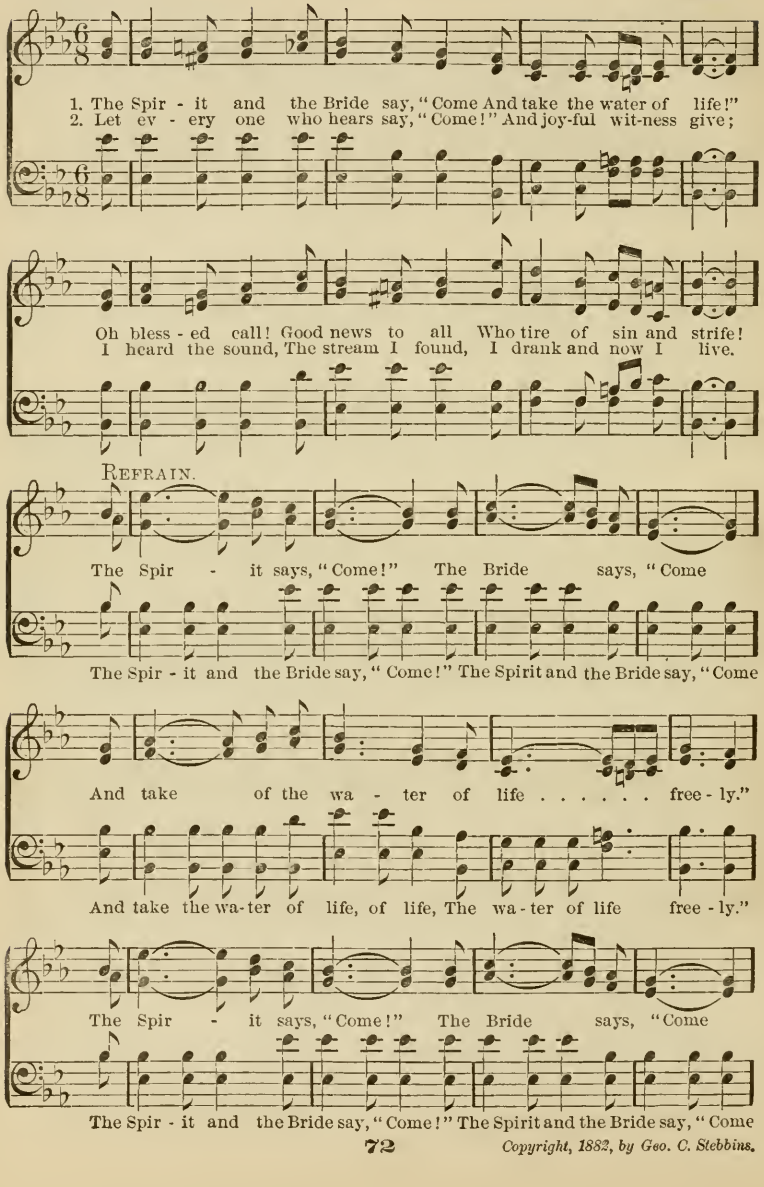


2 "Are you weary of sin, of its weight and its pain?
Then come unto me: I can cleanse its deep stain.
Does the thought of your guilt make you fearful and weak?
Come, come unto me: your pardon I will speak."
REF.—Come, come, come, etc.

3 "Are you weary of straying? My own hand shall guide
Your feet in the way where no ill shall betide.
Are you hungry and thirsty? Your soul shall be fed
With the water of life, and with the heavenly bread."
REF.—Come, come, come, etc.

95 The Gospel Call.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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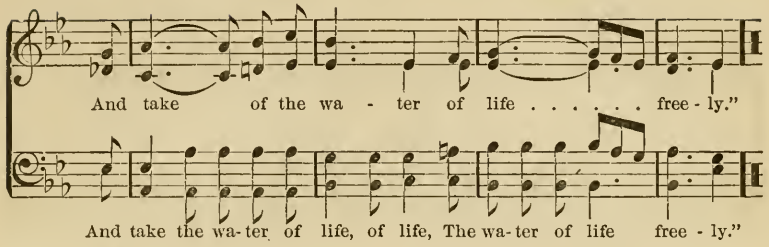
The Gospel Call.—Concluded.



3 Ye souls who are athirst, forsake
Your broken cisterns first;
Then come, partake:
One draught will slake
Your soul's consuming thirst.—REF.

4 Yea, whosoever will may come:
Your longings Christ can fill;
The stream is free
To you and me,
And whosoever will.—REF.

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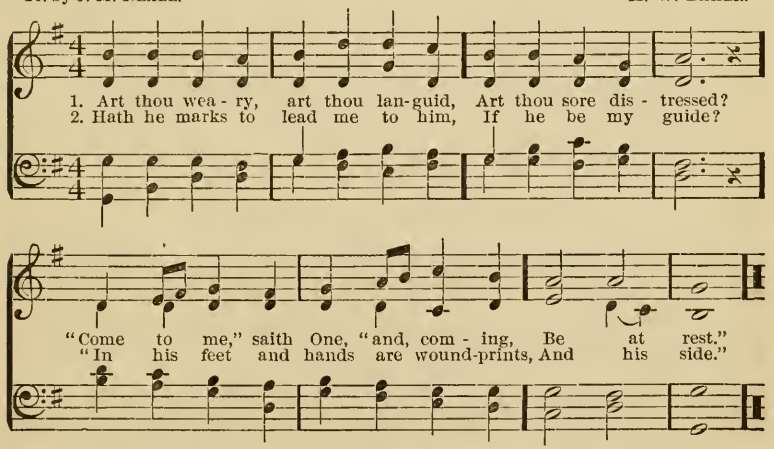
96 Art thou Weary.

STEPHEN THE SABAITE.
Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

H. W. BAKER.



3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

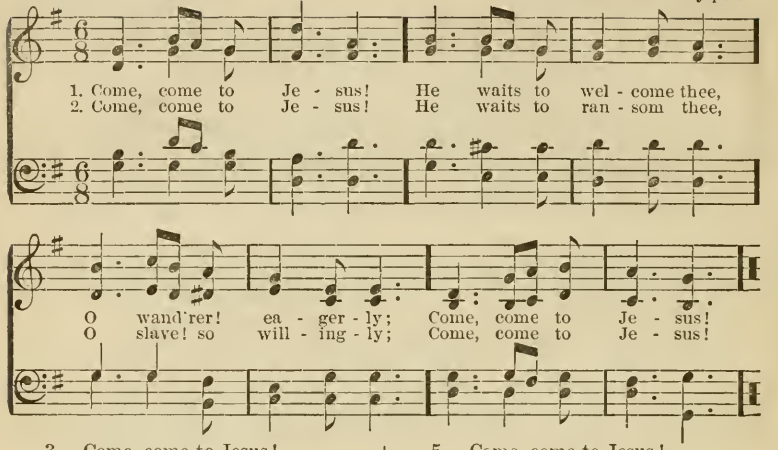
4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his future here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

97 Come, Come to Jesus!

Rev. Geo. B. Peck. Hubert P. Main. By per.



3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee;
O burdened! trustingly
Come, come to Jesus!

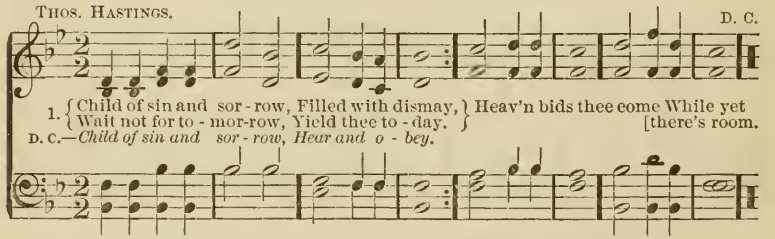
4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

98 Child of Sin and Sorrow.

Thos. Hastings. D. C.

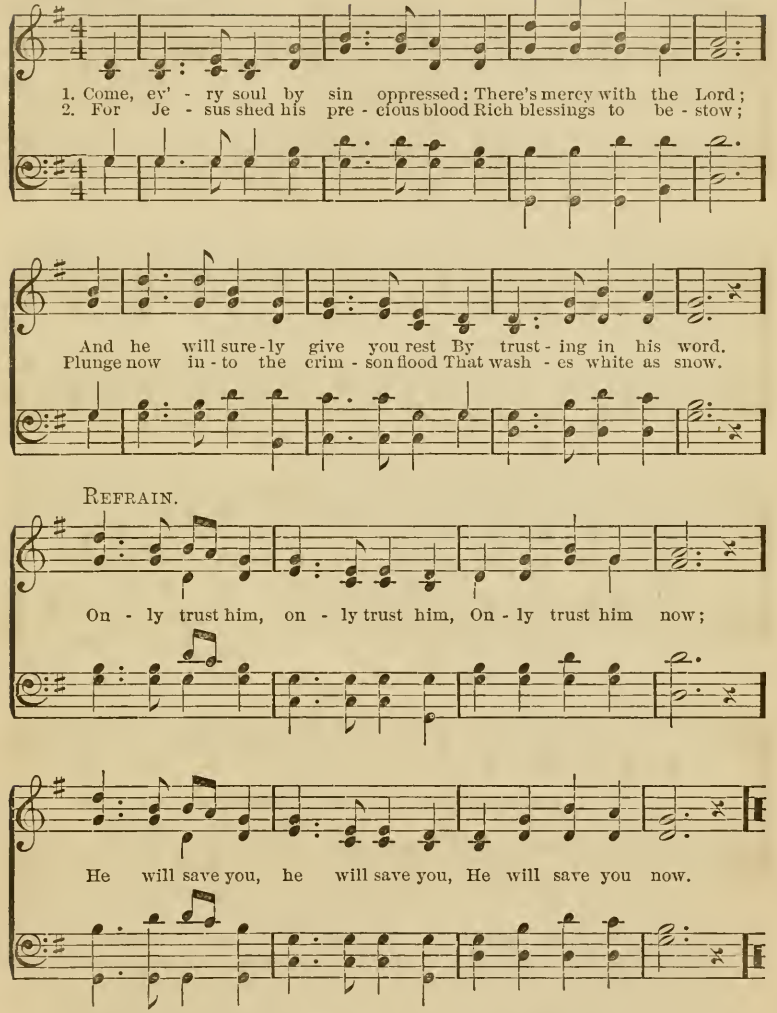


2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come while thou canst borrow
Help from on high.
Grieve not that love
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Thy moments glide
Like the flitting arrow
Or the rushing tide.
Ere time is o'er
Heaven's grace implore;
Child of sin and sorrow,
In Christ confide.

99 Only Trust Him.

Rev. J. H. Stockton. J. H. Stockton. By per.

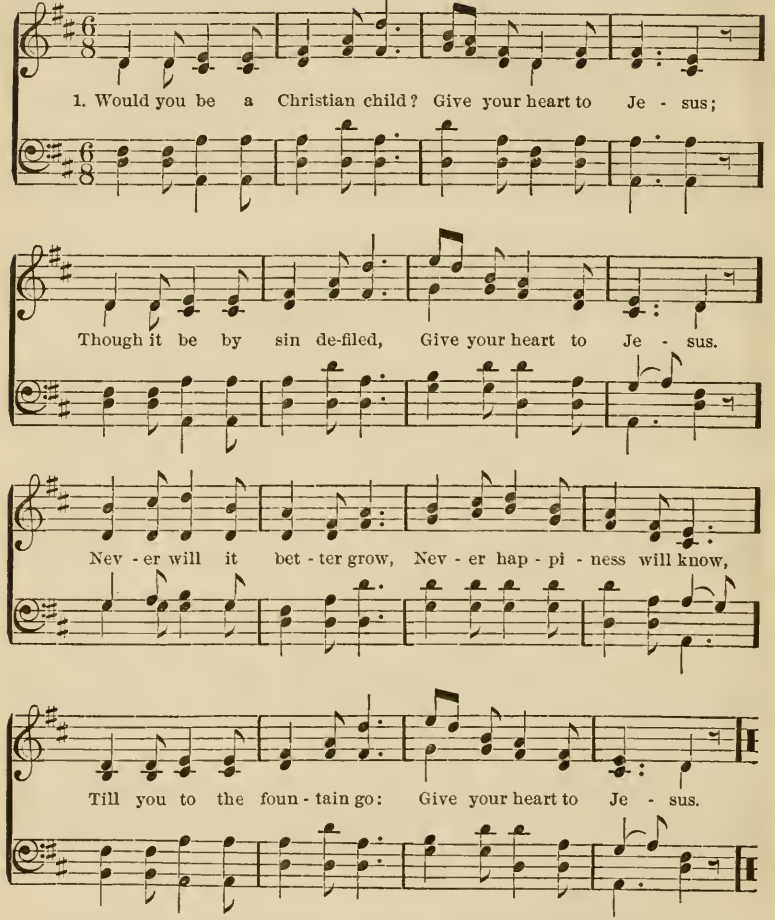


3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.—Ref.

4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land
Where joys immortal flow.—Ref.

100 Give your Heart to Jesus.

Rev. A. A. Graley. A. A. Graley. By per.

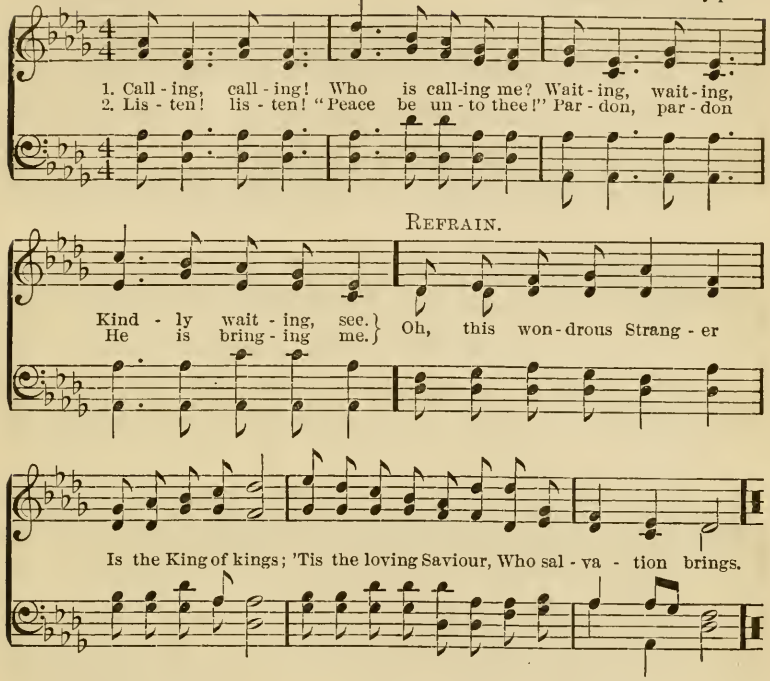


2 Now his loving voice regard:
Give your heart to Jesus;
Though it be both cold and hard,
Give your heart to Jesus.
He can take that heart of thine,
Warm it, melt it, and refine
By the fires of love divine:
Give your heart to Jesus.

3 Stained by sins of crimson hue,
Give your heart to Jesus;
He can cleanse and make it new,
Give your heart to Jesus.
Wait not till another day:
Worse it grows while you delay;
Then the tender call obey:
Give your heart to Jesus.

101 The Wondrous Stranger.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. J. H. KURZENKNABE. By per.



3 Sweetly, sweetly
Sounds that loving voice:
"Mourner, mourner,
Sin no more! arise!"—REF.

4 Glory, glory,
Praise and victory,
Ever, ever
To my Saviour be!—REF.

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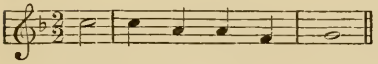
102 TO-DAY.



1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls:
Ye wanderers, come;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

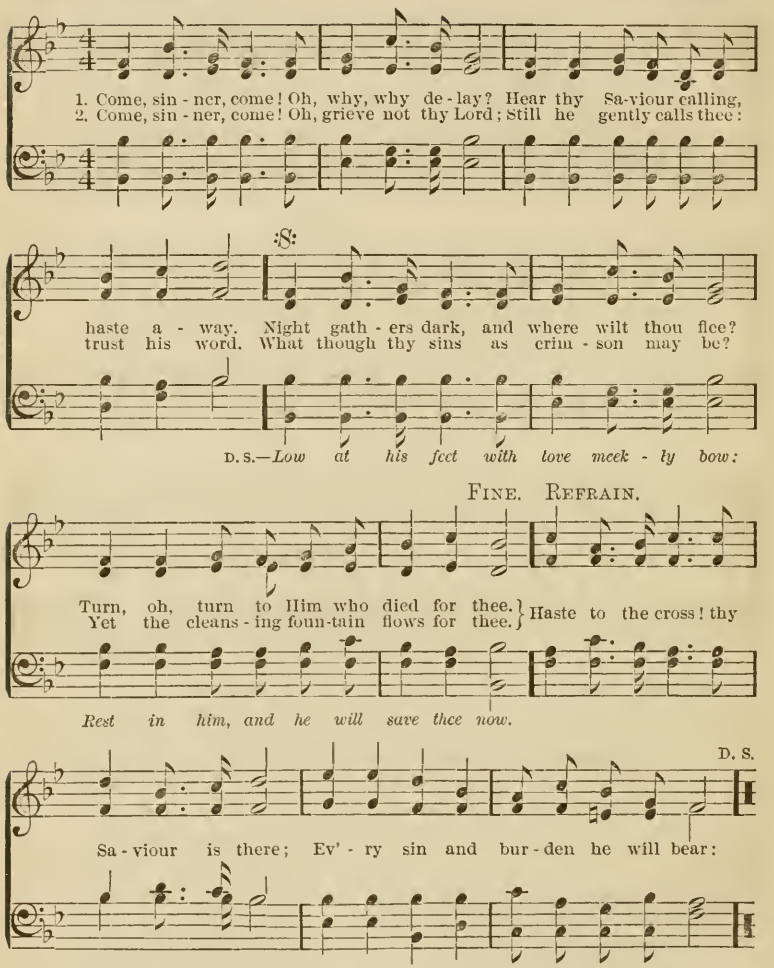
3 To-day the Saviour calls:
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

Rev. S. F. Smith

103 Come, Sinner, Come.

MRS. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. B. C. UNSELD.



3 Come, sinner, come! Oh, why wilt thou roam
In the dreary desert far from home,
Hungry and cold, sad and oppressed?
Seek and find in Jesus rest — full rest.

4 Come, sinner, come! Oh, linger no more:
Haste thee now to enter Mercy's door.
Come, sinner, come! The time flies apace:
Come, or death may close thy day of grace.

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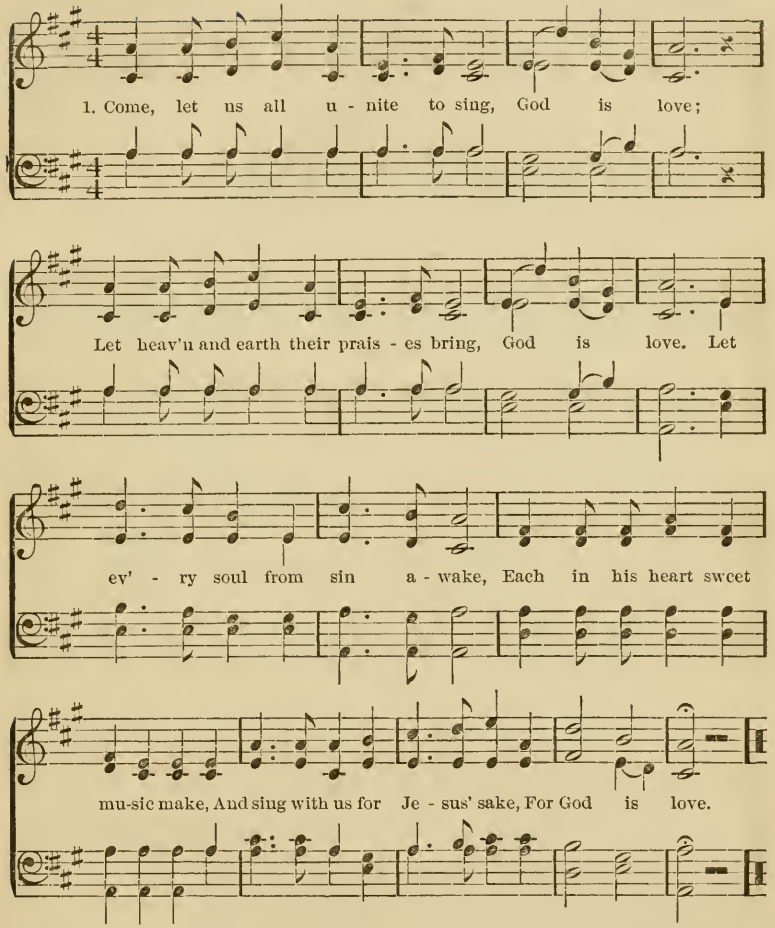
God is Love.

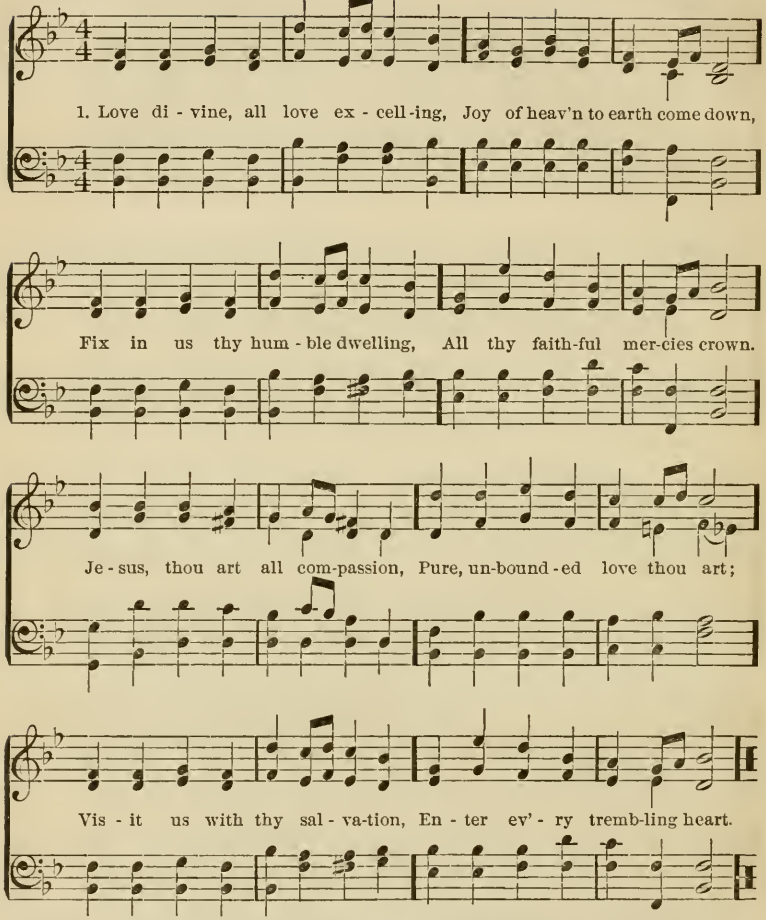
Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp. By per.



2 Oh, tell to earth's remotest bounds,
God is love;
In Christ we have redemption found,
God is love.
His blood has washed our sins away,
His Spirit turned our night to day;
And now we can rejoice to say
That God is love.

3 How happy is our portion here!
God is love;
His promises our spirits cheer;
God is love.
He is our sun and shield by day—
Our help, our hope, our strength and stay;
He will be with us all the way:
Our God is love.

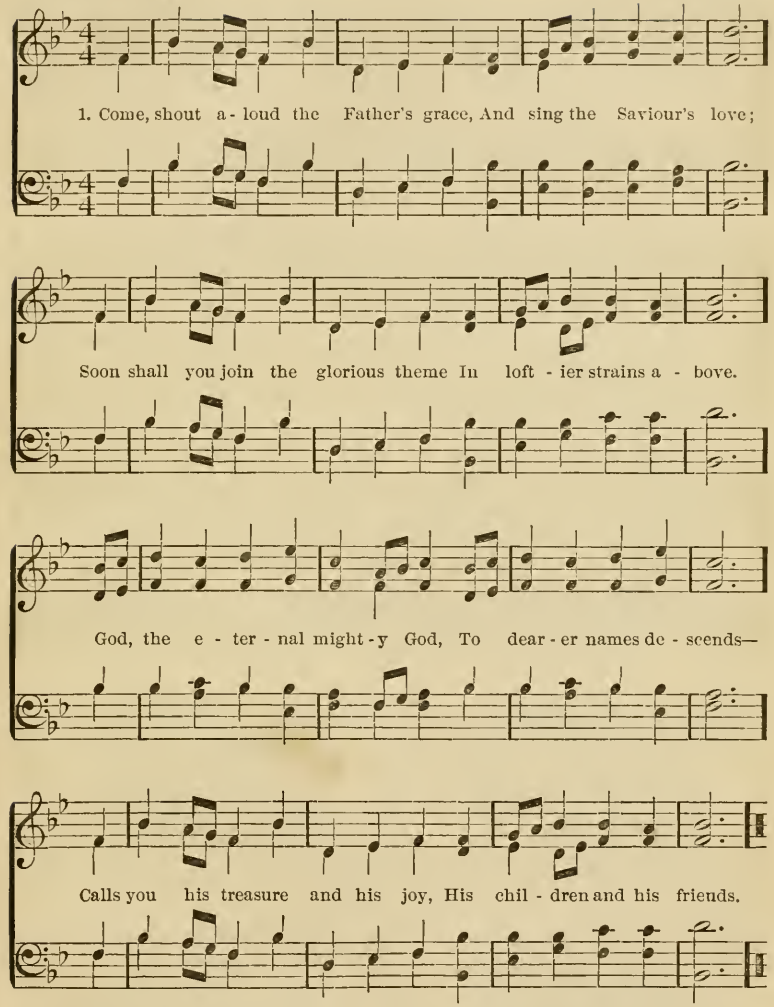
C. WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL. By per.



2 Breathe, oh breathe, thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, Almighty to deliver;
Let us all thy grace receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Nevermore thy temples leave.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation:
Pure and spotless may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee,
Changed from glory into glory
Till in heaven we take our place—
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

O. HEGINBOTHAM. English.

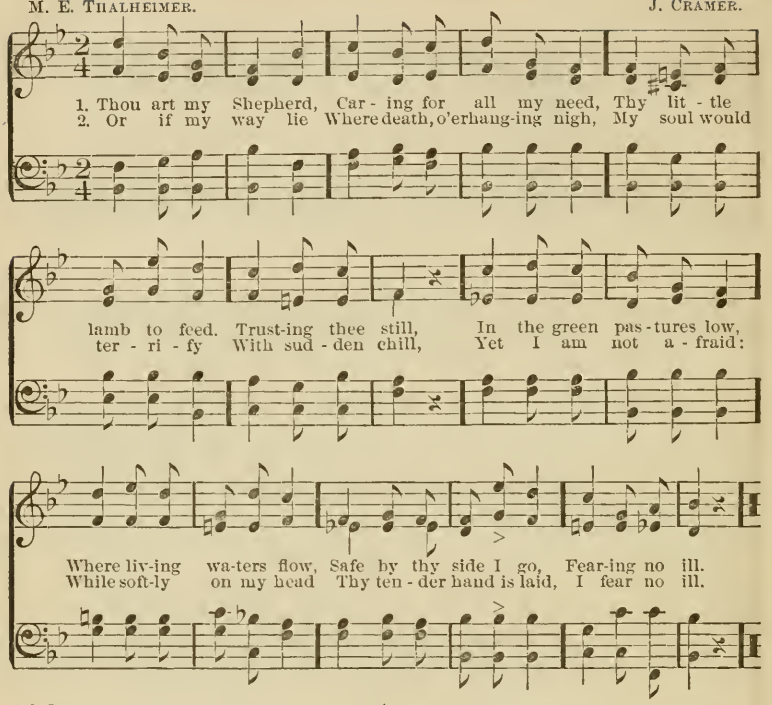


2 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow,
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

107 Thou art my Shepherd.

M. E. THALHEIMER. J. CRAMER.



108

MY SHEPHERD.

1 LORD, do not leave me!
I'm but an erring child,
Weak, poor and sin-defiled,
Afraid, alone;
But thou art strong and wise:
No ill can thee surprise;
Beneath thy loving eyes
Danger is none.

2 If thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I'll go with thee:
No harm can come to me,
Holding thy hand;
And soon my weary feet,
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love thee meet,
Redeemed shall stand.

M. E. Thalheimer.

109

JUST NOW.

1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you, etc.

3 He is able, etc.

4 He is willing, etc.

5 He is waiting, etc.

6 He will hear you, etc.

7 He will cleanse you, etc.

8 He'll renew you, etc.

9 He'll forgive you, etc.

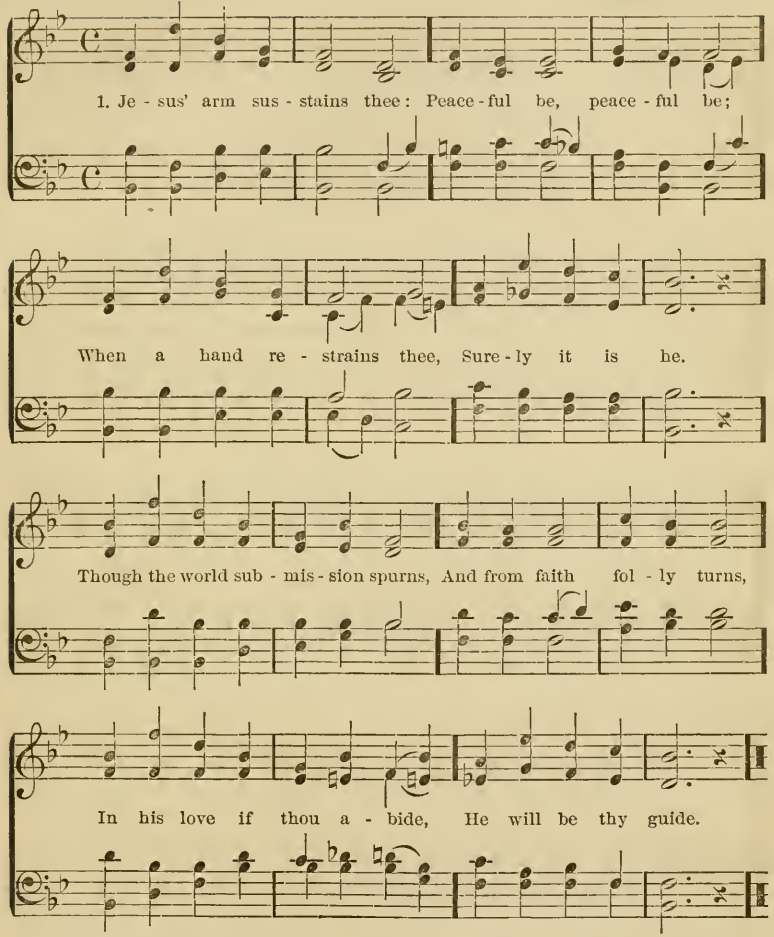
10 If you trust him, etc.

11 He will save you, etc.

E. P. Hammond.

110 Jesus' Arm Sustains Thee.

E. H. JOHNSON. By per.

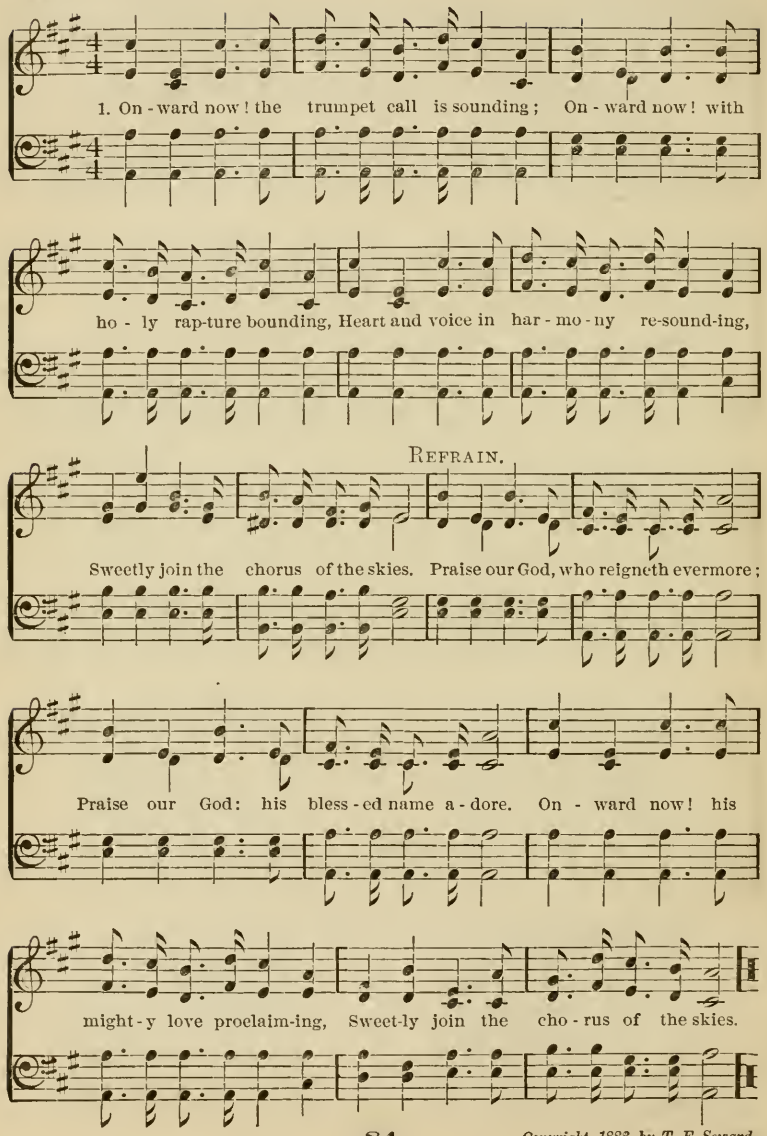


2 Humbly, uncomplaining,
In his hand, in his hand,
Leave whatever things thou
Canst not understand.
Ever let his wisdom guide,
And in his love confide:
Faithful hath he been for years,
Shaming all thy fears.

3 Whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day, night or day,
Know his love provideth
Benefits alway.
Every cross he bids thee take
Bravely bear for his sake;
Humbly bending to his will,
Trust and love him still.

111 Onward Now!

Mrs. Van Alstyne. Theo. F. Seward.



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Onward Now!—Concluded.

2 Onward now! be valiant, brave and daring;
Onward now, the Christian armor wearing;
Onward now! the royal standard bearing,
Let our songs in happy concert rise.

REF.—Praise our God, who reigneth evermore;
Praise our God: his blessed name adore.
Onward now! his mighty love proclaiming,
Sweetly join the chorus of the skies.

3 Onward now! our King has gone before us:
Strong in him, our triumph will be glorious.
Onward now! his loving care is o'er us;
In his hand behold the heavenly prize.—REF.

4 Onward now! be firm and faithful ever;
Onward now, our courage failing never,
Looking home, beyond the silent river—
Looking home, where pleasure never dies.—REF.

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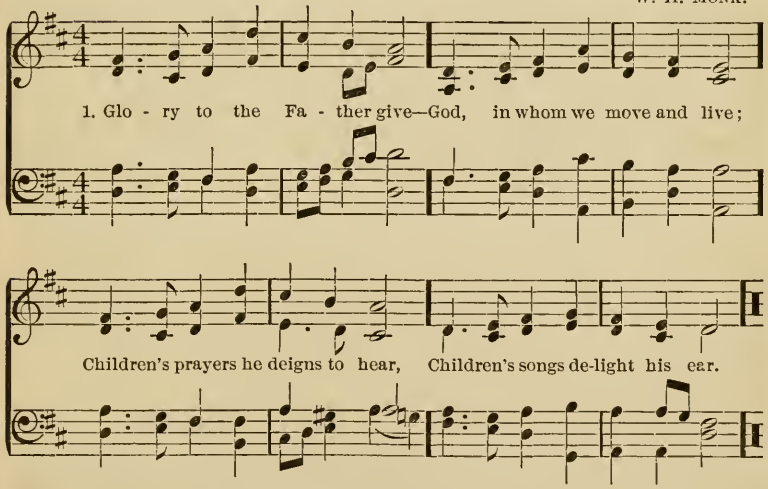
112 Praise to the Trinity. 7s.

W. H. MONK.



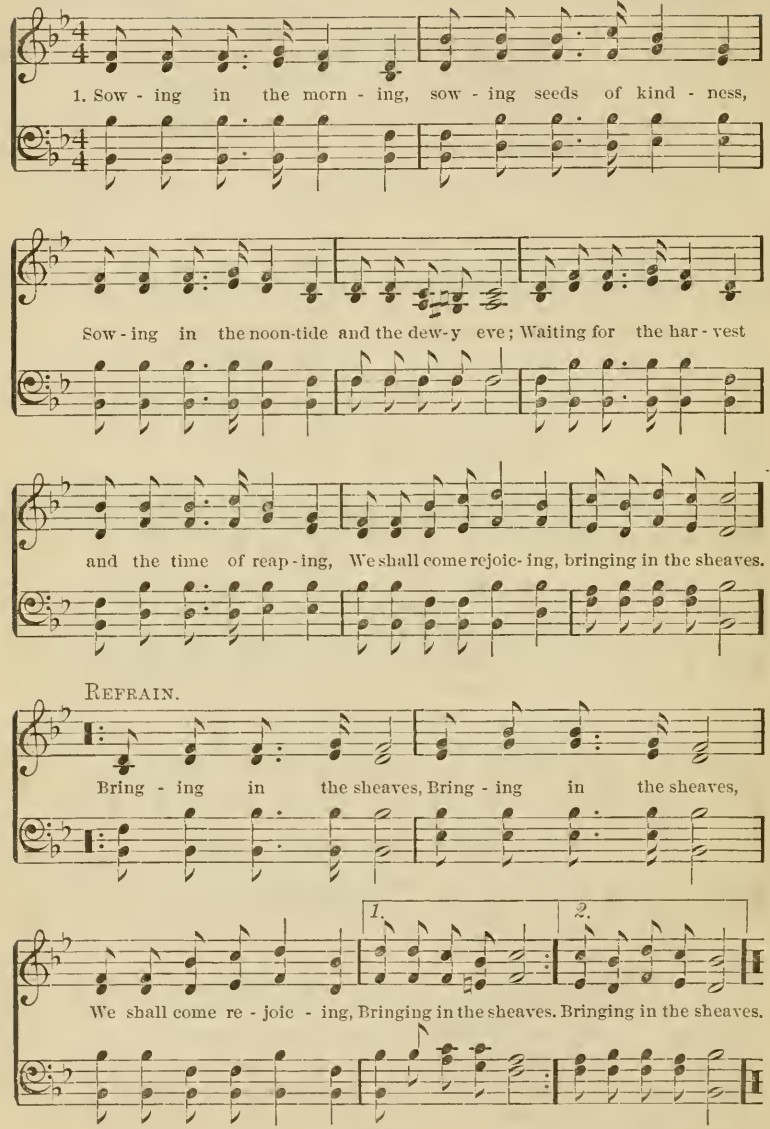
2 Glory to the Son we bring—
Christ, our Prophet, Priest and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
He reclaims the sinner lost:
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

113 Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW. GEORGE A. MINOR.



From "Golden Light." By per.

Bringing in the Sheaves.—Concluded.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and, the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—REF.

3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome:
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.—REF.

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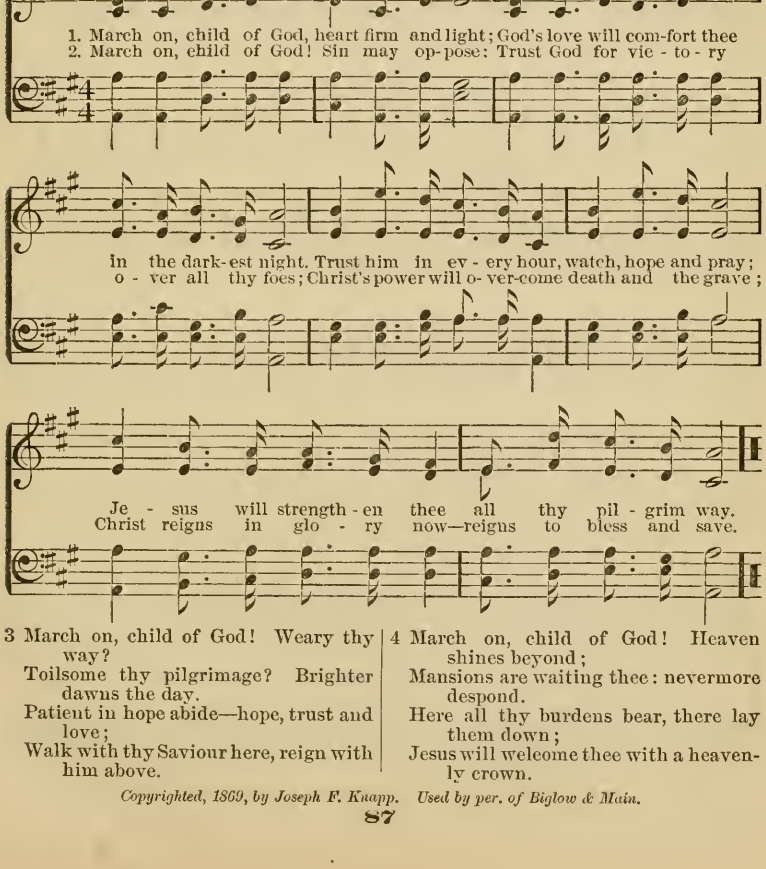
114 Bright Dawns the Day.

REV. A. TAYLOR. REV. A. TAYLOR. By per.



3 March on, child of God! Weary thy way?
Toilsome thy pilgrimage? Brighter dawns the day.
Patient in hope abide—hope, trust and love;
Walk with thy Saviour here, reign with him above.

4 March on, child of God! Heaven shines beyond;
Mansions are waiting thee: nevermore despond.
Here all thy burdens bear, there lay them down;
Jesus will welcome thee with a heavenly crown.

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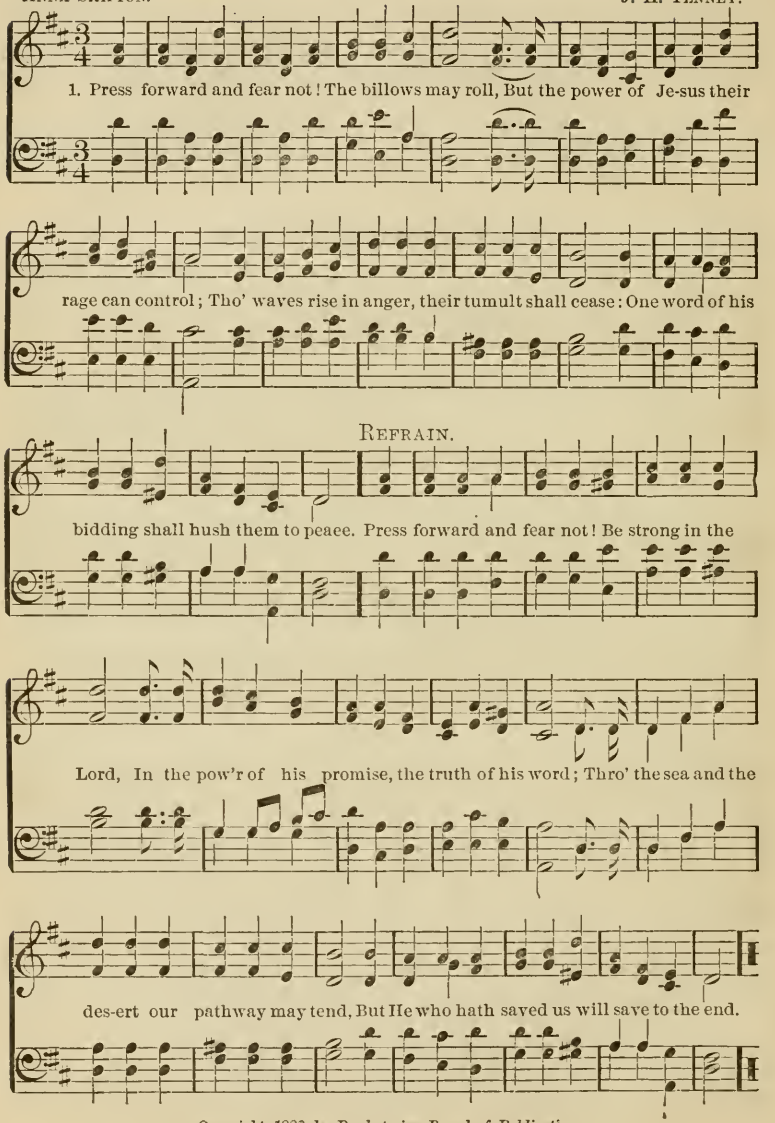
115 Press Forward and Fear Not. 11s.

ANNA SHIPTON. J. H. TENNEY.



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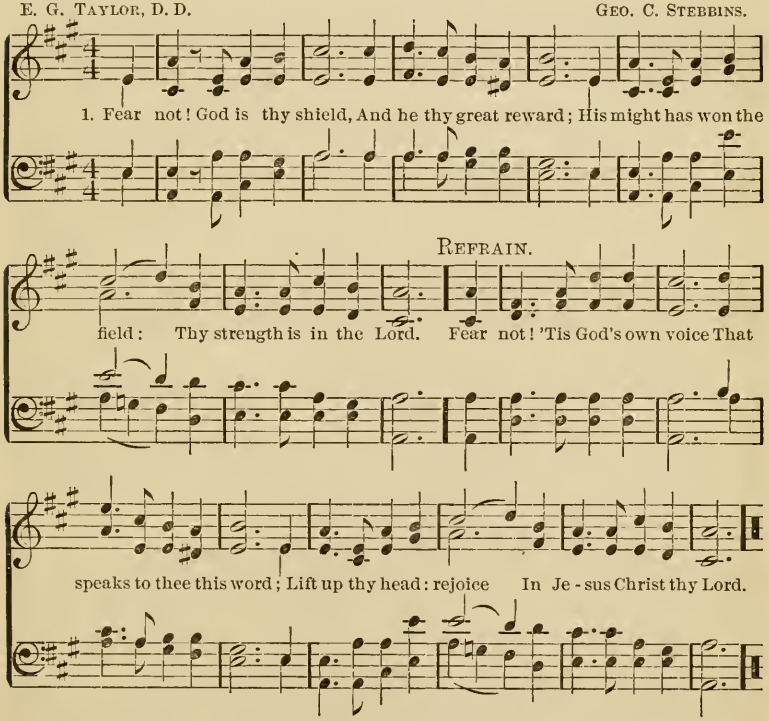
Press Forward and Fear Not.—Concluded.

2 Press forward and fear not! Though danger be near,
The Lord is our refuge: whom, then, shall we fear?
His staff is our comfort; our safeguard his rod:
Then let us be steadfast, and trust in our God.—REF.

3 Press forward and fear not! We'll hold on our way.
Why should we e'er shrink from our path in dismay?
We tread but the road which our Leader has trod,
Then let us press forward, and trust in our God.—REF.

116 Fear Not!

E. G. TAYLOR, D. D. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



2 Fear not, for God has heard
The cry of thy distress;
The water of his word
Thy fainting soul shall bless.—REF.

3 Fear not! be not dismayed!
He evermore will be
With thee, to give his aid,
And he will strengthen thee.—REF.

4 Fear not, ye little flock;
Your Saviour soon will come,
The glory to unlock
And bring you to his home.—REF.

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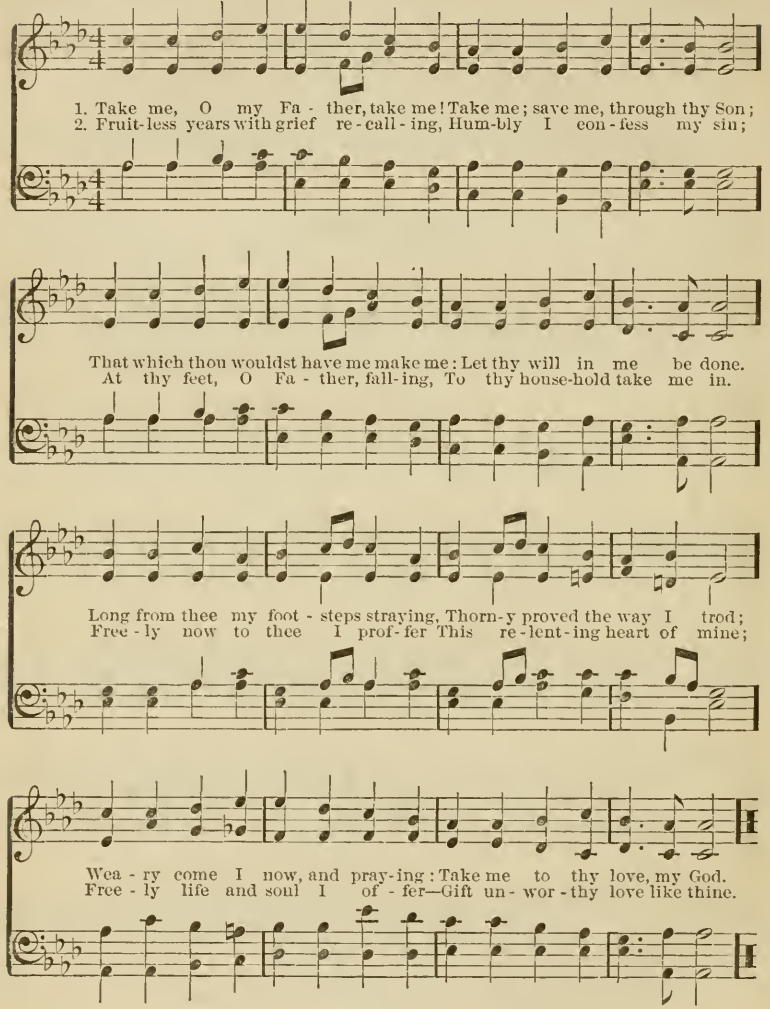
117 Take me, O my Father.

RAY PALMER. BEETHOVEN.

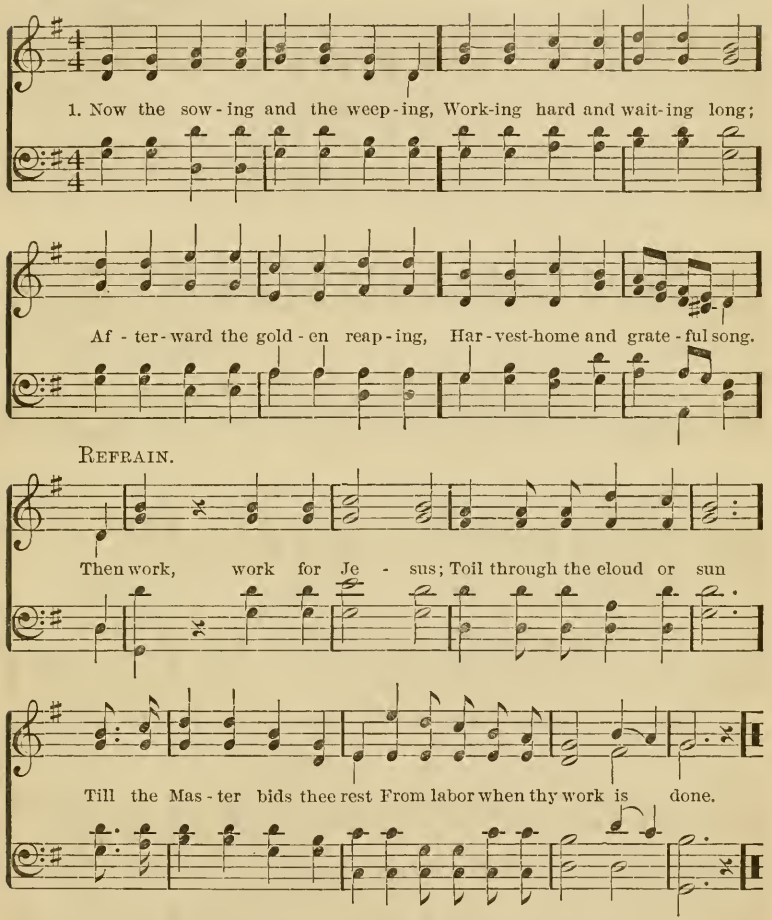


3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bare our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee.

Father, take me, all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast!
In thy love for ever living,
I must be for ever blest.

118 Now the Sowing and the Weeping.

Miss F. R. Havergal. W. J. Kirkpatrick. By per.



2 Now the pruning, sharp, unsparing,
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot;
Afterward the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.—Ref.

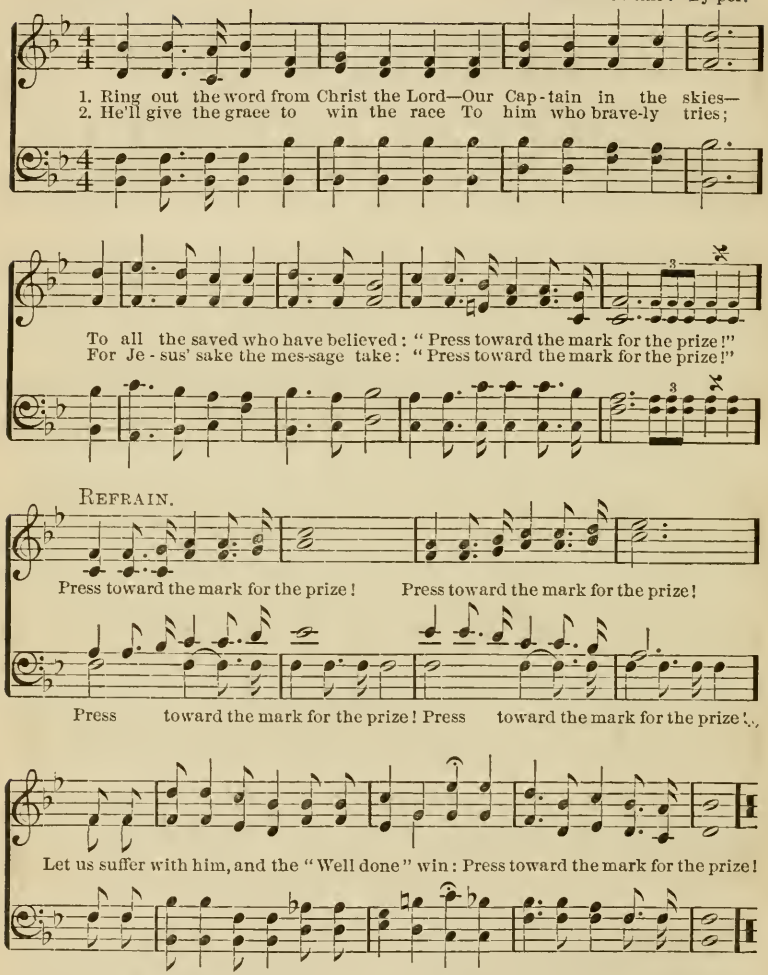
3 Now the long and toilsome duty,
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.—Ref.

4 Now the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward the triumph given,
And the victor-crown of life.—Ref.

5 Now the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"—Ref.

119 Press Toward the Mark.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN. By per.



3 Keep, then, the road: fight on for God,
Though enemies arise;
The Lord with thee thy strength shall be:
"Press toward the mark for the prize!—REF.

4 Bear, then, the cross: count all things loss;
On Jesus fix your eyes;
Till Christ has come, till heaven is won,
"Press toward the mark for the prize!"—REF.

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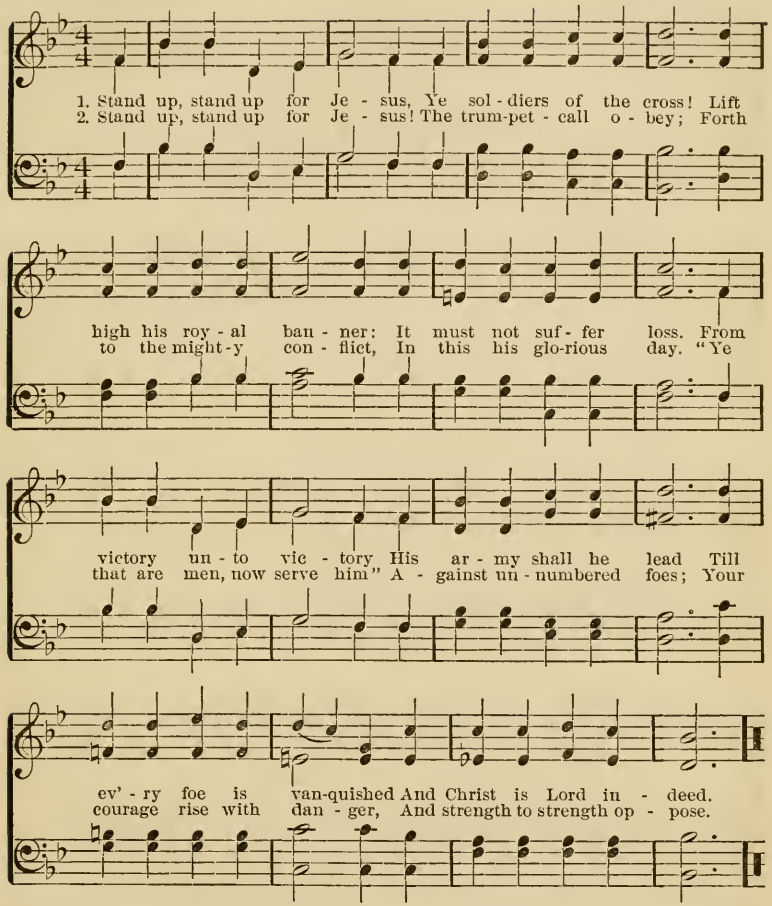
120 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus! 7s & 6s.

Rev. George Duffield. B. C. Unseld.



3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone:
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel-armor,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long:
This day the noise of battle;
The next, the victor's song.
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

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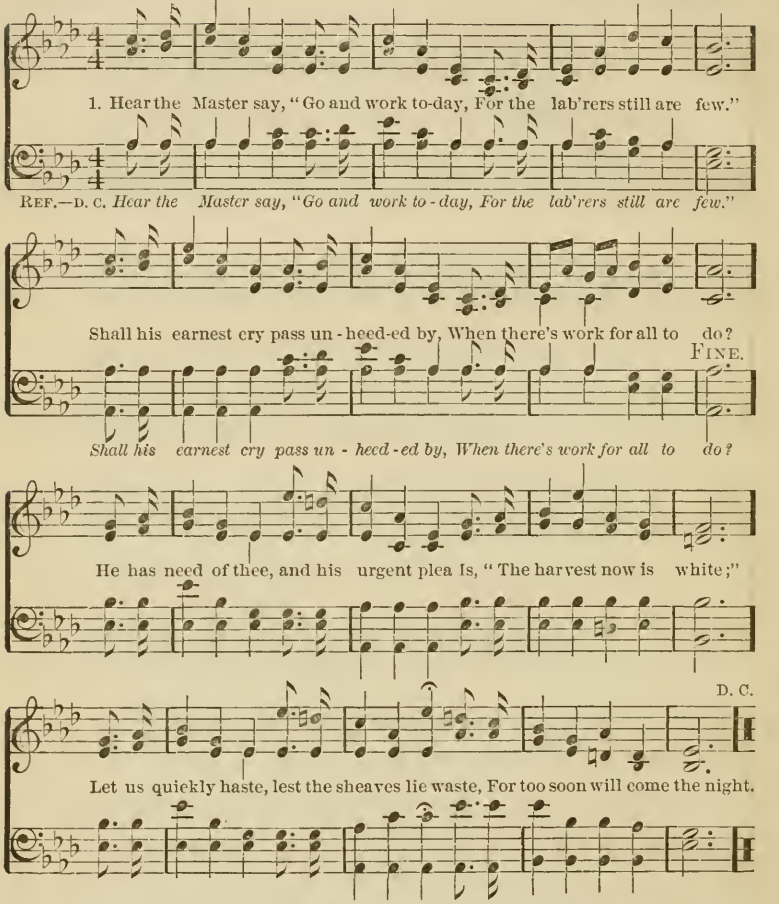
121 Hear the Master Say.

MARY C. SEWARD. THEO. F. SEWARD.



2 Go! the hungry feed, and the weary lead
To the rest of Jesus' love.
Though your strength be small, God is over all
With a blessing from above.
Seek for souls to win from the ways of sin;
Work with cheerful heart, and true;
And the jewels rare, that have been your care,
Shall at last be given to you.

3 Go and work to-day! Oh, do not delay,
For the night is coming on;
And the least you do shall be blest to you,
If for Jesus it is done.
Though the seeds that fall may be few and small,
They shall not be sown in vain:
In the garnered sheaves, which the Lord receives,
Will be found the ripened grain.

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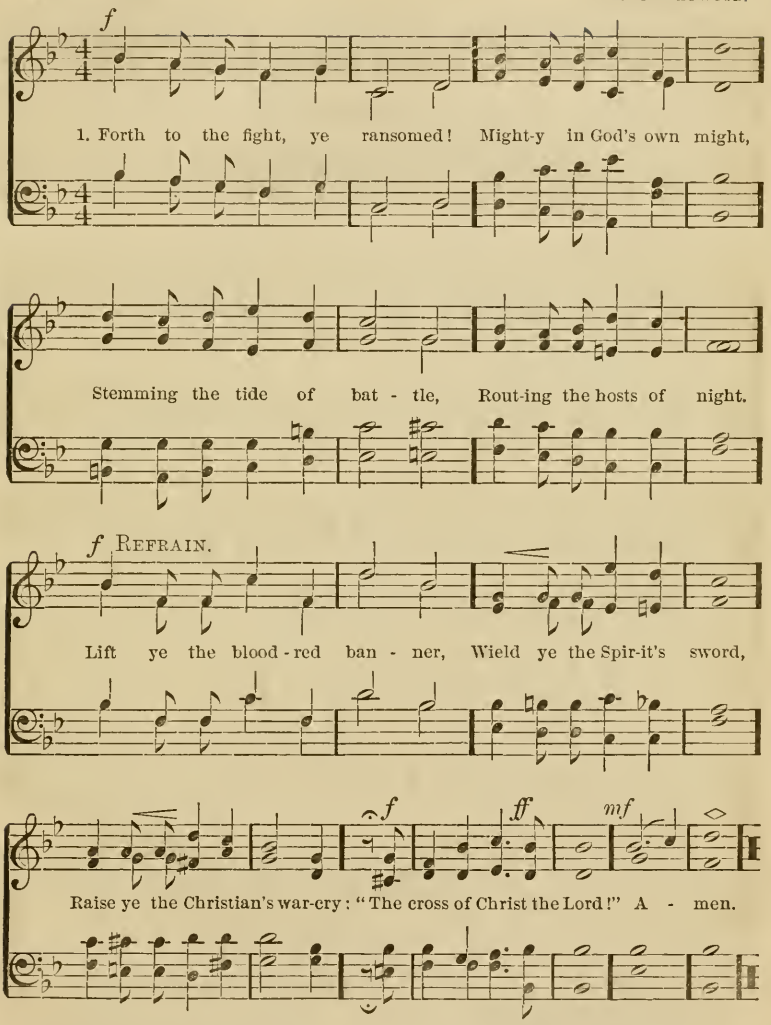
Forth to the Fight.

W. H. KIRBY. JOHN HEYWOOD.

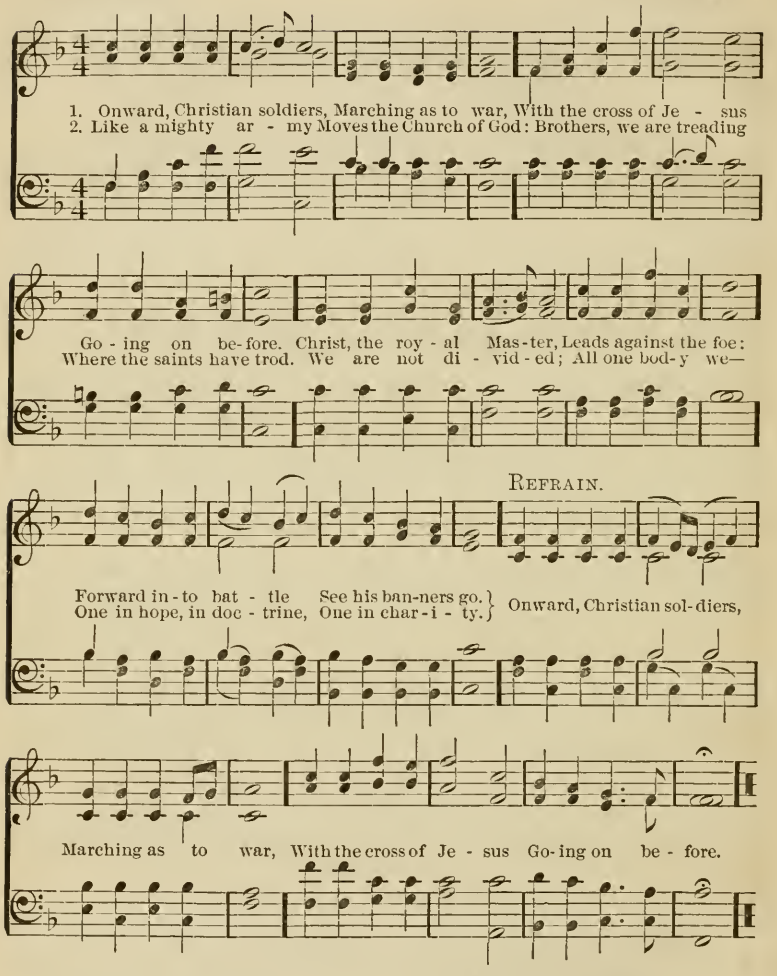


2 Fight, for the Lord is o'er you—
Fight, for he bids you fight:
There where the fray is thickest
Close with the hosts of night.—REF.

3 Fear not the din of battle:
Follow where he has trod,
Perfecting strength in weakness—
Jesus, incarnate God.—REF.

123 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring-Gould. Arthur S. Sullivan.

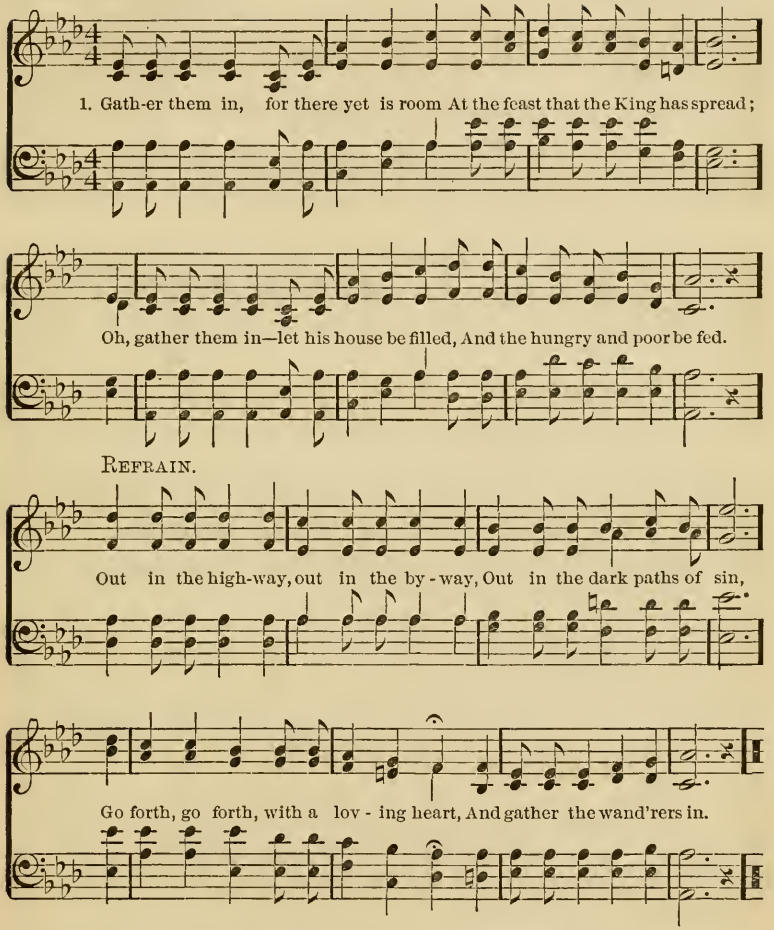


3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail:
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—Ref.

4 Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song.
"Glory, land and honor
Unto Christ the King"—
This, through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—Ref.

124 Gather them In.

MRS. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



2 Gather them in, for there yet is room;
But our hearts how they throb with pain
To think of the many who slight the call
That may never be heard again!

REF.—Out in the highway, etc.

3 Gather them in, for there yet is room:
'Tis a message from God above;
Oh, gather them in to the fold of grace,
And the arms of the Saviour's love.

REF.—Out in the highway, etc.

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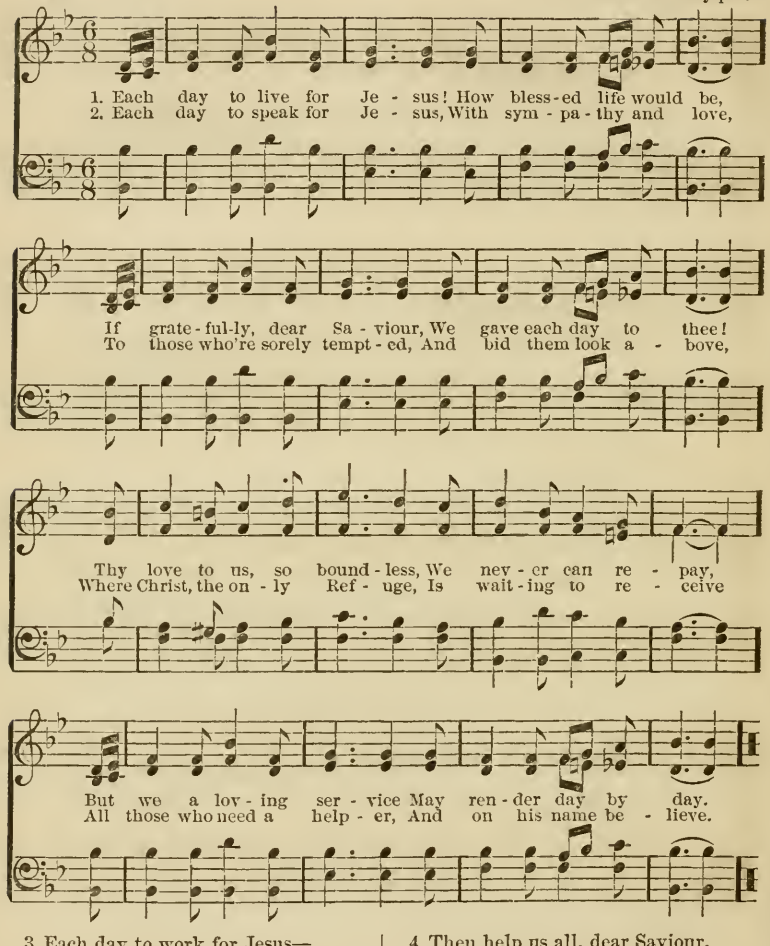
125 Each Day to Live for Jesus.

MARY C. SEWARD. P. P. BLISS. By per.



3 Each day to work for Jesus—
To try, for his dear sake,
Wherever he has placed us,
The bread of life to break;
To do some deed of kindness,
Another's burden bear,
And with the poor and needy
Our blessings freely share.

4 Then help us all, dear Saviour,
This blessed life to know—
Our hearts with love o'erflowing,
Each day like thee to grow;
Thy Spirit dwelling in us,
May this our mission be—
In consecrated service
To give ourselves to thee.

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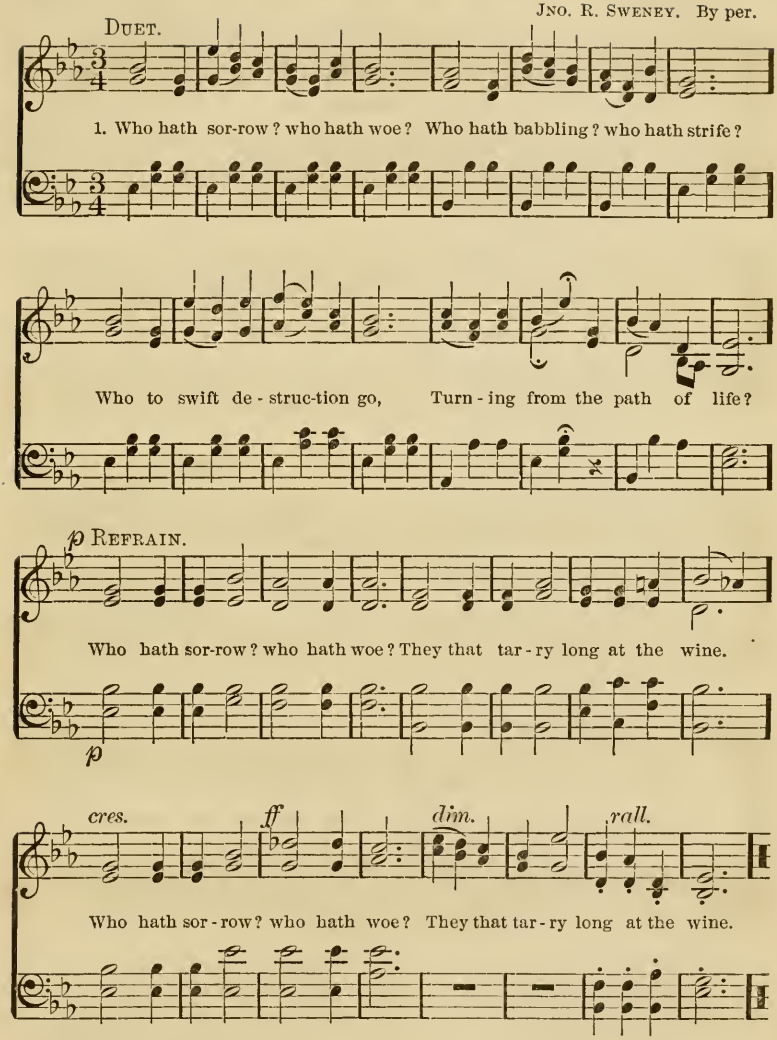
Who hath Sorrow?

Jno. R. Sweney. By per.

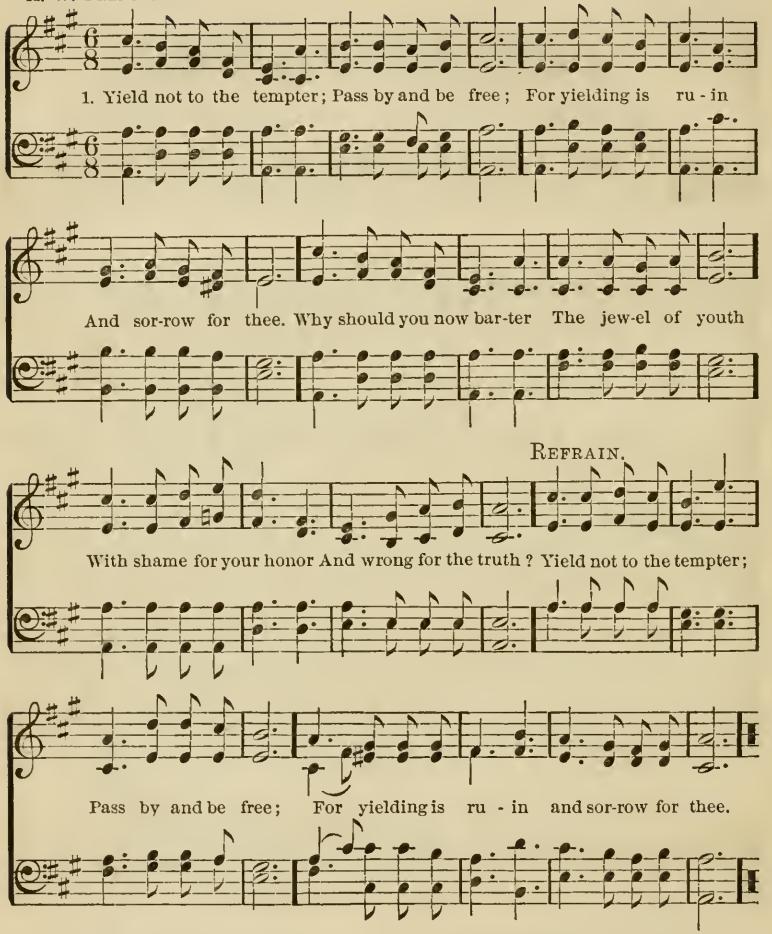


2 They that tarry at the wine,
They that love the feast and song,
They that fiery drinks combine,
Early haste and tarry long.—Ref.

3 Drinker, turn, and leave the bowl:
Drunkards cannot enter heav'n.
Christ hath died to save thy soul;
Flee to him, and be forgiven.—Ref.

127 Yield not to the Tempter.

A. W. FRENCH. J. H. TENNEY.

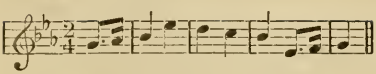


2 Yield not to the tempter;
Turn quickly away;
Go mingle with honor
In life's busy fray.
Fall not from your station,
Whatever it be;
Keep clear from the danger
That beckons to thee.—REF.

3 Yield not to the tempter;
Be firm and be true;
And God in your weakness
Your strength shall renew.
To him your petition
Send up day by day;
God giveth the victory:
Watch then while you pray.—REF.

From "Temperance Jewels," by per.

128 CHRISTMAS. C. M.



1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

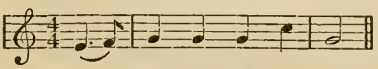
2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun,
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my laurels down.

Ph. Doddridge.

129 LABAN. S. M.



1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

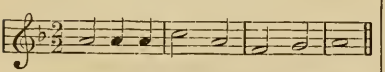
2 Oh, watch and fight and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

G. Heath.

130 BISHOP. L. M.



1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went:
Should not the servant tread it still?

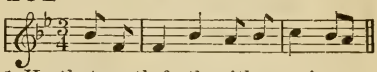
2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught:
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain.
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises: what are men?

3 Go, labor on, enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee—if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice:
For toil comes rest; for exile, home.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

H. Bonar.

131 STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.



1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing precious seed in love,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
Findeth mercy from above.

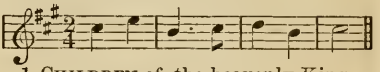
2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed; be never weary;
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear.
Look again: the fields are whitening,
For the harvest-time is near.

Thos. Hastings.

132 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.



1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing—
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

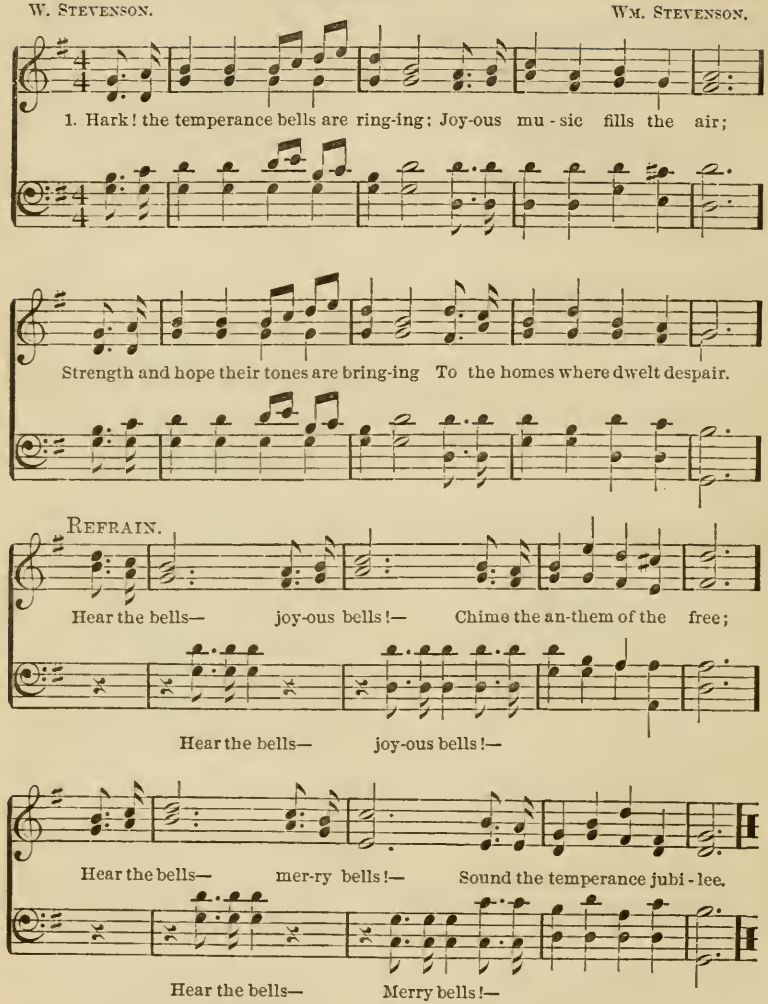
2 We are traveling home to God
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

John Cenick.

133 Temperance Bells.

W. STEVENSON. WM. STEVENSON.



2 Long the tyrant foe hath taken
Cherished loved ones for his own;
Now his cruel power is shaken:
Soon will fall his tottering throne.
REF.—Hear the bells, etc.

3 Brothers, come! the hosts are forming;
Sisters, join the proud array;
Bright the hills with tints of morning,
Dawning of a better day.
REF.—Hear the bells, etc.

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134 WORK-SONG. 7s, 6s & 5.

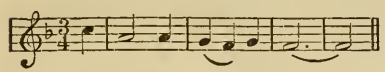
1 WORK, for the night is coming:
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter;
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming:
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor:
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies;
Work till the last beam fadeth—
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Dyer.

135 VIGIL. S. M.



1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

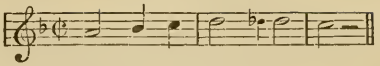
2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak he's near:
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Ph. Doddridge.

136 BRIGHAM. S. M.



1 THE Lord my Shepherd is:
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

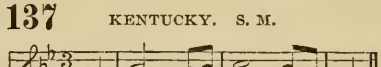
4 While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amid surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

137 KENTUCKY. S. M.



1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

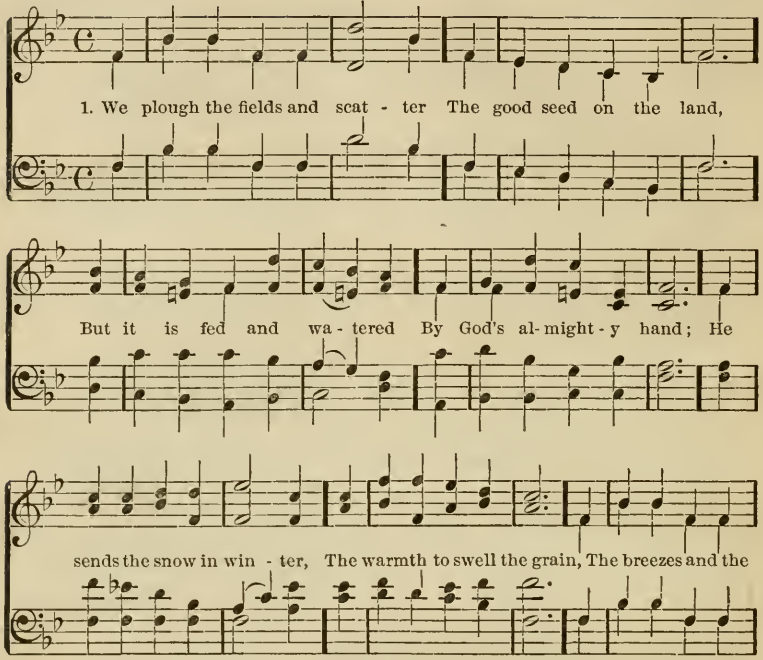
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

Charles Wesley.

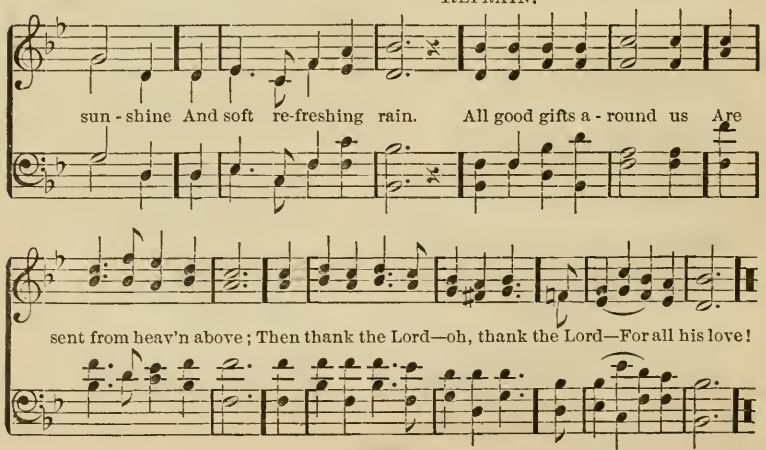
We Plough the Fields.

7s & 6s.

ARTHUR COTTMAN. German.



REFRAIN.



We Plough the Fields.—Concluded.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good—
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gift we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

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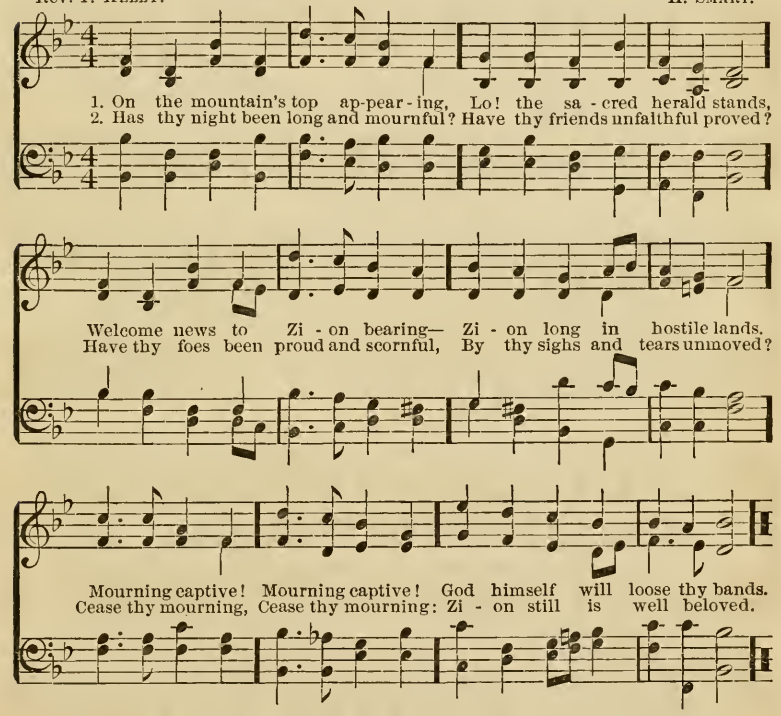
139 On the Mountain's Top. 8s, 7s & 4.

Rev. T. Kelly. H. Smart.

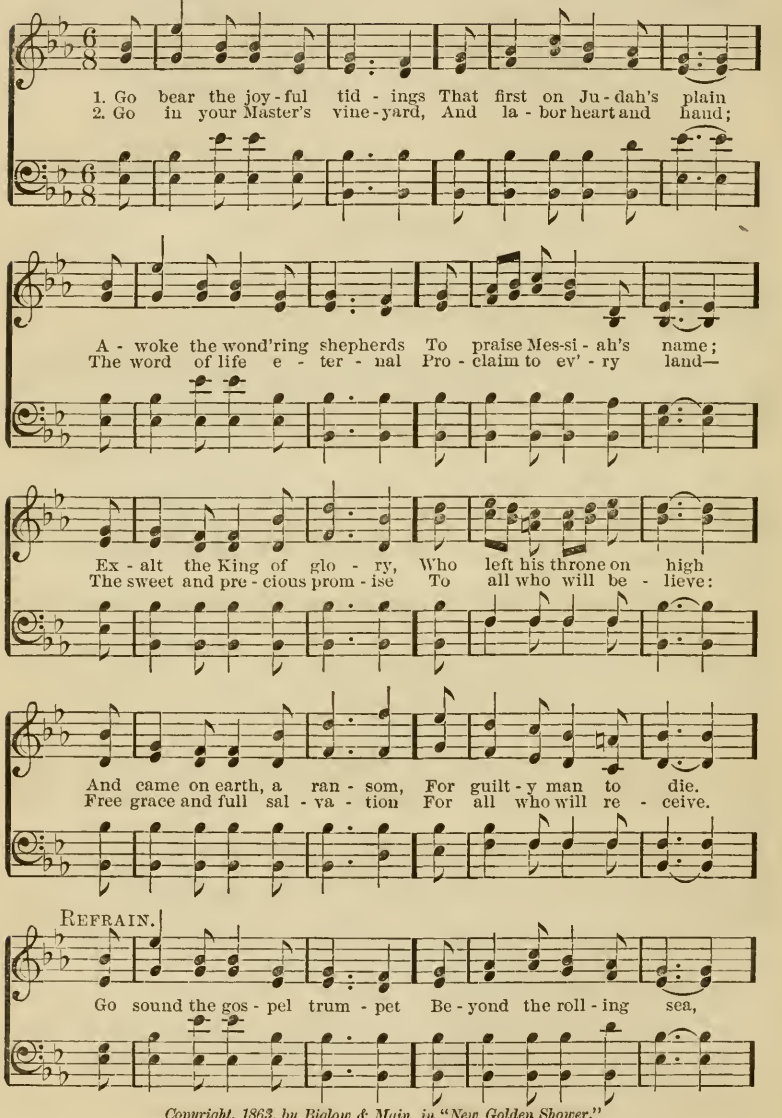


3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

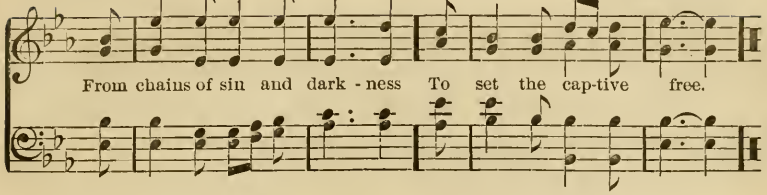
140 Go Bear the Joyful Tidings.

Mrs. F. J. Van Alstyne. Theo. F. Seward.



Copyright, 1863, by Biglow & Main, in "New Golden Shower."

Go Bear the Joyful Tidings—Concluded.



3 Go tell the broken spirit
That vainly sighs for rest
There is a home in glory—
A home for ever blest;
Go bring the lost to Jesus,
His tender love to share;
Go forth to every nation:
Immortal souls are there.—REF.

4 Haste on your work of mercy:
The heavenly call obey;
Go in the strength of Jesus,
The true and living Way;
Go like the old disciples,
And tread the path they trod.
Your duty lies before you;
Go! Leave the rest to God.—REF.

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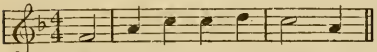
141 MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.



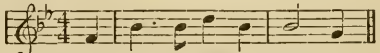
1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Reginald Heber.

142 WEBB. 7s & 6s.



1 THE morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears.
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

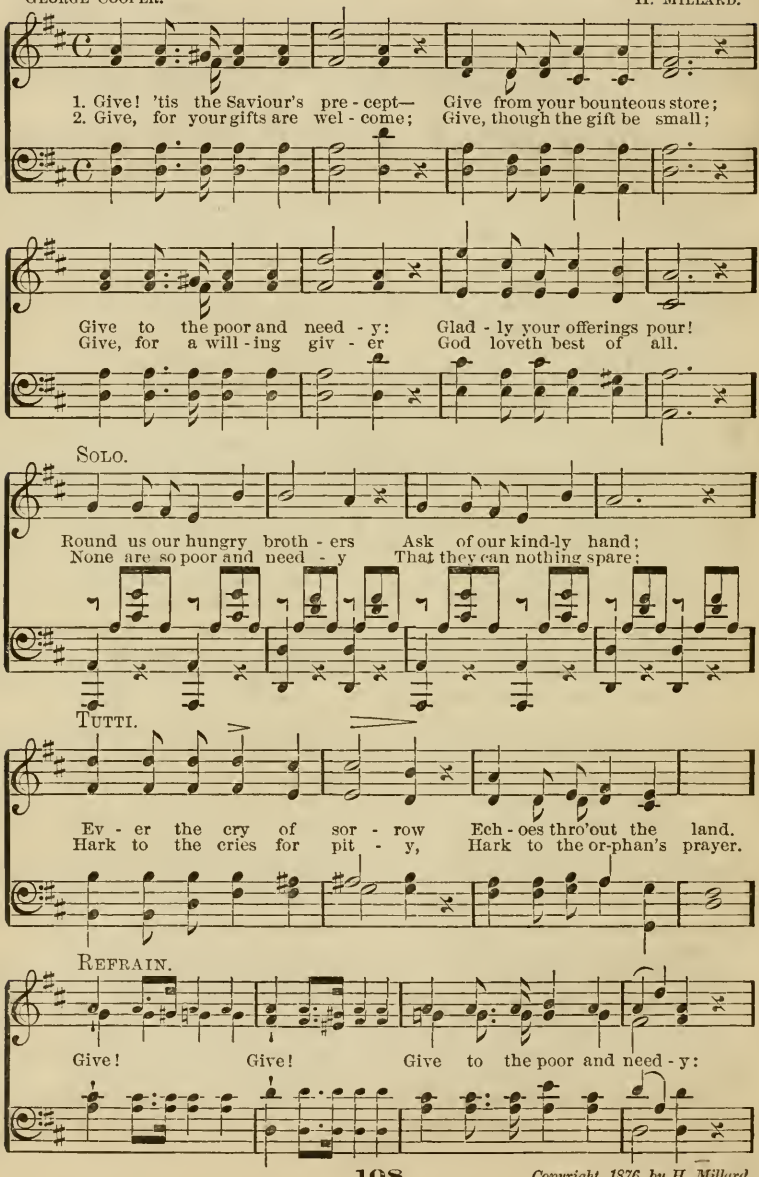
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above,
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel-call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay—
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

S. F. Smith.

143 Give! 'tis the Saviour's Precept.

GEORGE COOPER. H. MILLARD.



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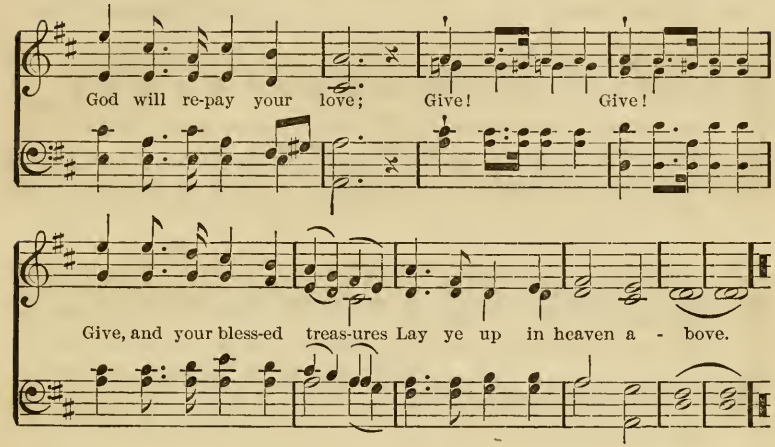
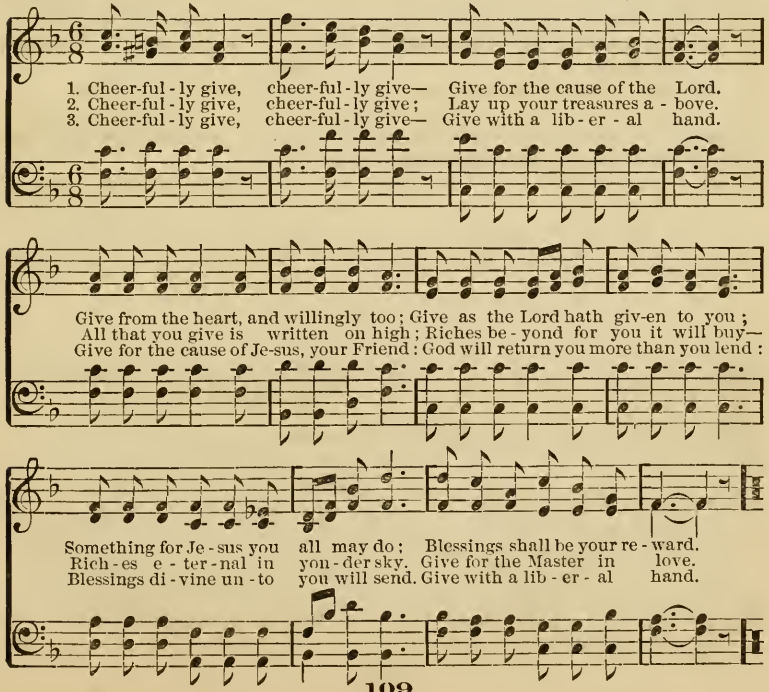
Give! 'tis the Saviour's Precept.—Concluded.



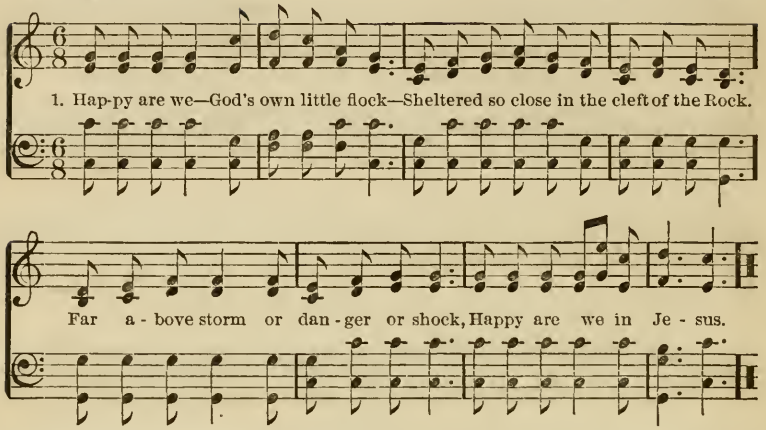
144 Cheerfully Give.

F. E. Belden. W. J. Bastwick.



145 Happy are We.

Mrs. Herrick Johnson. Theo. F. Seward By per.



2 What shall we do for the Master so dear?
Oh, there are many in need of our cheer,
Souls that know nothing but darkness and fear—
Souls in the dark without Jesus.

3 Many he has who are not of this fold,
Out in the storm and the pitiless cold;
These we will win by our prayers and our gold—
Win them to love our Jesus.

4 Over the mountains and over the seas,
Lovingly, joyfully, speed we to these,
Seeking to save them by tenderest pleas—
Save by the blood of Jesus.

5 Joyfully, then, let us spread the glad news:
Never this service for Jesus refuse;
Never a moment to work for him lose.
Joyfully work for Jesus.

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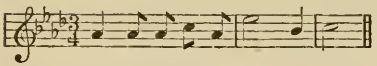
146 GROTON. C M.



1 Jesus, immortal King, arise—
Rise and assert thy sway,
Till earth, subdued, its tribute bring,
And distant lands obey.

2 Ride forth, victorious Conqueror, ride,
Till all thy foes submit,
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at thy feet.

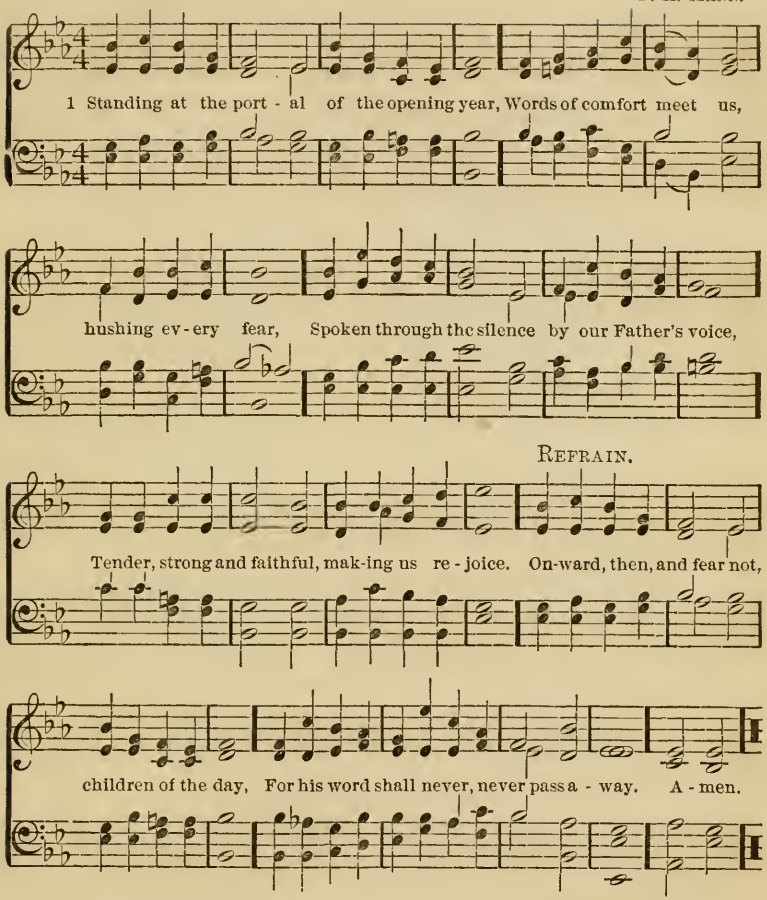
3 Send forth thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
May Jesus be adored,
And earth, with all her millions, shout
Hosannas to the Lord.

A. C. H. Seymour.

147 Standing at the Portal.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL Abr. F. A. MANN.



2 For the year before us oh what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful shall his grace abound;
For the faint and feeble perfect strength be found.

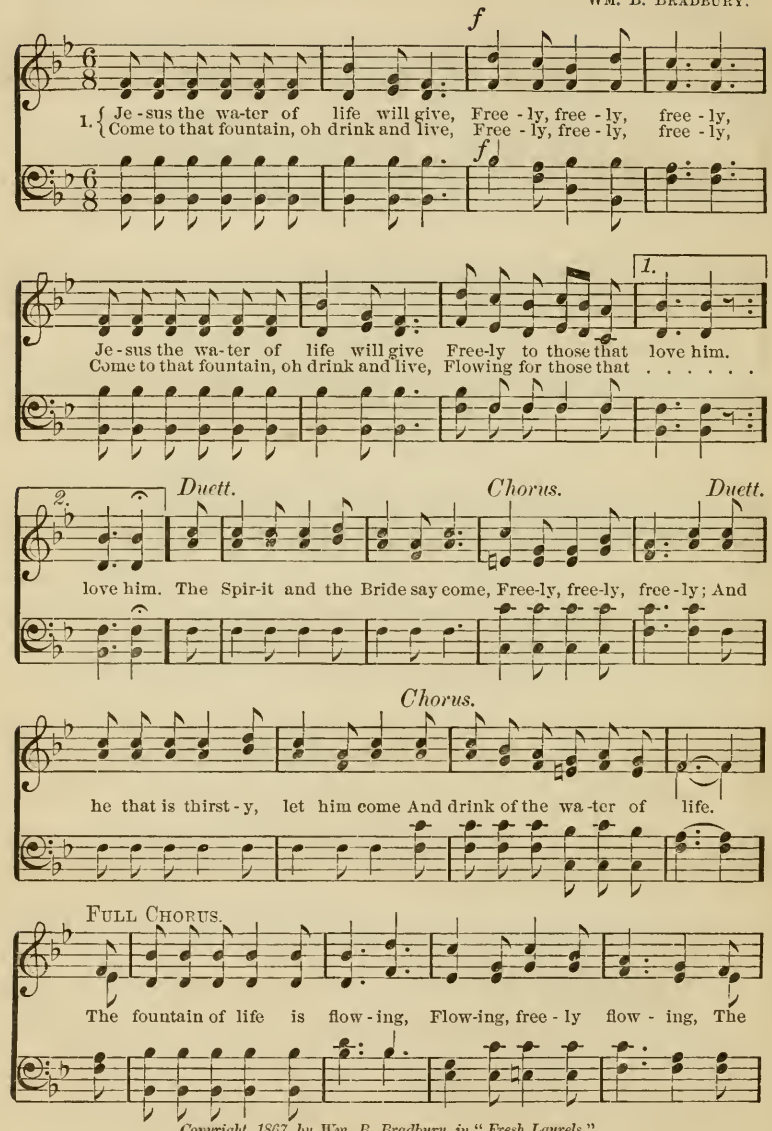
REFRAIN.—Onward, then, etc.

3 He will never fail us, he will not forsake;
His eternal covenant he will never break.
Resting on his promise, what have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient for the coming year.

REFRAIN.—Onward, then, etc.

The Water of Life.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



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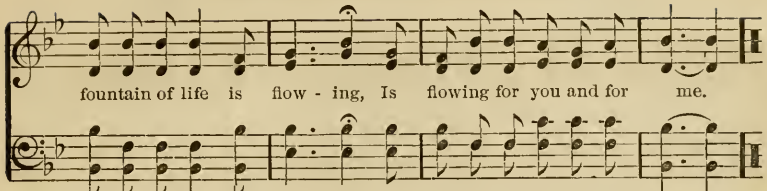
The Water of Life—Concluded.



2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely to those that love him;
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely, freely, freely,
Treasures unfading will there be given,
Freely to those that love him.

REF.—The Spirit, etc.

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love him;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely, freely, freely,
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
Freely to those that love him.

REF.—The Spirit, etc.

4 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus has promised a calm repose,
Freely to all that love him;
Come to the water of life that flows,
Freely, freely, freely,
Come to the water of life that flows,
Freely to all that love him.

REF.—The Spirit, etc.

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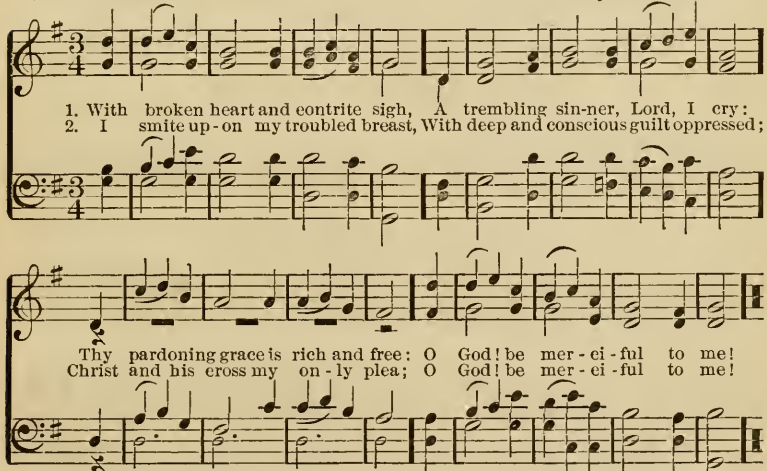
149 With Broken Heart.

CORNELIUS ELVIN. Arr. by GEO. KINGSLEY.

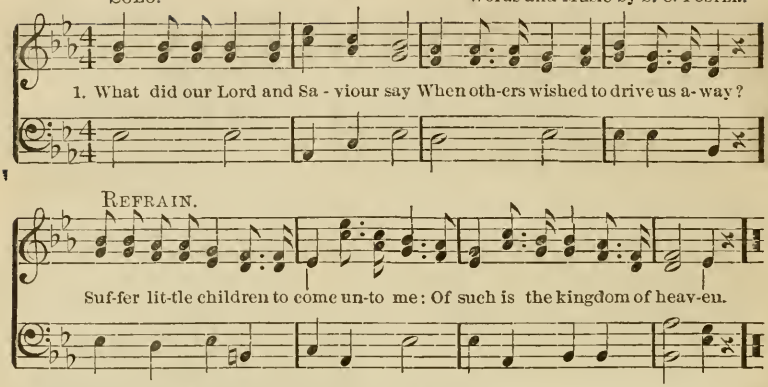


3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see;
O God! be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee;
O God! be merciful to me!

150 Suffer Little Children.

SOLO. Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.



2 What did he say who from above
Came down to teach us kindness and love?

REFRAIN.—Suffer, etc.

3 What were the words of him who bled,
Nailed to the cross, with thorns on his head?

REFRAIN.—Suffer, etc.

4 What did he say whose Spirit shed
Hope for the living, life for the dead?

REFRAIN.—Suffer, etc.

5 If on his mercy we rely,
What will his words be when we die?

REFRAIN.—Suffer, etc.

From the "Athenæum Coll.," by per.

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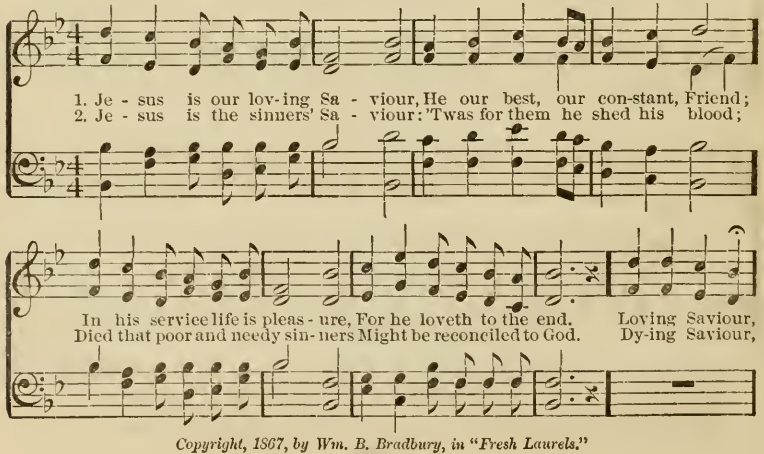
151 The Children's Saviour.

R. P. CLARK. WM. B. BRADBURY.



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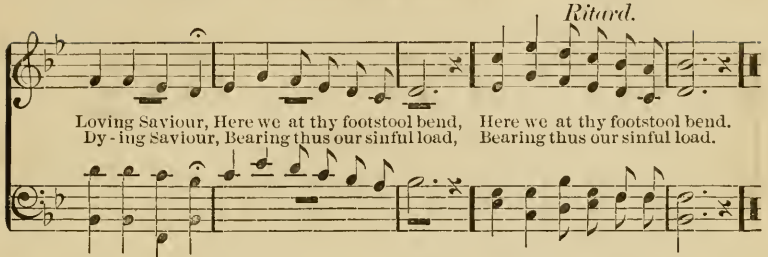
The Children's Saviour.—Concluded.



3 Jesus is the children's Saviour.
"Suffer them," he says, "to come;"
If they seek his face and favor,
They shall share his heavenly home,
Risen Saviour!
Nevermore from thee to roam.

4 Loving, suffering, dying Saviour,
Risen, glorious on thy throne,
Haste the day when every idol
Shall by truth be overthrown,
And the kingdoms
Of the earth to thee belong.

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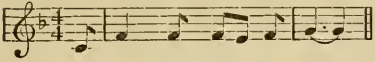
152 LEBANON. S. M. D.



1 I was a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice;
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice;
I loved afar to roam.

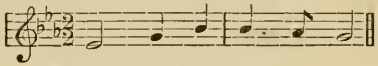
2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
He found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice;
I love the peaceful fold.
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

H. Bonar.

153 OLIVET. 6s & 4s.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray:
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm and changeless be,
A living fire.

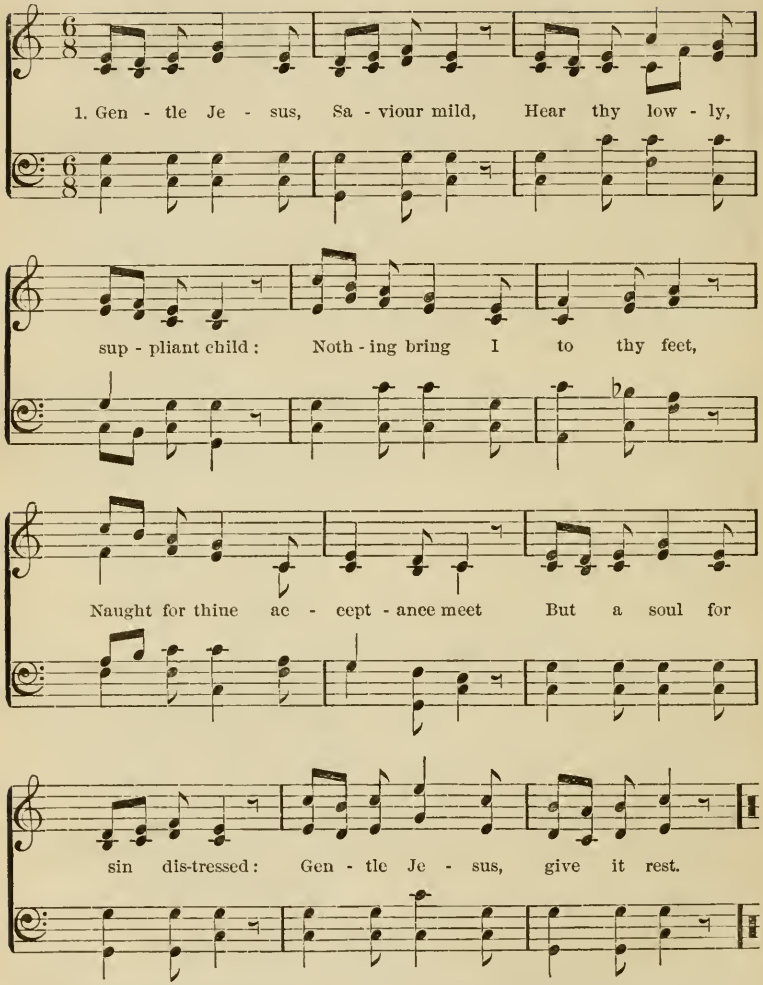
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer.

154 Gentle Jesus.

English.

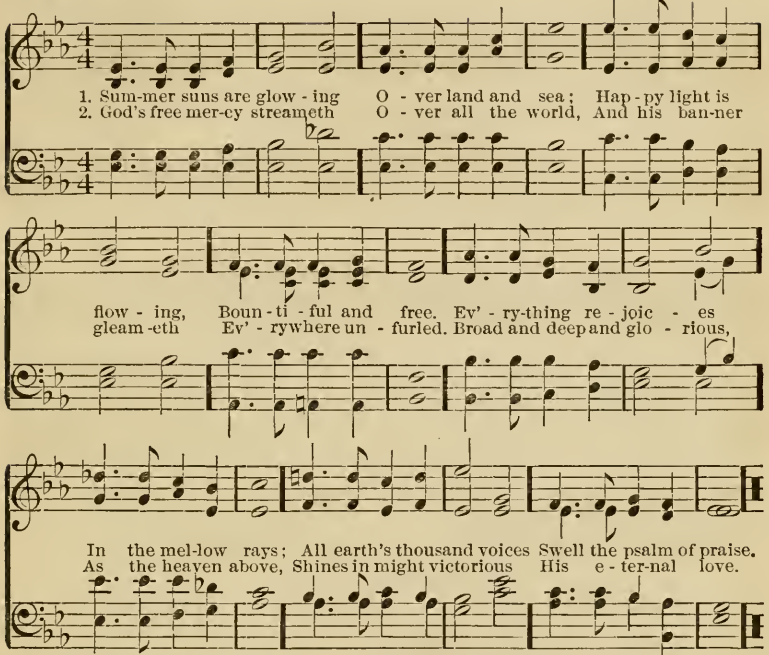


2 In this dreary vale below
Thou hast trod a path of woe;
Thou hast known the dreadful power
Of the tempter's evil hour;
Felt the time of gloom and fear;
Shed, like us, the bitter tear.

3 Now I bend before thy throne,
All my guilt and folly own;
Yet with earnest heart I plead
Comfort, pardon in my need;
This my plea, and naught beside:
Gentle Jesus, thou hast died.

155 Summer Suns are Glowing.

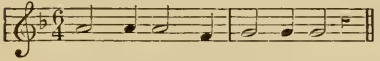
W. W. How. SAMUEL SMITH.



3 Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness
Makes us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt thee,
Though thou veil thy light:
Life is dark without thee;
Death with thee is bright.
Light of light, shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way;
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

156 MARTYN. 7s. D.



1 JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last.

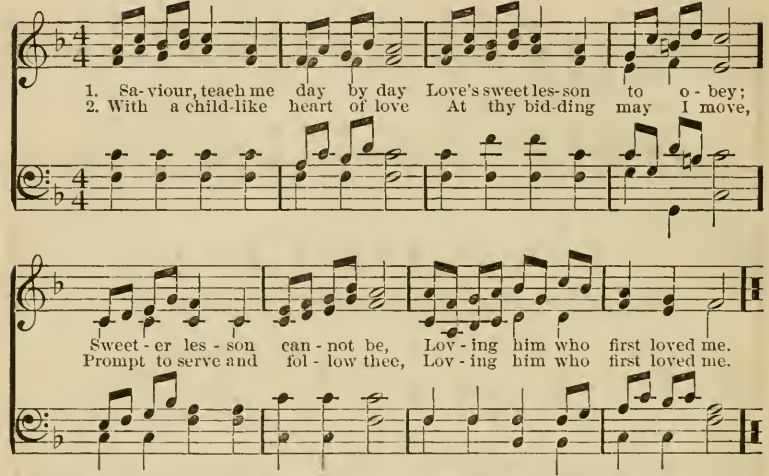
2 Other refuge have I none:
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Chas. Wesley.

157 Saviour, Teach me Day by Day.

THEO. F. SEWARD.



3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

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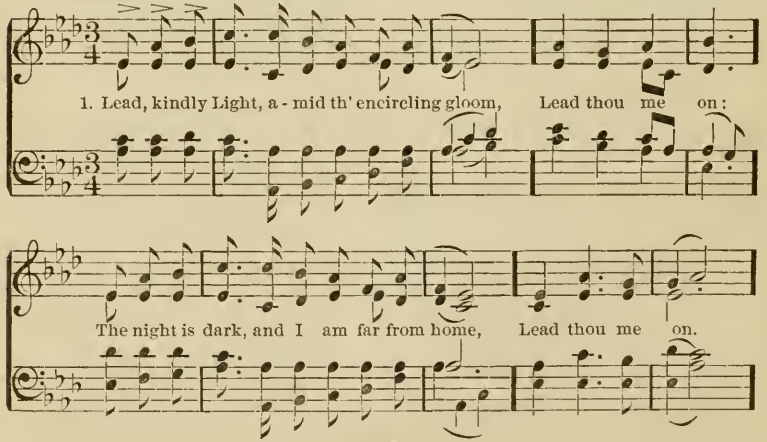
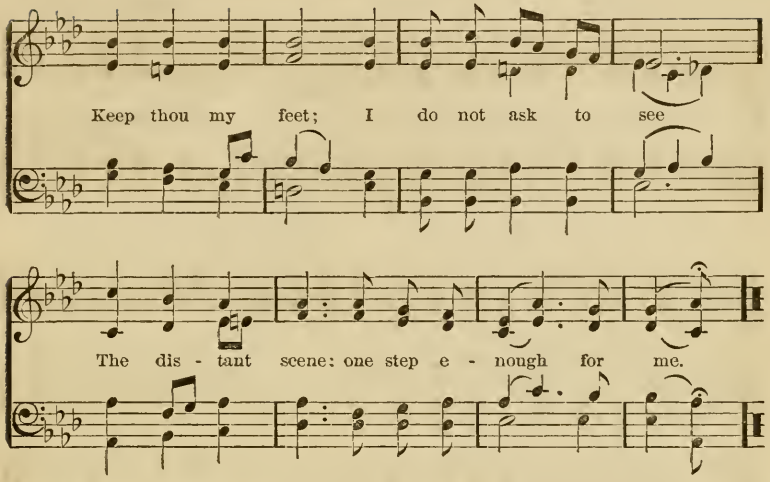
158 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES.



Lead, Kindly Light.—Concluded.



2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long thy power hast blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost a while.

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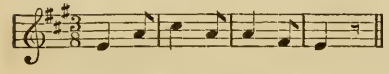
159 HORTON. 7s.



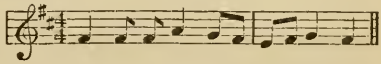
1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be:
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part:
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee, I know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

Chas. Wesley.

160 NAOMI. C. M.



1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

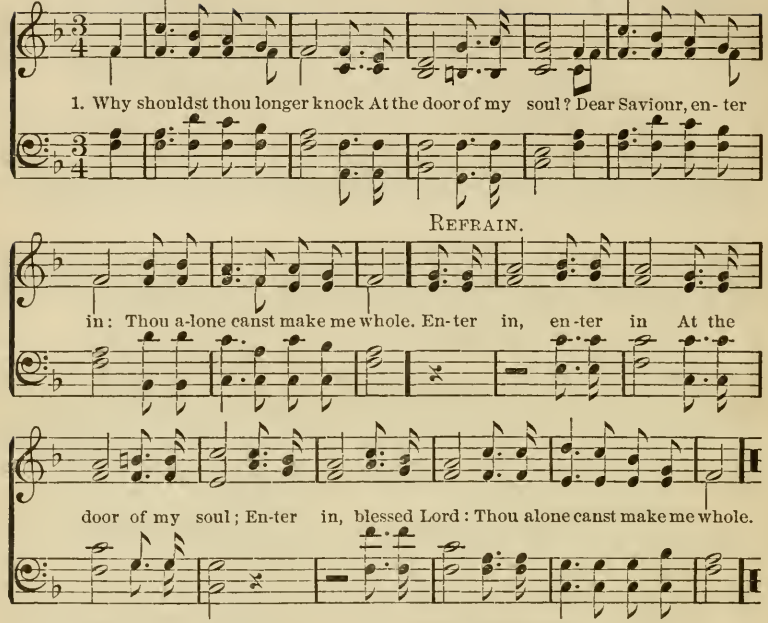
2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend; [shine,
Thy presence through my journey
And crown my journey's end."

Anna Steele.

161 Enter In.

MARY C. SEWARD. MARY C. SEWARD.



2 I know thou art the life,
Flowing full, flowing free;
Come, Jesus, and abide:
All my hopes are fixed on thee.
REF.—Enter in, etc.

3 Oh, hide my life in thine,
Let me seek but thy will,
All self to sacrifice,
And thy law of love fulfill.
REF.—Enter in, etc.

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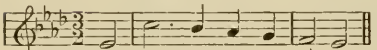
162 HAYDN. S. M.

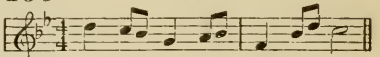


1 BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw with thy "still small voice"
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rejoice
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

163 FULTON. 7s.



1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove:
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me:
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

164 SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us:
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; thine we are.

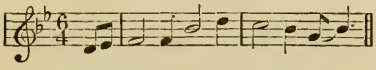
2 We are thine: do thou befriend us;
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock; from sin defend us;
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free.
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

165 MAITLAND. C. M.



1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No! There's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear;
For there's a crown for me.

G. N. Allen.

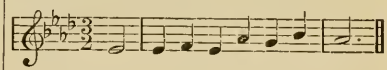
166 SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

W. W. Walford.

167 NEWBOLD. C. M.



1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

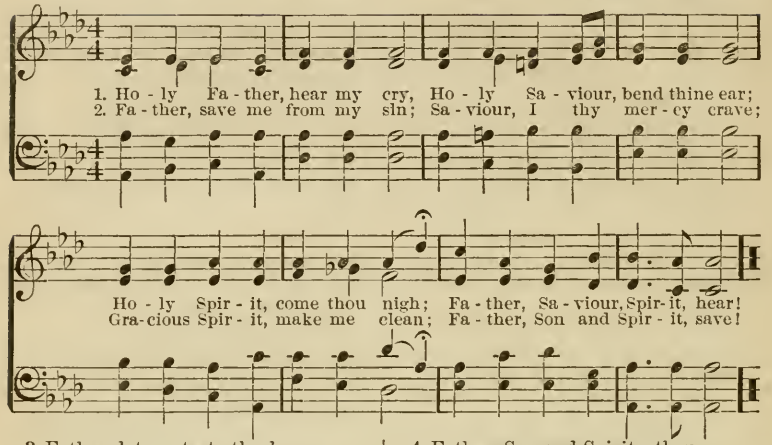
4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word
And view my Saviour there.

Anna Steele.

168 Holy Father, Hear my Cry.

H. Bonar. Maro L. Bartlett.



3 Father, let me taste thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move;
Father, Son and Spirit, bless!

4 Father, Son and Spirit—thou
One Jehovah—shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

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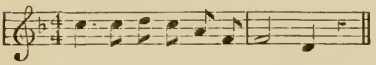
169 WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.



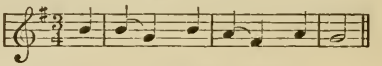
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness:
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee:
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

H. Bonar.

170 DENNIS. S. M.



1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all Nature up
Shall guard his children well.

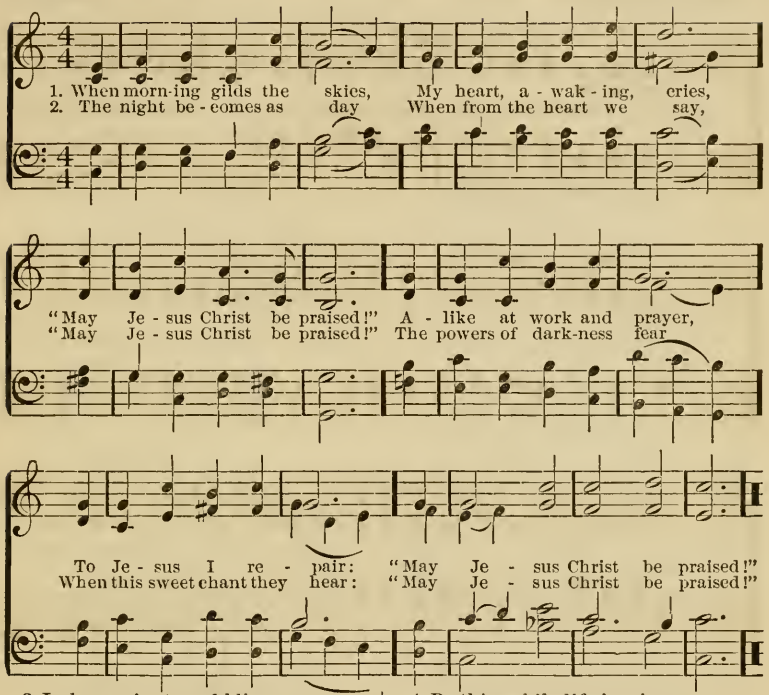
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

P. Doddridge.

171 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

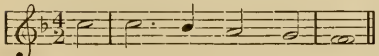
E. CASWALL. JOSEPH BARNBY.



3 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this:
"Let Jesus Christ be praised!"
Let earth and sea and sky
From depth to height reply:
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

4 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine:
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"
Be this th' eternal song
Through all the ages on:
"May Jesus Christ be praised!"

172 ZEBULON. H. M.



1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry,
And let thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high.
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry—
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply—
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

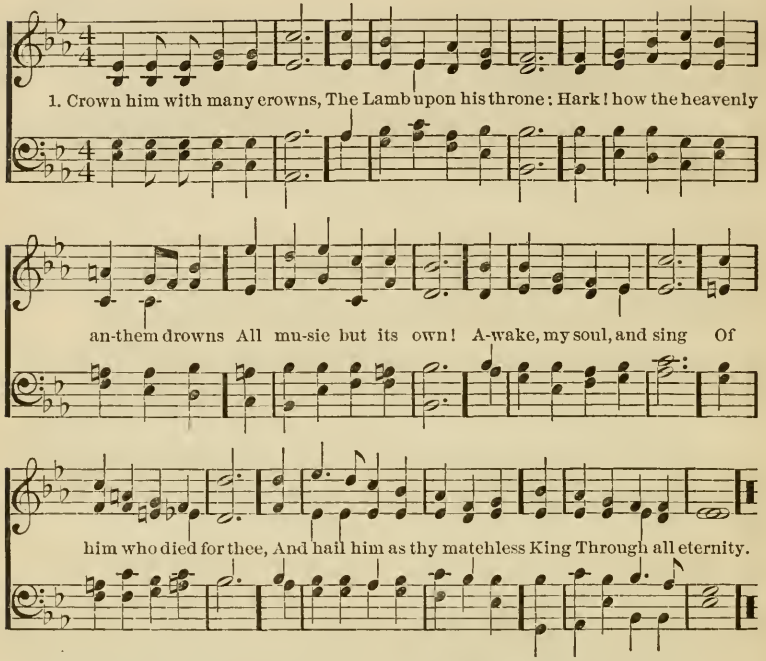
3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

4 Oh, send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word,
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway
And cast their idol-gods away.

J. Burton.

173 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. G. J. ELVEY.



2 Crown him, the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease
And all be prayer and praise.
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

3 Crown him, the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime.
All hail, Redeemer, hail!
For thou hast died for me;
Thy praise shall never, never fail
Throughout eternity.

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174 EVEN ME. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

REF.—Even me, even me!
Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st pass me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.—REF.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor:
When thou comest call for me.—REF.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—REF.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh, forgive and rescue me.—REF.

Mrs. E. Codner.

175

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s.

1 I LOVE to tell the story
Of unseen things above—
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else can do.

REF.—I love to tell the story:
'Twill be my theme in glory—
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story,
It did so much for me;
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—REF.

3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story,
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—REF.

4 I love to tell the story,
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.—REF.

Catharine Hankey.

176

Tune.—I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

1 I LOVE to hear the story
Which angel-voices tell—
How once the King of glory
Came down on earth to dwell.
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know:
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

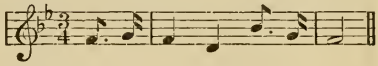
2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones may be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise;
And, though I cannot see him,
I know he hears my praise;
For he has kindly promised
That even I may go
To sing among his angels,
Because he loves me so.

Emily H. Miller.

177

TOPLADY. 7s.



1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure:
Save from wrath and make me pure.

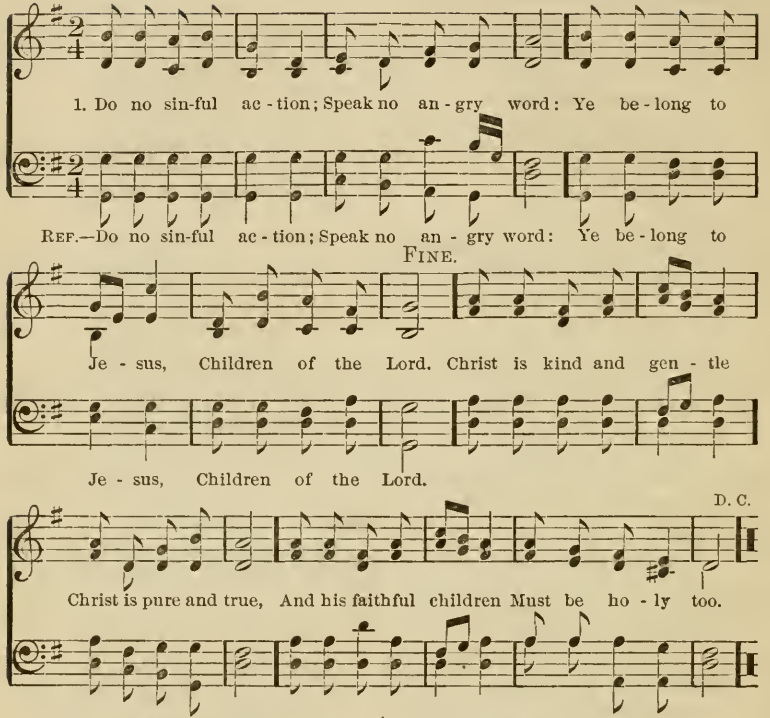
2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring:
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

Aug. M. Toplady.

178 Do no Sinful Action.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.



2 There's a wicked spirit
Watching round you still,
And he tries to tempt you
To all harm and ill;
But you must not hear him,
Though 'tis hard for you
To resist the evil
And the good to do.—REF.

3 Jesus knows your weakness;
He is good and kind:
In his presence ever
Help and strength you'll find.
Learn to lean upon him,
Learn to trust his name;
Then his love will keep you
From all guilt and shame.—REF.

179 STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

1 YES, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above,
Ever for me interceding,
Constant in untiring love.

3 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth—
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth
Here and through eternity.

H. Bonar.

180 HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

1 He leadeth me! Oh blessed thought!
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

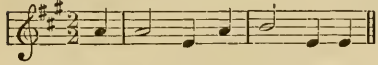
Ref.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

181 PORTUGUESE HYMN.



1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said—
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

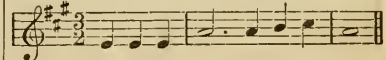
3 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee: I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

4 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

5 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never—no, never—forsake."

Geo. Keith.

182 ARCADIA. C. M.



1 Oh, where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

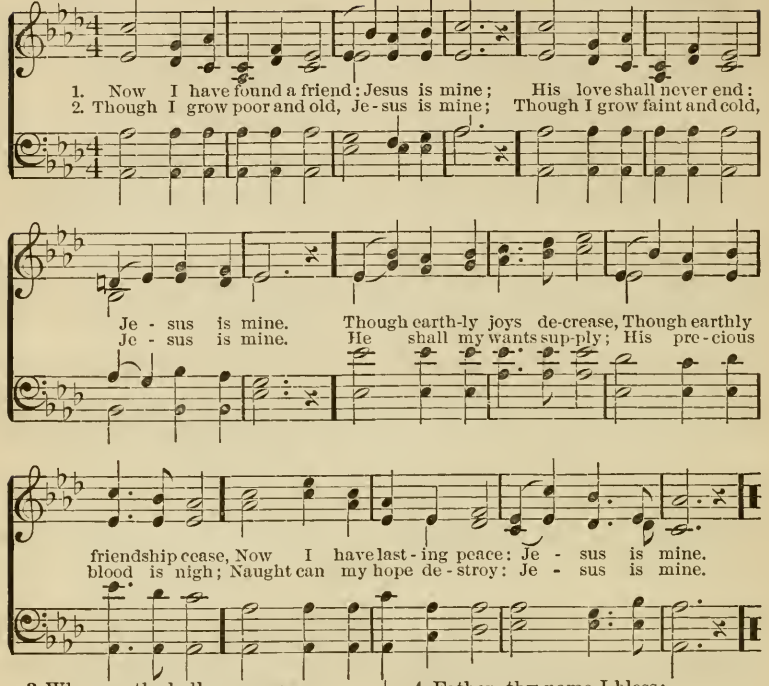
3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her
And tempests are abroad,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands—
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

A. C. Coxe.

183 Now I have Found a Friend.

HENRY HOPE. THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.



3 When earth shall pass away,
Jesus is mine;
In the great judgment day,
Jesus is mine.
Oh, what a glorious thing
Then to behold my King,
On tuneful harp to sing,
"Jesus is mine!"

4 Father, thy name I bless:
Jesus is mine;
Thine was the sovereign grace,
Praise shall be thine.
Spirit of holiness,
Sealing the Father's grace
Thou mad'st my soul embrace,
Jesus is mine.

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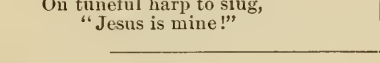
184 WOODWORTH. L. M.



1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

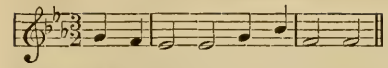
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind—
Yea, all I need—in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Charlotte Elliott.

185 NETTLETON. 8s & 7s.

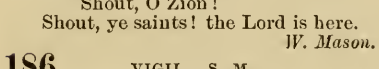


1 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer!
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear,
Or in vain attempt possession
When they find the Lord is near.
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

W. Mason.

186 VIGIL. S. M.



1 Oh, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

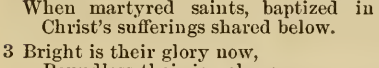
2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe, [blood,
When martyred saints, baptized in
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours—
Like them, in faith, to bear
All that of sorrow, grief or pain
May be our portion here.

Henry W. Baker.

187 AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



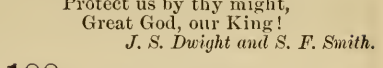
1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night.
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies,
On him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
"God save the State!"

3 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

J. S. Dwight and S. F. Smith.

188 NORTHAMPTON. L. M.



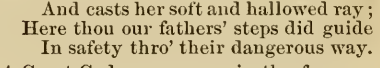
1 Great God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble hearts and bending knee
We offer thee our song of praise.

2 Thy name we bless, almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here Freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps did guide
In safety thro' their dangerous way.

4 Great God, preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be;
Oh, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all thy people worship thee.

189 REGENT SQUARE. 8s & 7s.



1 Praise, my soul, the King of heaven;
To his feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore his praises sing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

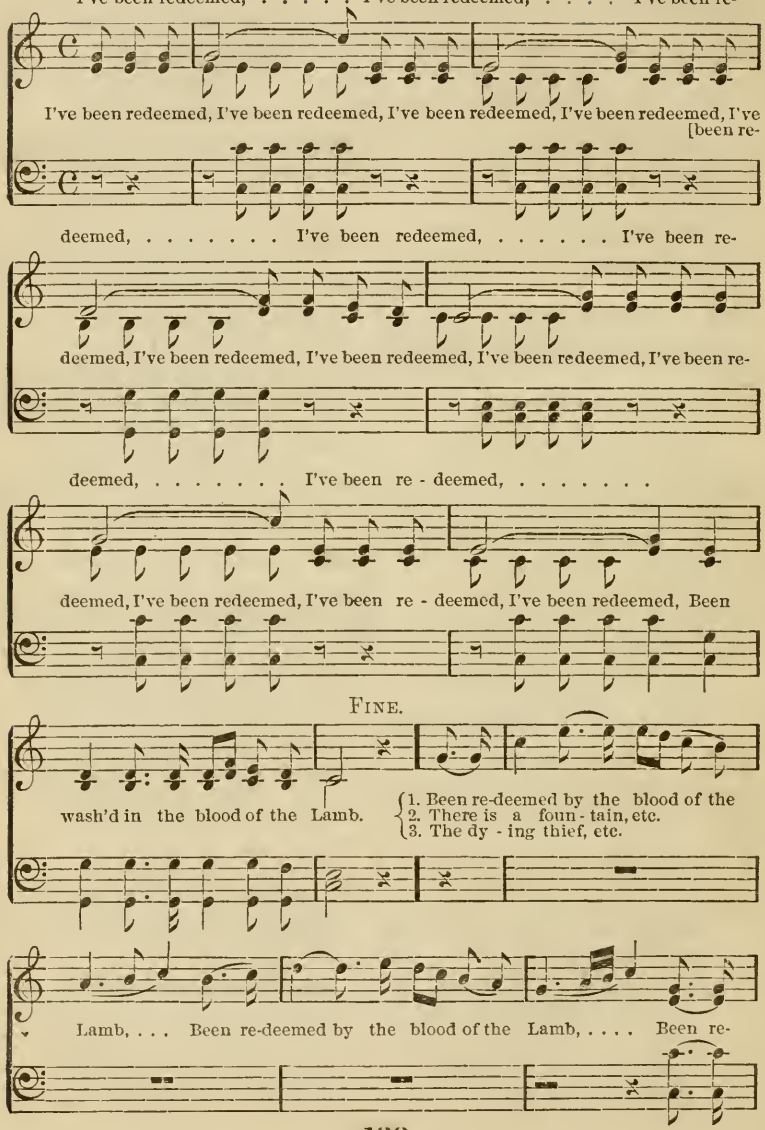
2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide and swift to bless.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us:
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet his mercy flows.

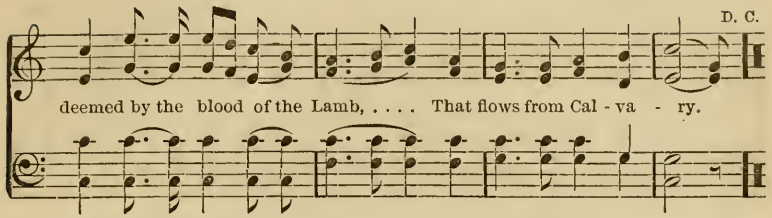
4 Angels in the height, adore him:
Ye behold him face to face;
Saints, triumphant bow before him,
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

I've been Redeemed.

JUBILEE HYMN.



I've been Redeemed.—Concluded.



2 There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
I've been redeemed, etc.

3 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
I've been redeemed, etc.

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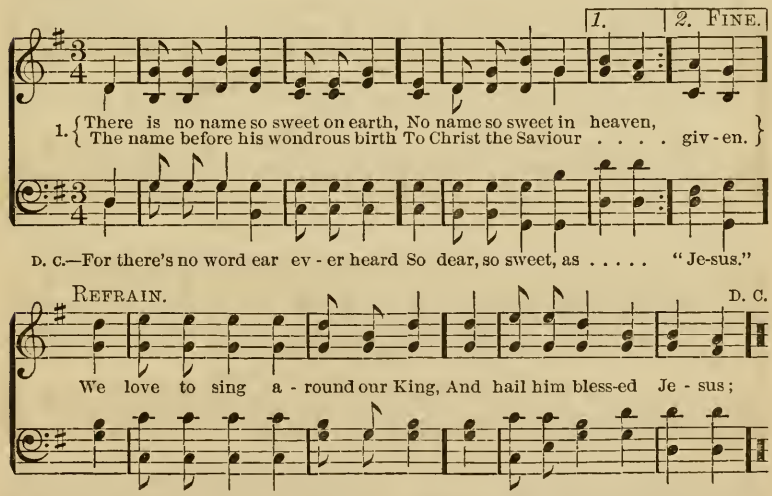
191 The Sweetest Name. 8s & 7s. D.

E. Roberts. W. B. Bradbury.



2 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote this name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.—Ref.

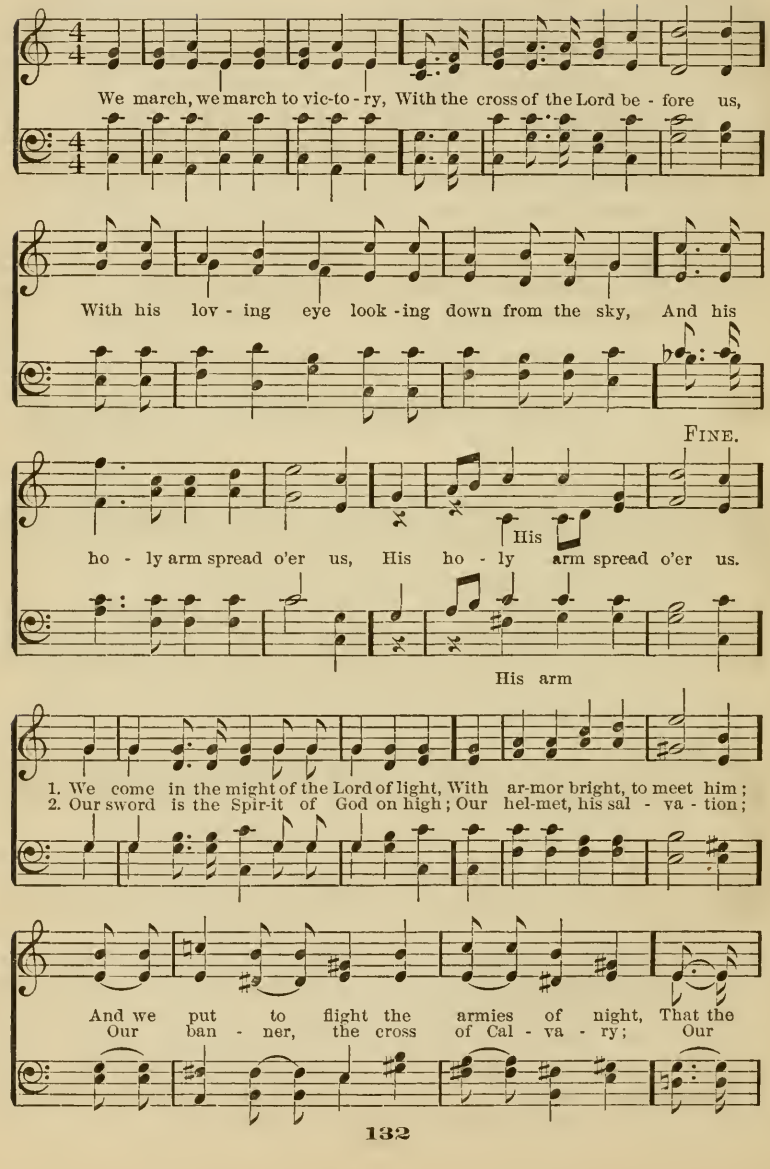
3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.—Ref.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever.—Ref.

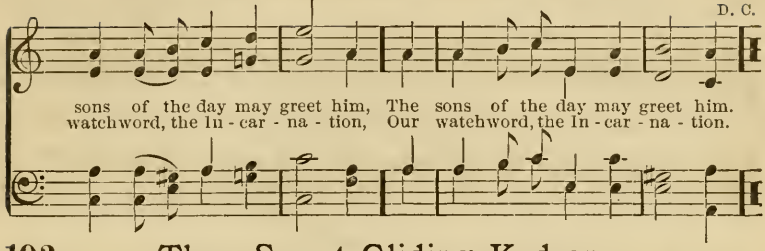
Copyright, 1861, by Wm. B. Bradbury, in "Golden Chain."

192 We March to Victory.

G. MOULTRIE. J. BARNBY.

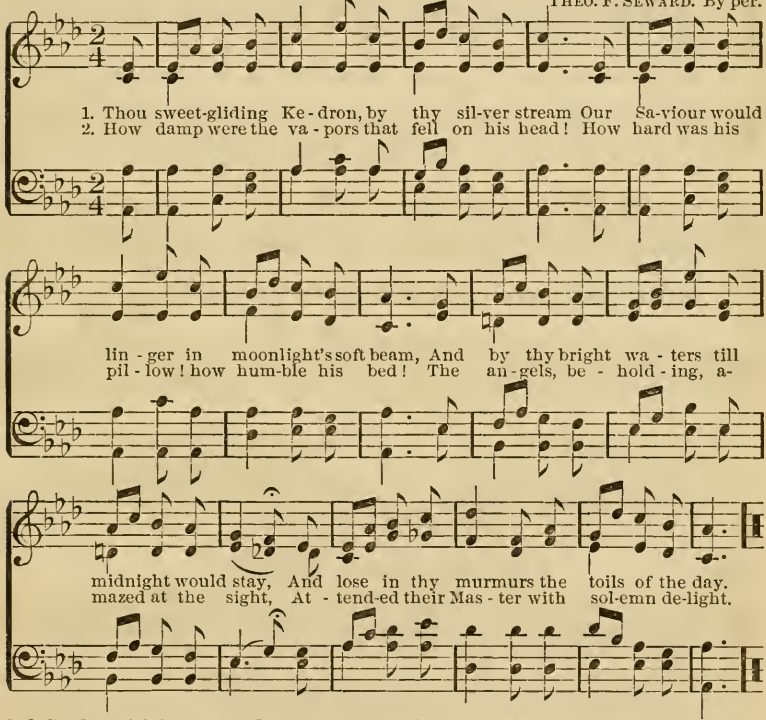


We March to Victory.—Concluded.



193 Thou Sweet-Gliding Kedron.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

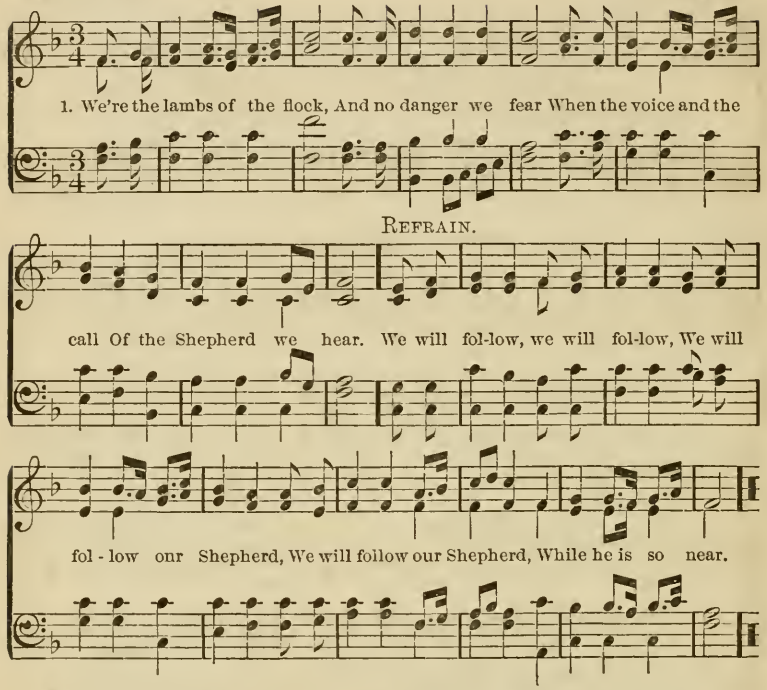


3 O Garden of Olives, thou dear, honored spot!
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot,
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow, the triumph of love.

4 Come, saints, and adore him, and bow at his feet;
Oh give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

194 The Lambs of the Flock.

MARY HARNEY GILL. HUBERT P. MAIN.

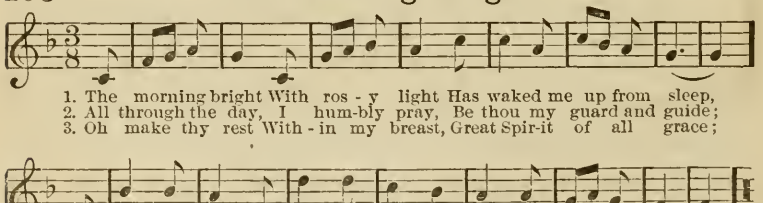


2 We are tiny and weak,
But our Shepherd is strong;
From the wolf he defendeth
Us all the day long.—REF.

3 Oh that all the dear lambs
Had a heart to reply,
When the great Shepherd calls
From his fold in the sky.—REF.

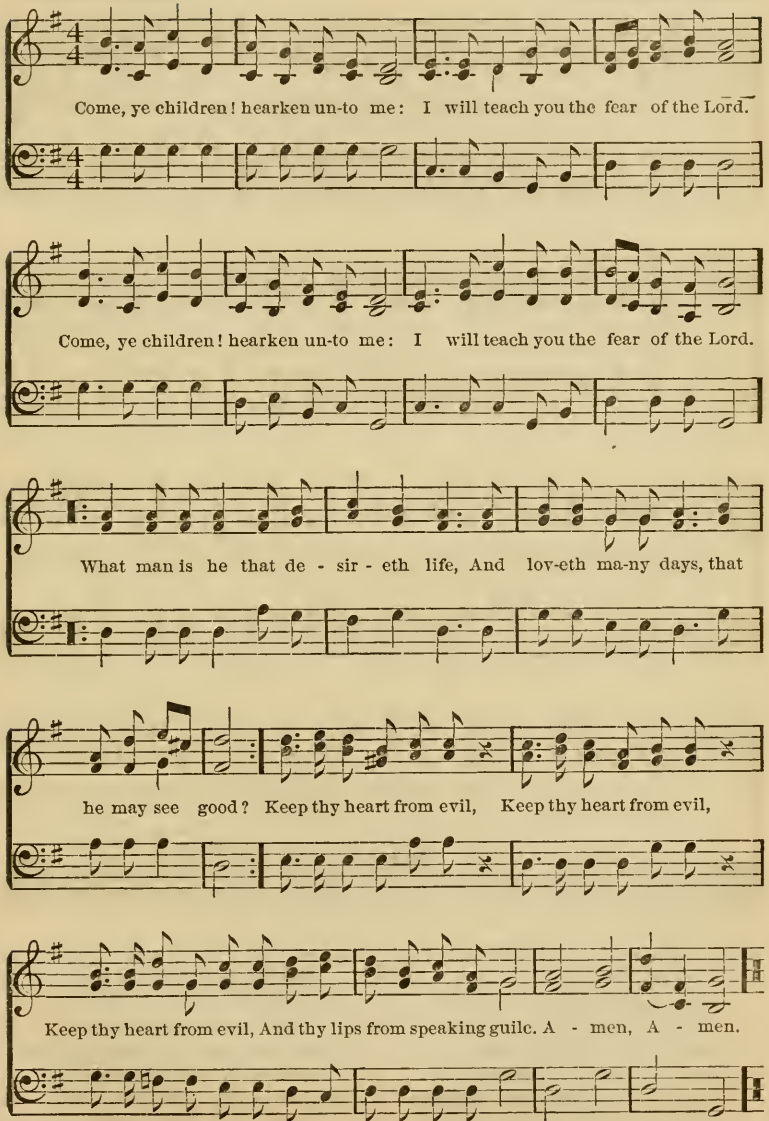
Copyright, 1875, by Hubert P. Main.

195 The Morning Bright.



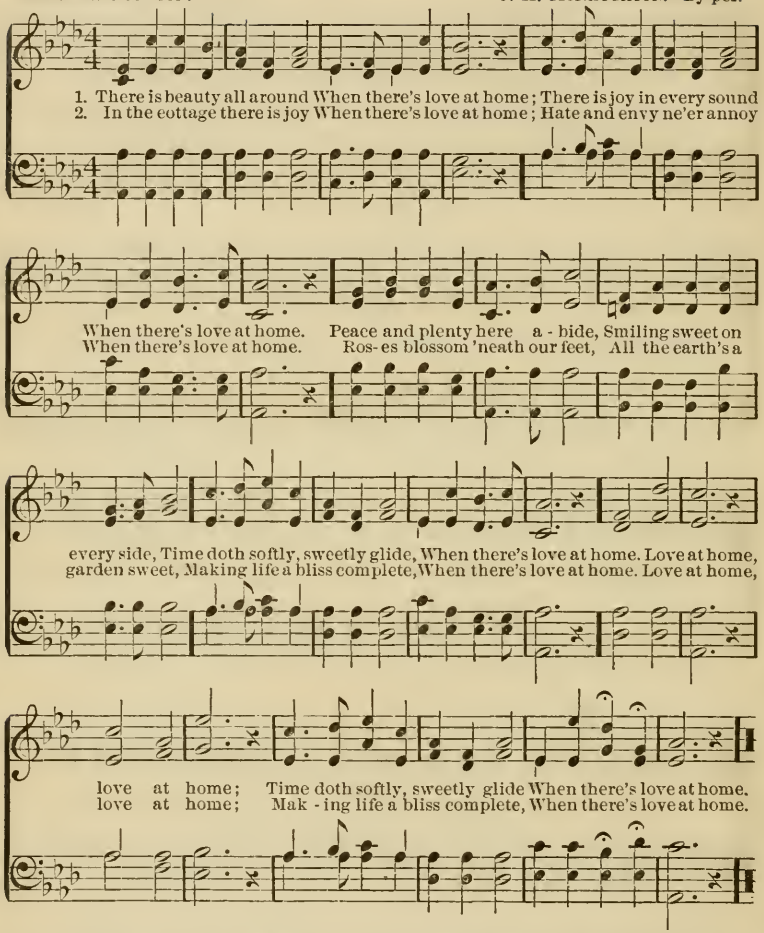
196 Come, ye Children!

Ps. xxxiv : 11-13. THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.



197 Love at Home.

J. H. McNAUGHTON. J. H. McNAUGHTON. By per.

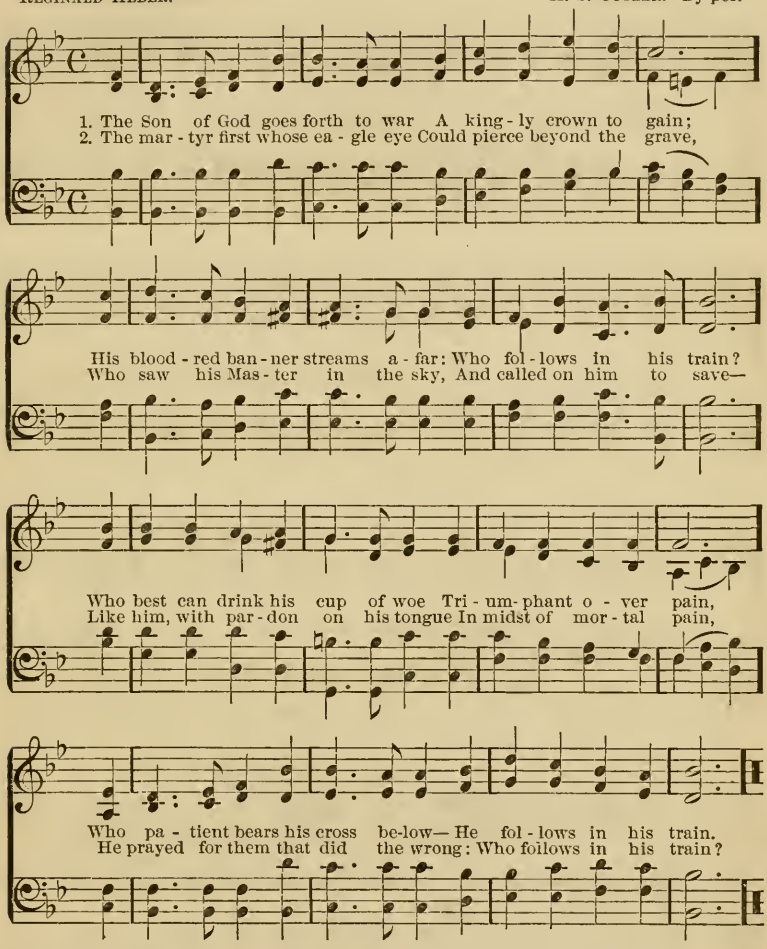


3 Kindly heaven smiles above
When there's love at home;
All the earth is filled with love
When there's love at home.
Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
Brighter beams the azure sky—
Oh, there's One who smiles on high—
When there's love at home.

4 Jesus, show thy mercy mine:
Then there's love at home;
Sweetly whisper I am thine:
Then there's love at home.
Source of love, thy cheering light
Far exceeds the sun so bright—
Can dispel the gloom of night:
Then there's love at home.

198 The Son of God goes forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. H. S. CUTLER. By per.

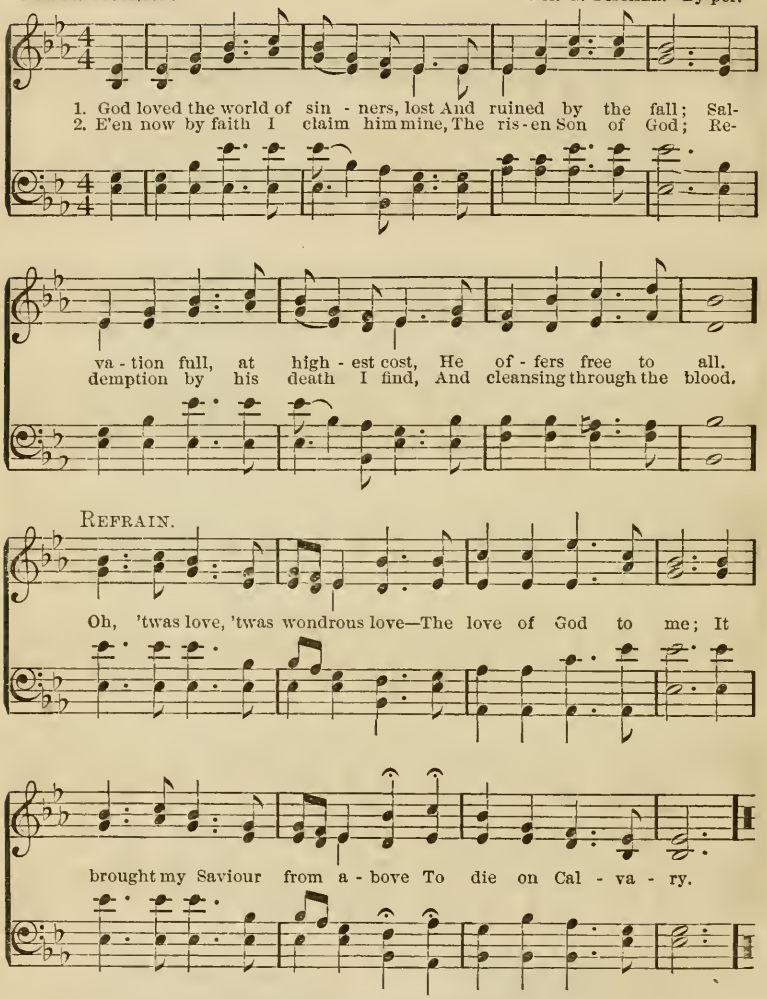


3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame;
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane; [feel:
They bowed their necks the death to
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid—
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

199 Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. Stockton. Wm. G. Fischer. By per.



3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
And to his saints makes known
The blessed rest from inbred sin
Through faith in Christ alone.

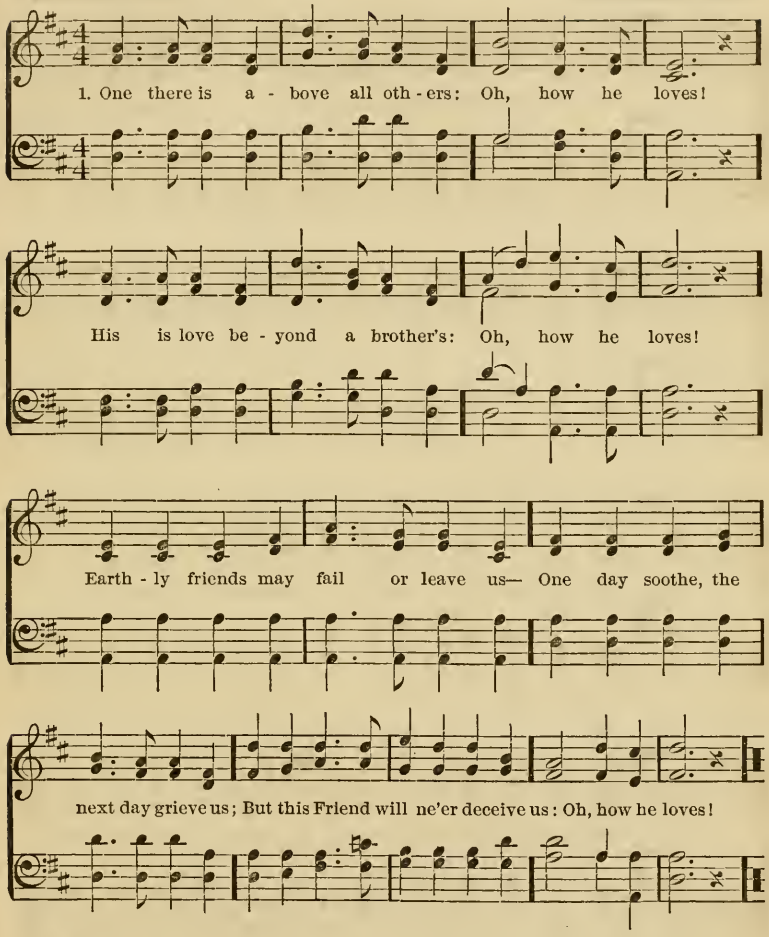
Ref.—Oh, 'twas love, etc.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go:
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste here below
Of endless life in heaven.

Ref.—Oh, 'twas love, etc.

200 Oh, how he Loves!

MRS. MARRIANNE NUNN. HUBERT P. MAIN.



2 'Tis eternal life to know him:
Oh, how he loves!
Think—oh think!—how much we owe him;
Oh, how he loves!
With his precious blood he bought us;
In the wilderness he sought us;
To his fold he safely brought us:
Oh, how he loves!

3 All your sins shall be forgiven:
Oh, how he loves!
Backward shall your foes be driven:
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he'll provide you;
Naught but good shall e'er betide you;
Safe to glory he will guide you:
Oh, how he loves!

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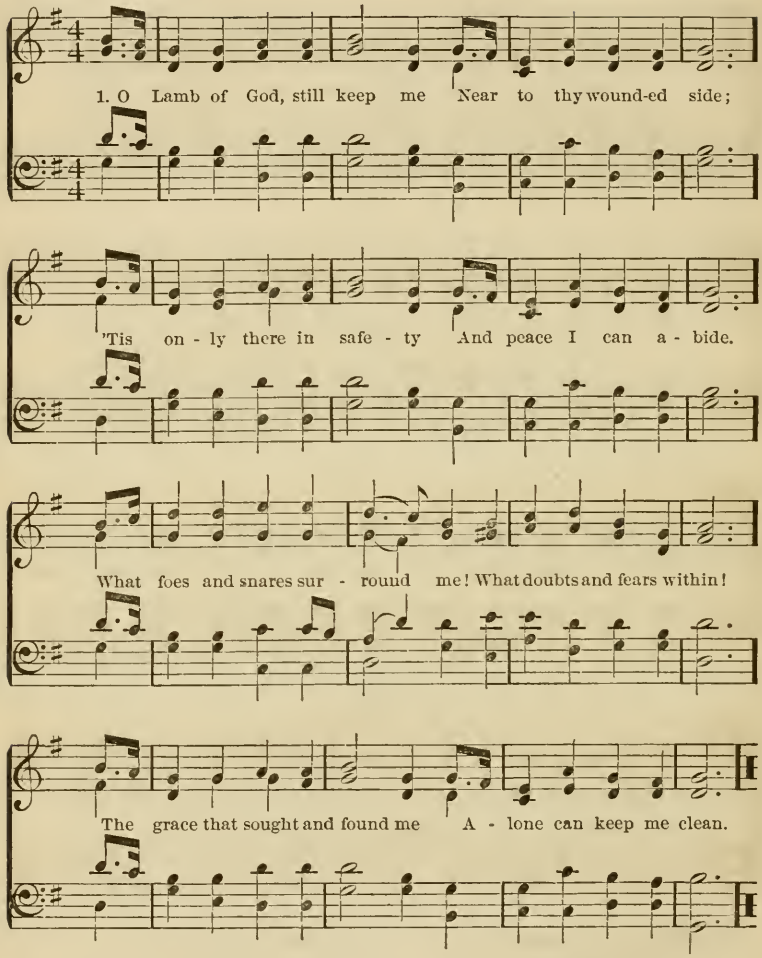
201 O Lamb of God.

JAMES GEORGE DECK. SALVATORI.

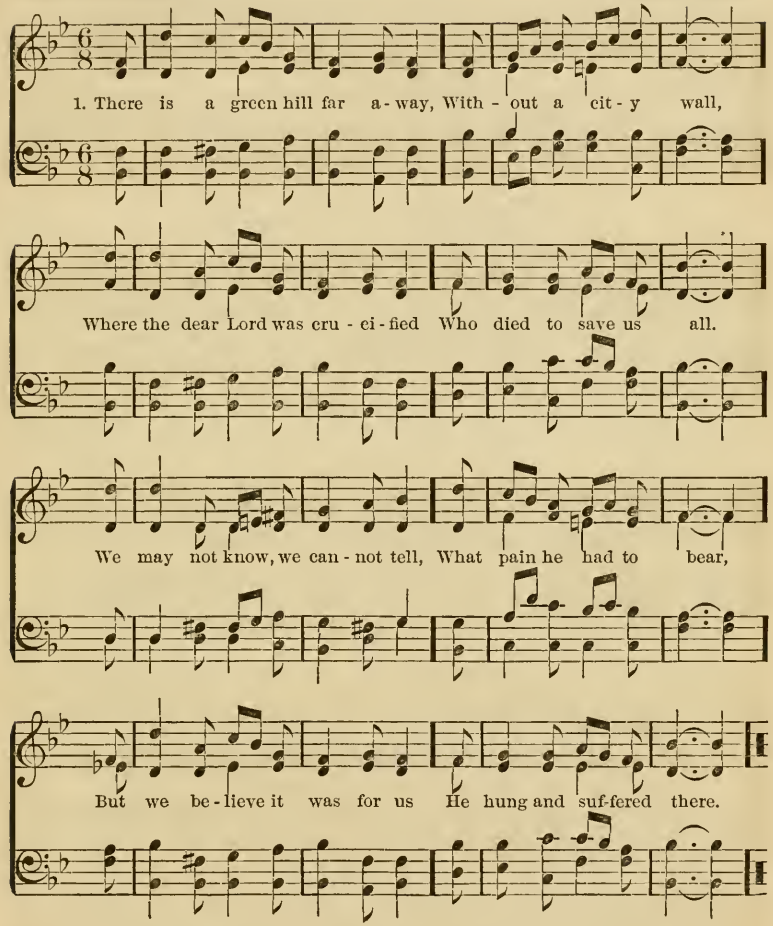


2 'Tis only in thee hiding
I know my life secure—
Only in thee abiding
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee
With rapture face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

202 There is a Green Hill far Away.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

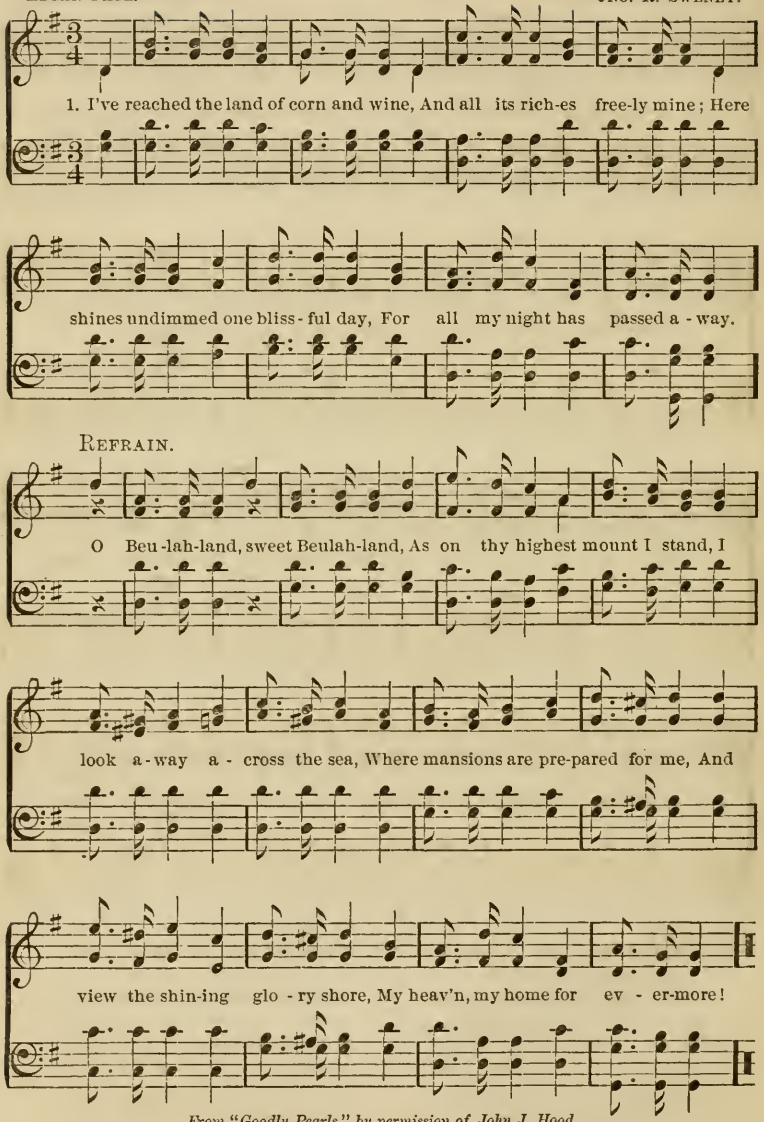


2 He died that we might be forgiven;
He died to make us good—
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin:
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his works to do;
For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

203 Beulah-Land.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.



From "Goodly Pearls," by permission of John J. Hood.

Beulah-Land.—Concluded.

2 The Saviour comes and walks with me;
And sweet communion here have we;
He gently leads me with his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flowers that never-fading grow
Where streams of life for ever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels, with the white-robed throng,
Join in the sweet redemption-song.

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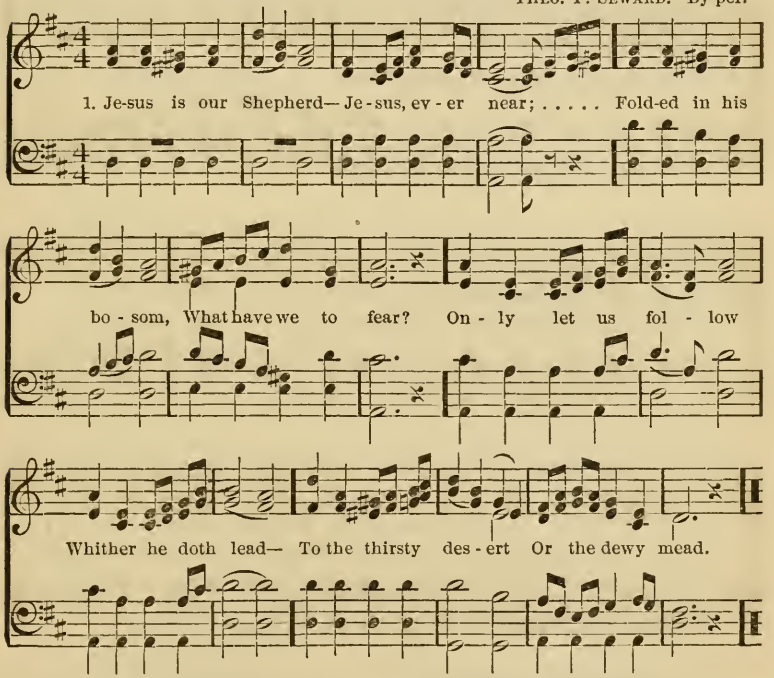
204 Jesus is our Shepherd.

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.

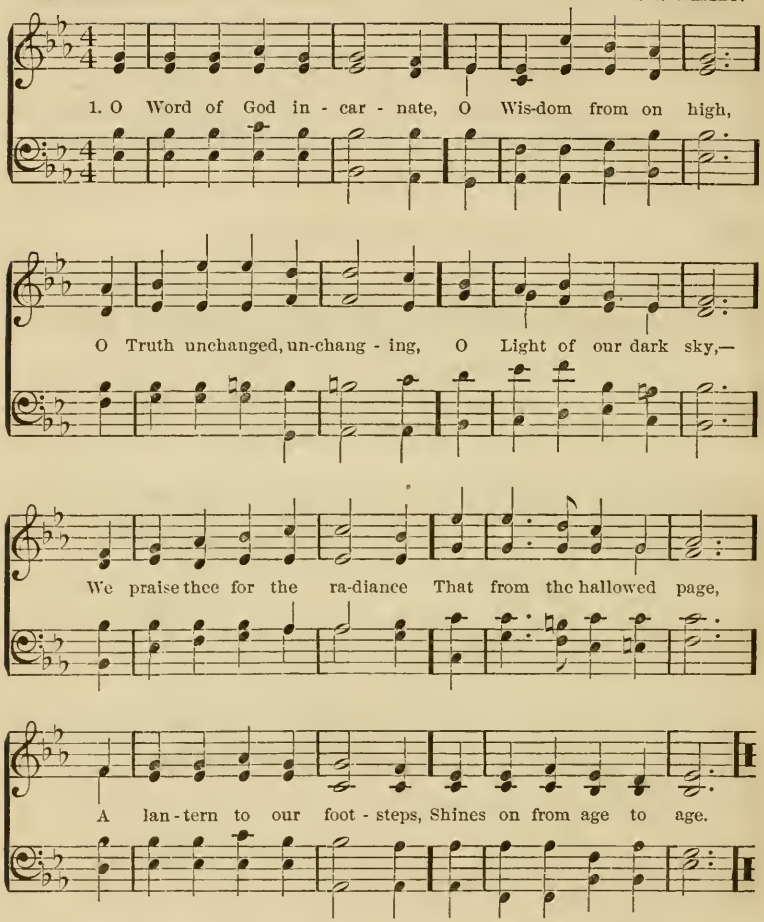


2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know his voice;
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice!
Even when he chideth,
Tender is his tone.
None but he shall guide us;
We are his alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Guided by his arm,
Safely we may follow;
None can do us harm.
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

205 O Word of God Incarnate. 7s & 6s.

W. W. How. S. S. Wesley.

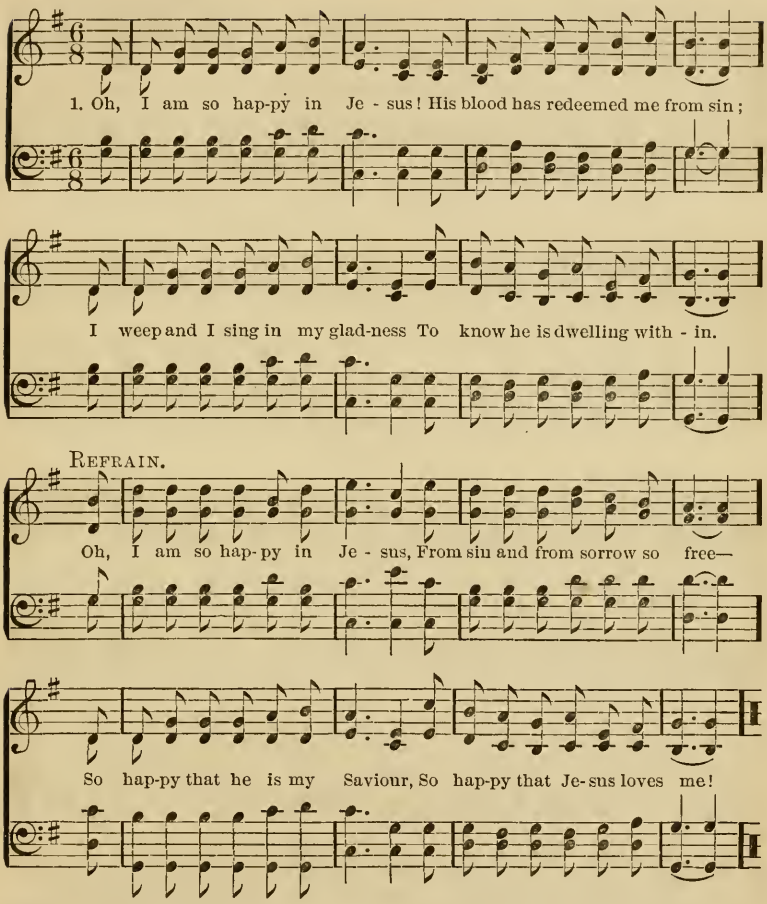


2 The Church from her dear Master
Received the gift divine,
And still that light she lifteth,
O'er all the earth to shine.
It is the golden casket
Where gems of truth are stored;
It is the heaven-drawn picture
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 Oh, make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of burnished gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light as of old;
Oh, teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

206 Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus!

ARTHUR T. PIERSON. JAS. McGRANAHAN.



2 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!
He taught me the secret of faith—
To rest in believing his promise,
And trust whatsoever he saith.

3 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!
I lay my whole soul at his feet:
The love he has kindled within me
Makes service and suffering sweet.

4 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!
How sweet to win others to him!
Lord, let not my lamp burn in secret;
Oh, let not the shining be dim.

5 Oh, I am so happy in Jesus!
If earth in his love is so blest,
What joy, in his glorified presence,
To sit at his feet as his guest.

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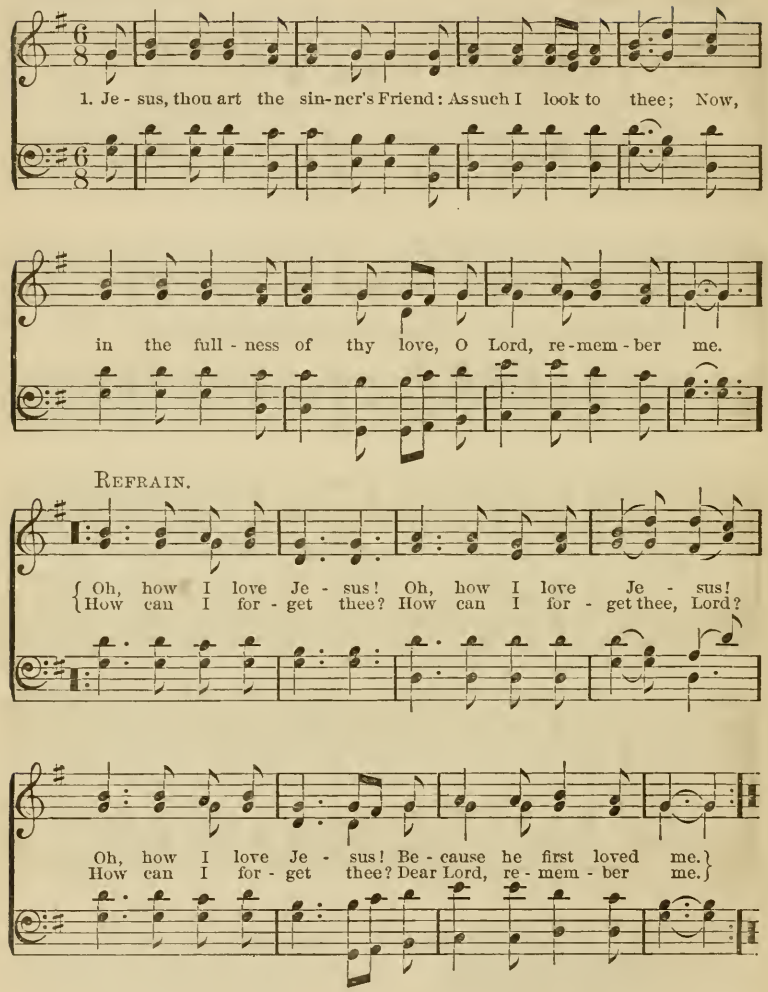
207 Oh, how I Love Jesus!

RICHARD BURNHAM.

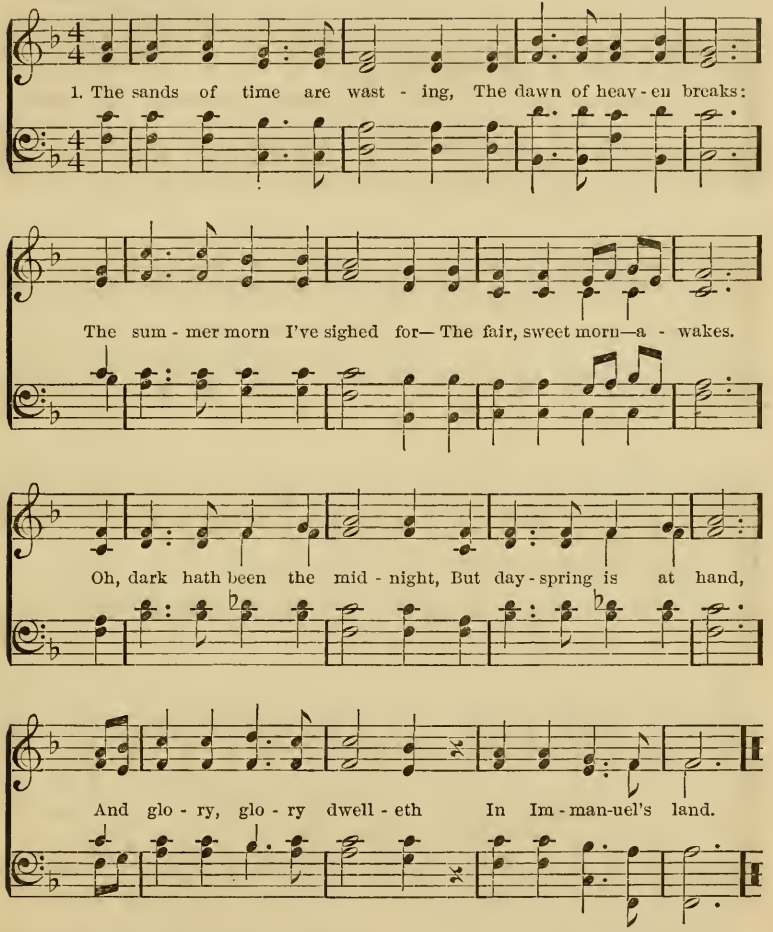


2 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.
REF.—Oh, how I love Jesus, etc.

3 And when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God,
I pray, remember me.
REF.—Oh, how I love Jesus, etc.

208 The Sands of Time are Wasting.

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD. CHAS. D'URHAN.

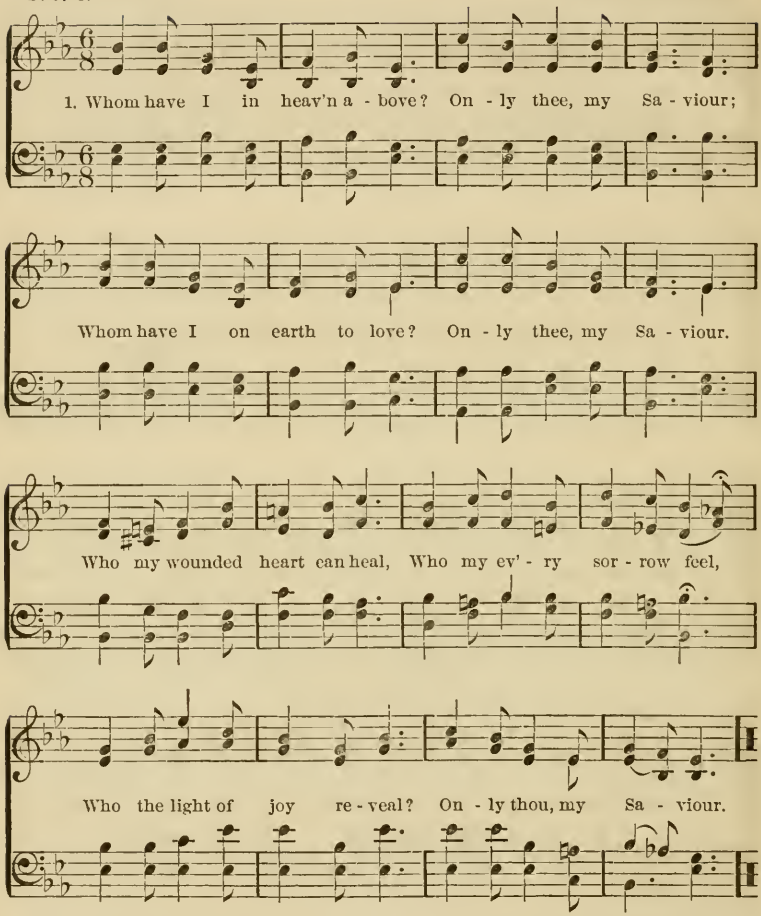


2 Oh, Christ, he is the fountain—
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams of earth I've tasted:
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean-fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine:
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his house divine.
Upon the Rock of Ages
My soul redeemed shall stand,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

209 Whom have I in Heaven.

F. J. C. W. F. SHERWIN.



2 Who has led me all my days?
Only thou, my Saviour:
Who deserves my highest praise?
Only thou, my Saviour.
In my weakness who is strong,
Who has loved and loved me long,
Who should claim my noblest song?
Only thou, my Saviour.

3 Who my inmost thoughts can read?
Only thou, my Saviour;
Who for me doth intercede?
Only thou, my Saviour.
Who my secret thoughts can know,
Who such tender mercy show,
Who can make me white as snow?
Only thou, my Saviour.

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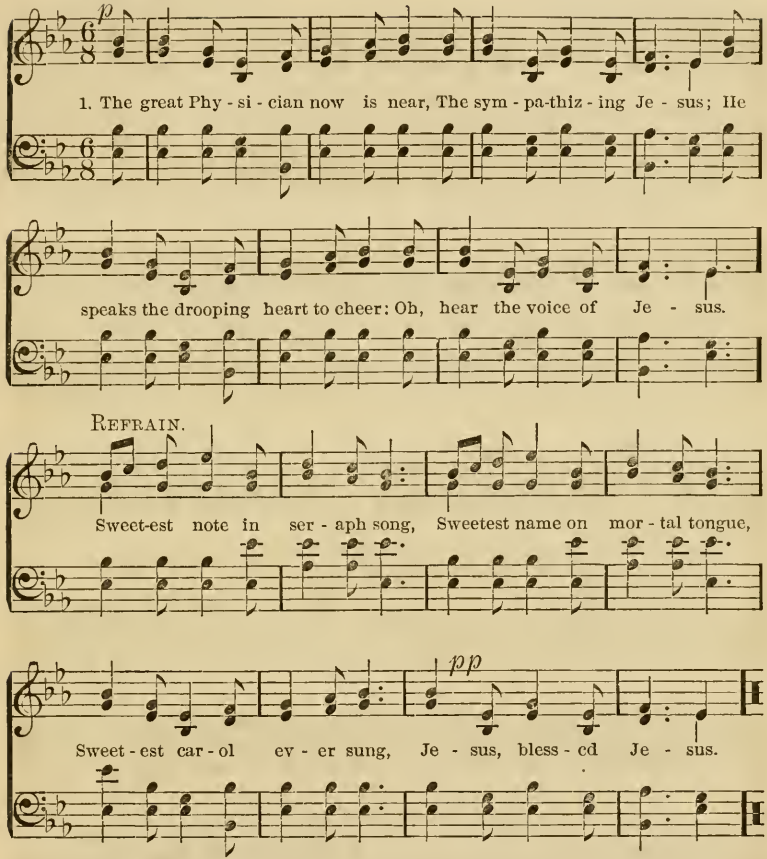
210 The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter. Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.



2 Your many sins are all forgiven:
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.—Ref.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.—Ref.

4 The children, too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.—Ref.

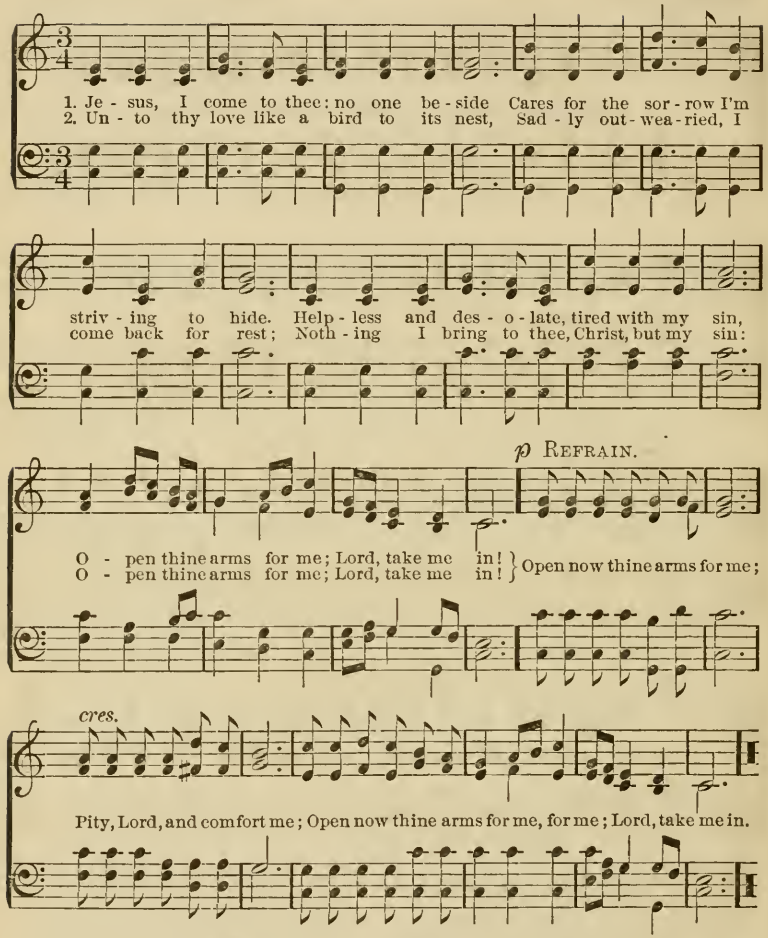
5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise:
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise:
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.—Ref.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear—
No other name but "Jesus;"
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus!—Ref.

7 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name—the name of Jesus.—Ref.

211 Jesus, I come to Thee.

T. F. SEWARD.



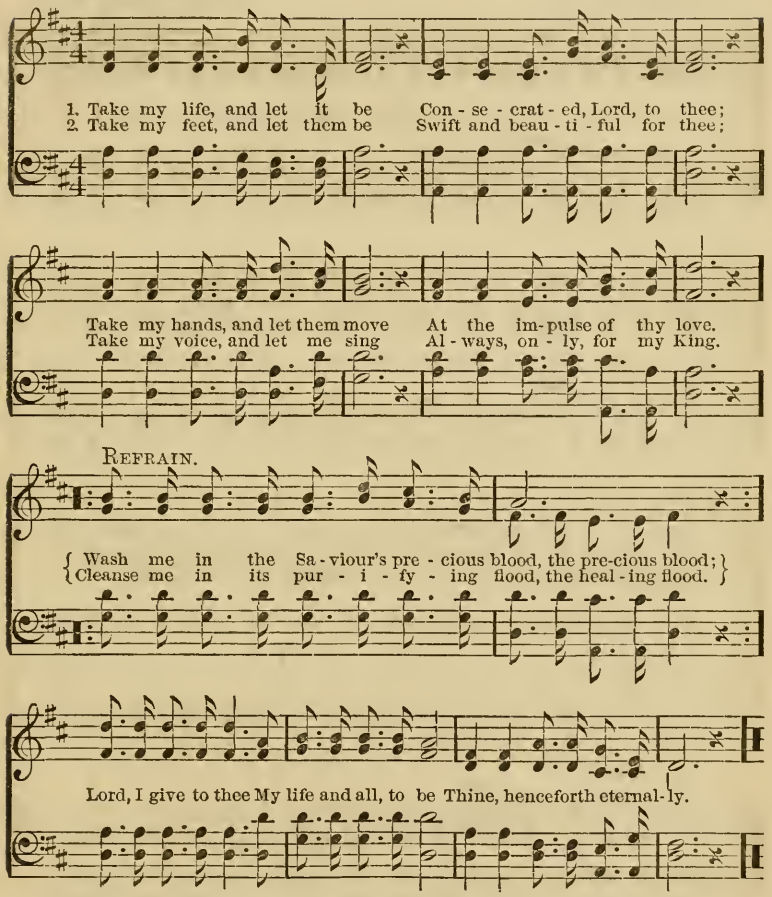
3 Far from the narrow way long I have strayed;
Dark clouds have covered me where I have prayed;
Now to thy mercy I come with my sin:
Pity and comfort me; Lord, take me in!
REF.—Open now, etc.

4 Back to thy dear love for shelter and rest
Flee I, O Lord, like a bird to its nest;
Nothing I bring thee but sorrow and sin:
Open thine arms for me; Lord, take me in!
REF.—Open now, etc.

Copyright, 1870, in "The Singer," by T. F. Seward.

Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



3 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages for thee;
Take my silver and my gold:
Not a mite would I withhold.

REF.—Wash me, etc.

4 Take my moments and my days:
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

REF.—Wash me, etc.

5 Take my will, and make it thine:
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart—it is thine own:
It shall be thy royal throne.

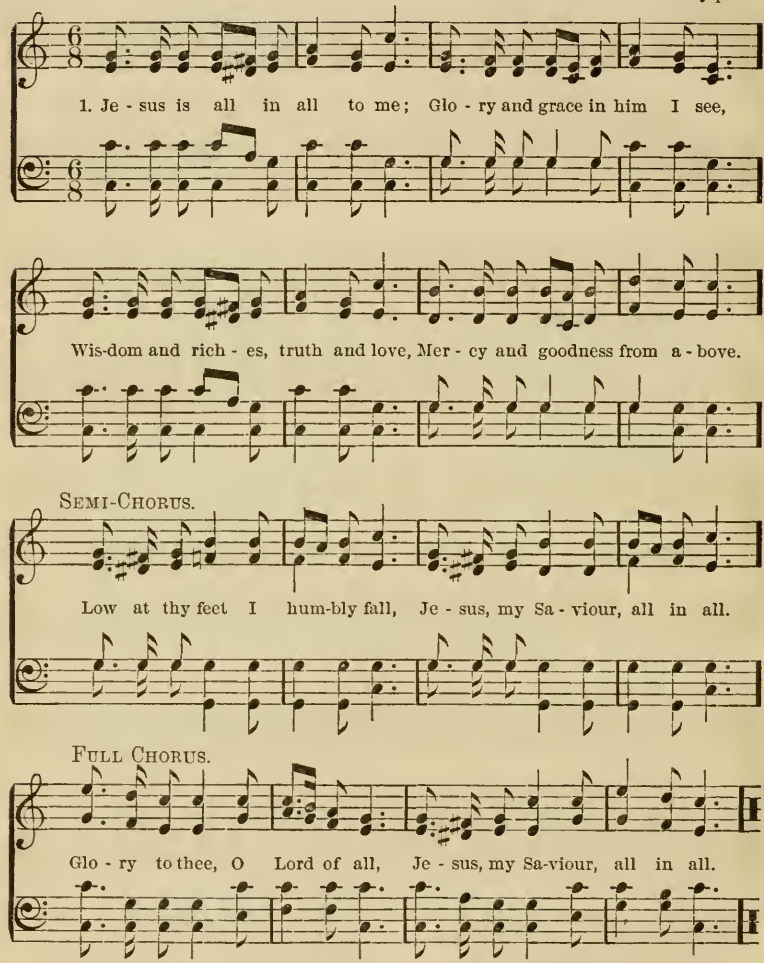
REF.—Wash me, etc.

6 Take my love: my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

REF.—Wash me, etc.

213 Jesus, my Saviour, All in All.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR. ALFRED TAYLOR. By per.

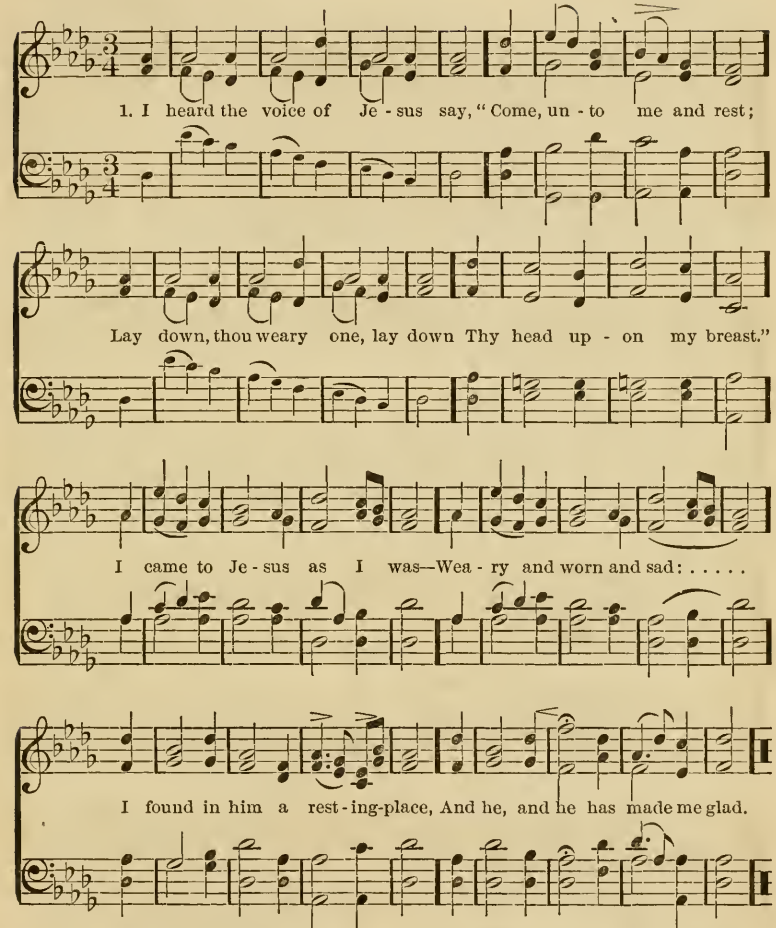


2 Jesus is all in all to me;
Unto his arms of love I flee;
Casting on him my load of care,
Jesus, my Saviour, hears my prayer.
Low at thy feet, etc.

3 Jesus is all in all to me:
Jesus from sin can set me free;
Jesus it is who calms my fears,
Hushes my sorrows, dries my tears.
Low at thy feet, etc.

214 I Heard the Voice.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. ABT. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.



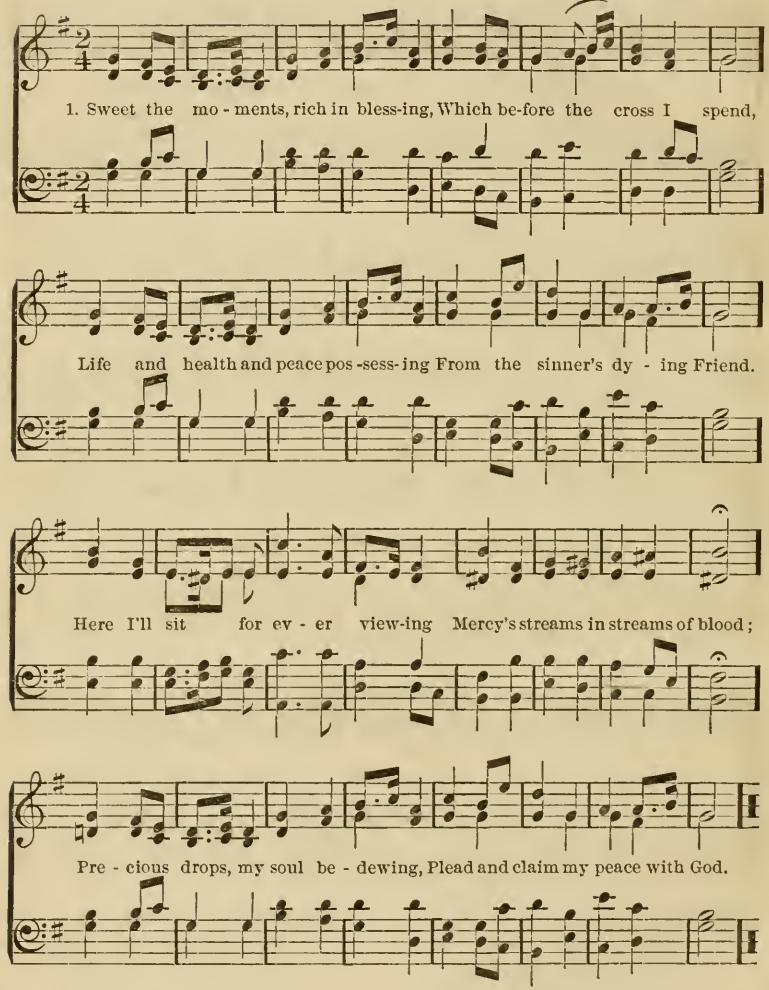
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream: [vived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me: thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun,
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my days are done.

215 Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

8s & 7s.

JAMES ALLEN. MOZART. Arr. by H. P. MAIN.

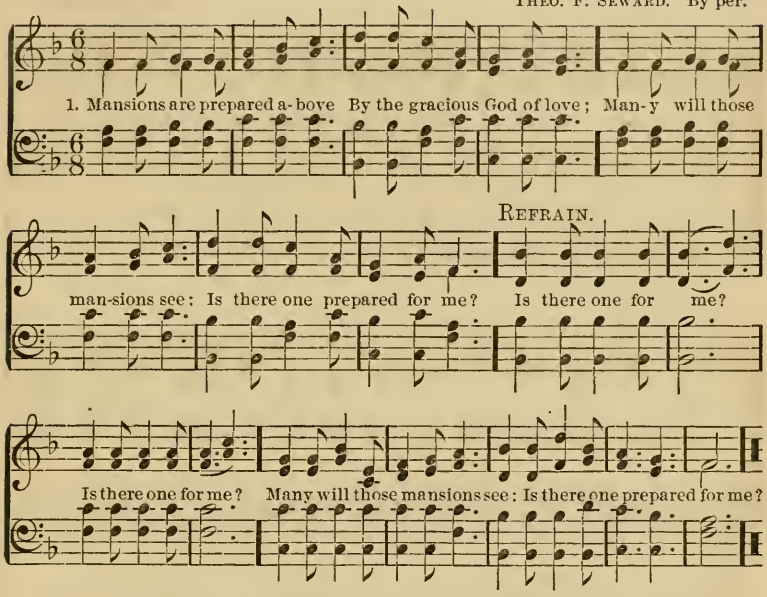


2 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much? I've much forgiven:
I'm a miracle of grace.

216 Is there One for Me?

THEO. F. SEWARD. By per.



2 Crowns there are for all to wear
Who on earth the cross will bear;
Many will those bright crowns be:
Is there one prepared for me?—REF.

3 Robes of spotless white are given
By the glorious King of heaven;
All can have them—they are free:
Is there one prepared for me?—REF.

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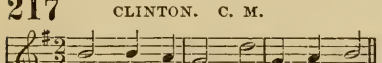
217 CLINTON. C. M.



1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Isaac Watts.

218 SHINING SHORE. 7s. D.

1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word:
Let every lamp be burning.

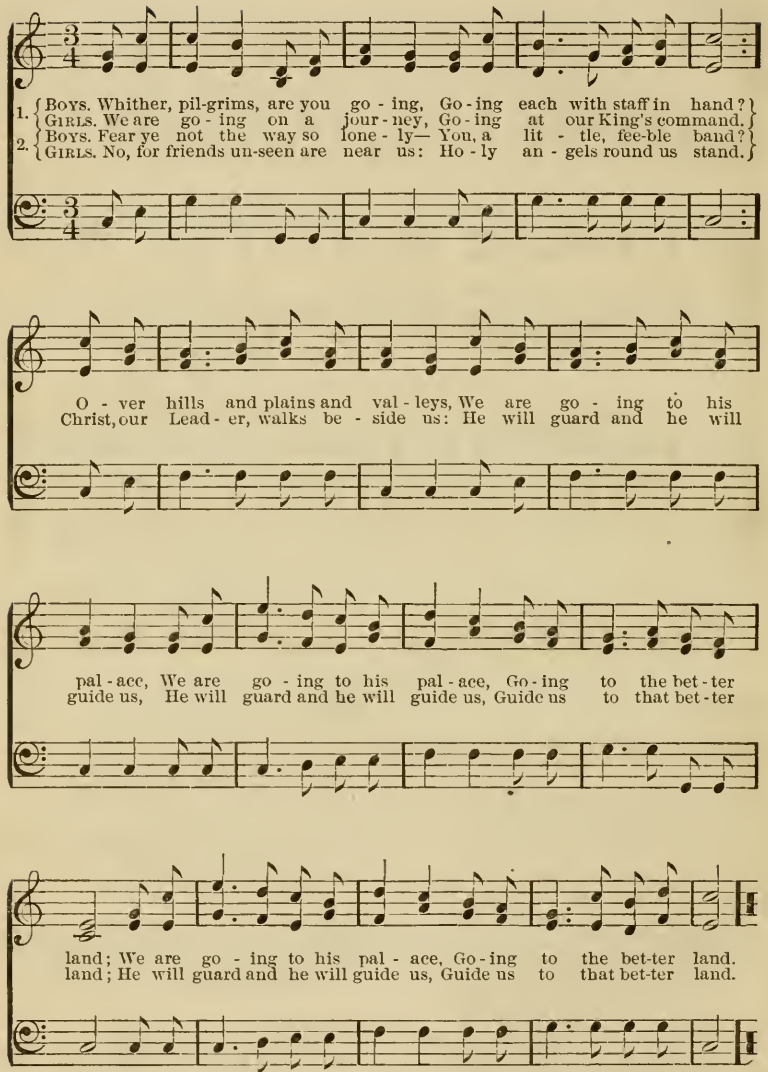
3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever;
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home
For ever—oh, for ever!

David Nelson, D.D.

The Better Land.

W. B. BRADBURY.



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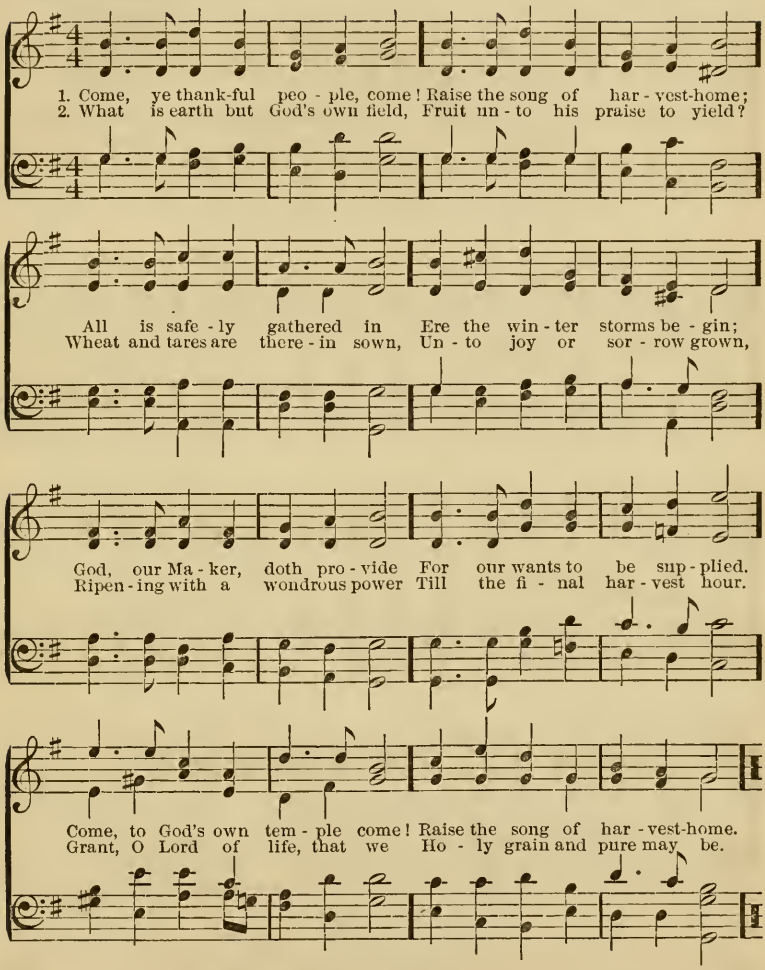
220 Come, ye Thankful People.

HENRY ALFORD. G. J. ELVEY.

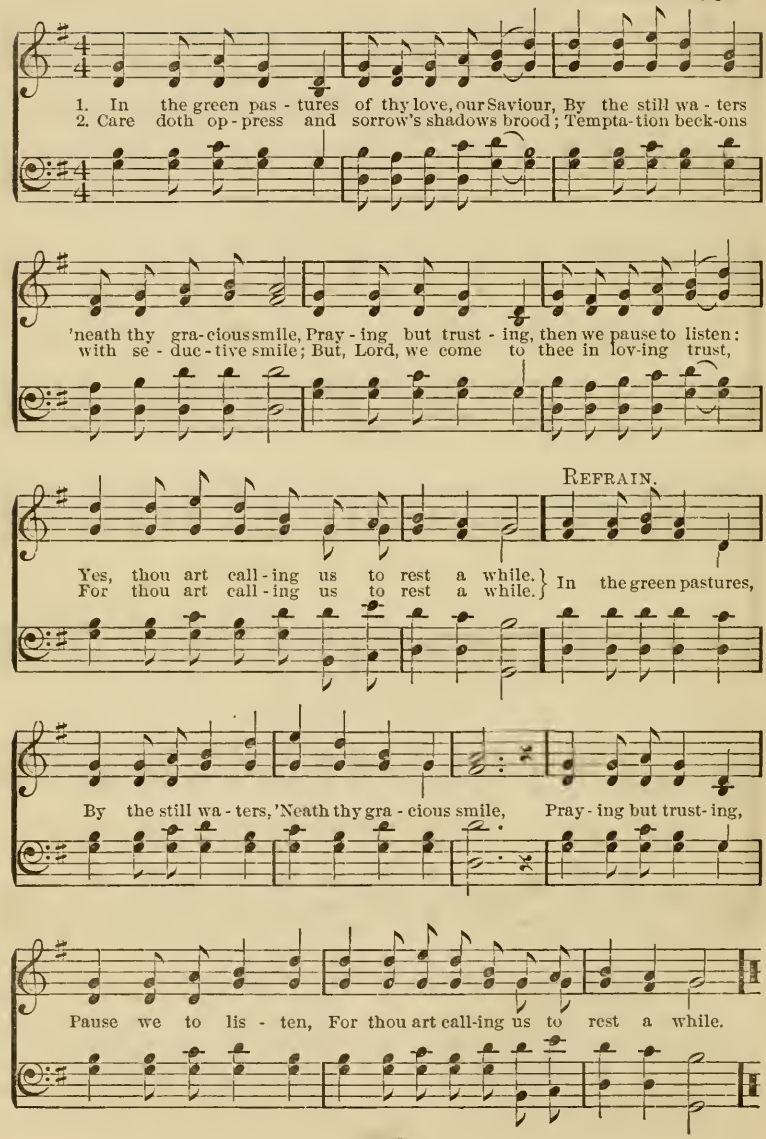


3 For we know that thou wilt come,
And wilt take thy people home;
From thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day,
And thine angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In thy garner evermore.

4 Come, then, Lord of mercy, come!
Bid us sing thy harvest-home;
Let thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin,
All upon the golden floor,
Praising thee for evermore.
Come, with thousand angels come!
Bid us sing thy harvest-home.

221 Rest a While.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK. By per.



Rest a While.—Concluded.

3 Saviour, we rise and follow, at thy bidding,
The path of duty: dark that path may be;
We hear thy voice, "'Tis I, be not afraid!"
Whilst thou art calling us to rest with thee.—REF.

4 Buried with thee, we rise again in power;
Thou for our sins for ever didst atone;
Till at the last we hear thy joyful summons:
"Come, rest for ever in thy Father's home."—REF.

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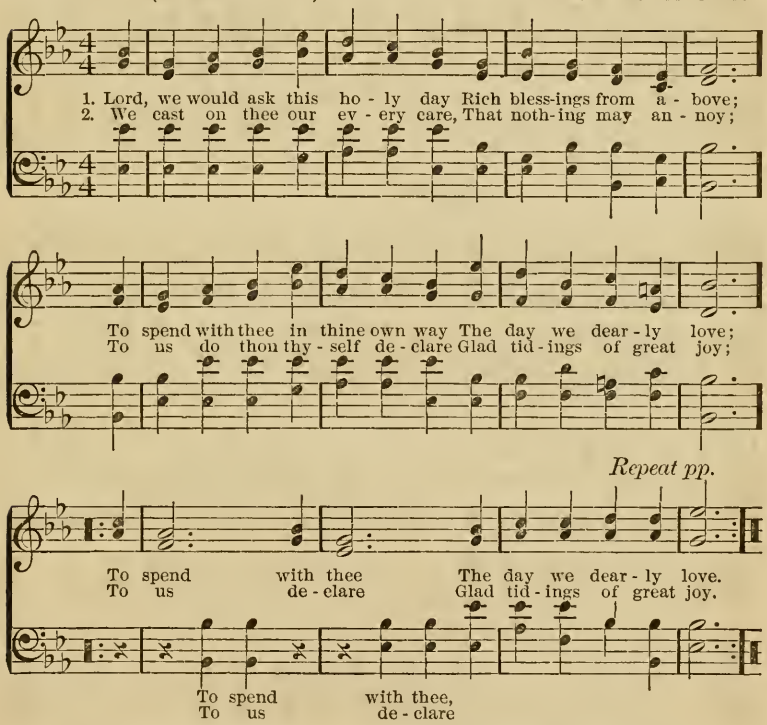
222 The Holy Day of Rest.

C. F. LINDIG. (From the German.) J. H. KURZENKNABE.



3 Help us to lay all self aside
And wait our royal Guest;
With us, dear Lord, do thou abide
On this thy day of rest;
‖: With us abide
On this thy day of rest. :‖

4 Our Sabbaths here will soon be o'er;
Then Jesus, our dear Friend,
Will call us home to yon bright shore,
Where Sabbaths have no end;
‖: Will call us home
Where Sabbaths have no end. :‖

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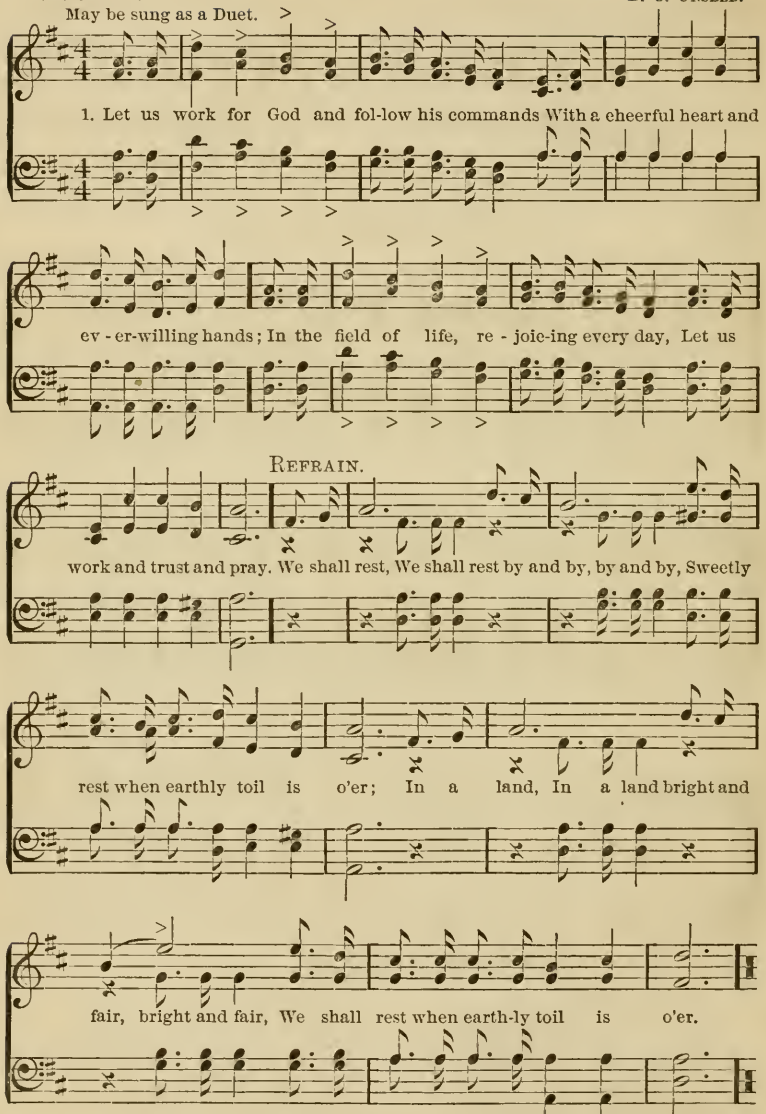
223 We shall Rest.

F. J. Crosby. B. C. Unseld.

May be sung as a Duet.



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We shall Rest.—Concluded.

2 He will give us strength our vigor to renew,
He will grant us grace that falleth like the dew;
And the seeds of love immortal fruit shall bear,
Ever guarded by his care.—REF.

3 To a glorious work he calleth us away;
Let us bear the heat and burden of the day;
'Tis the faithful souls that reap the bright reward
At the coming of the Lord.—REF.

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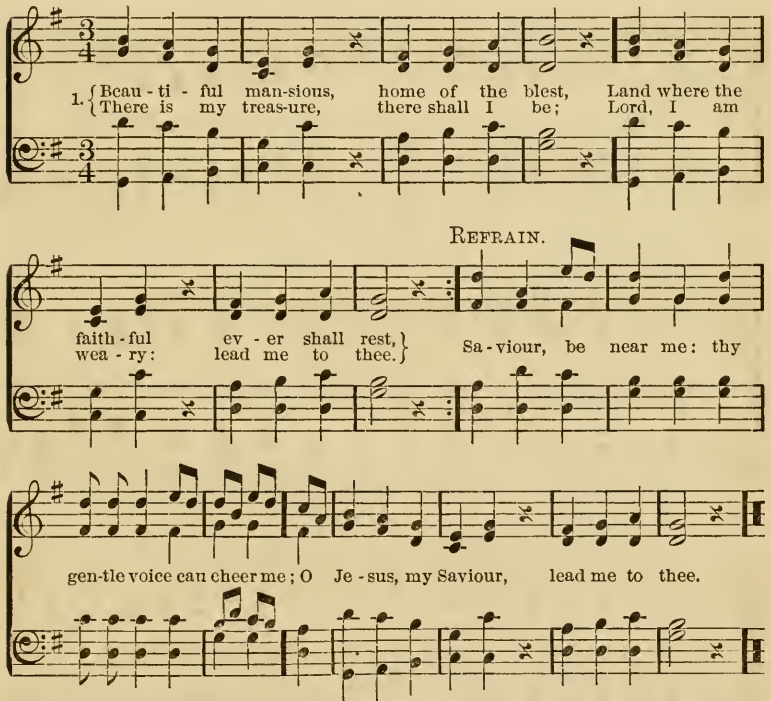
224 Beautiful Mansions.

W. B. BRADBURY.



2 Thou wilt not leave me comfortless here:
Why should I doubt thee? What do I fear?
Light in the distance breaking I see,
Yet I am weary: lead me to thee.

REF.—Saviour, be near me, etc.

3 Jesus, I love thee: dwell in my heart;
Never—oh never—from me depart.
Hope like a rainbow shining I see,
Yet I am weary: lead me to thee.

REF.—Saviour, be near me, etc.

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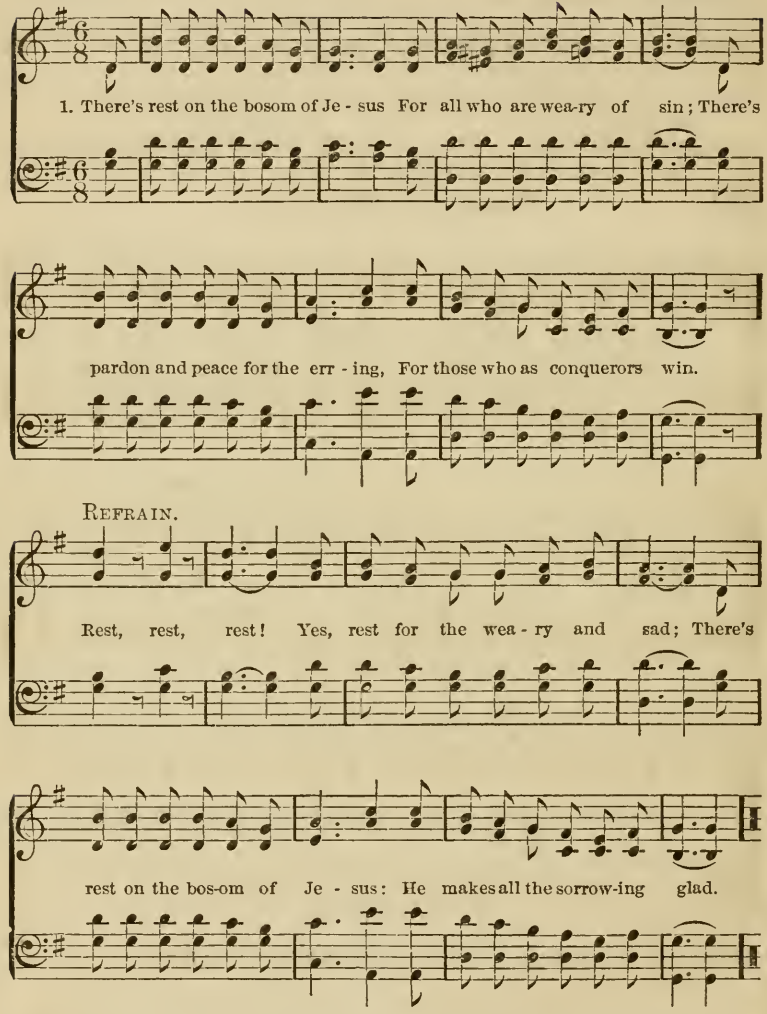
225 There's Rest on the Bosom of Jesus.

H. E. K. H. E. KIMBALL.



2 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus,
And joy that the world cannot give;
Oh, bring all your sorrows unto him;
Oh, trust in his mercy and live.—REF.

3 There's rest on the bosom of Jesus—
Yes, life everlasting and blest;
We'll fear not the grave, for our Saviour
Will lead us to heavenly rest.—REF.

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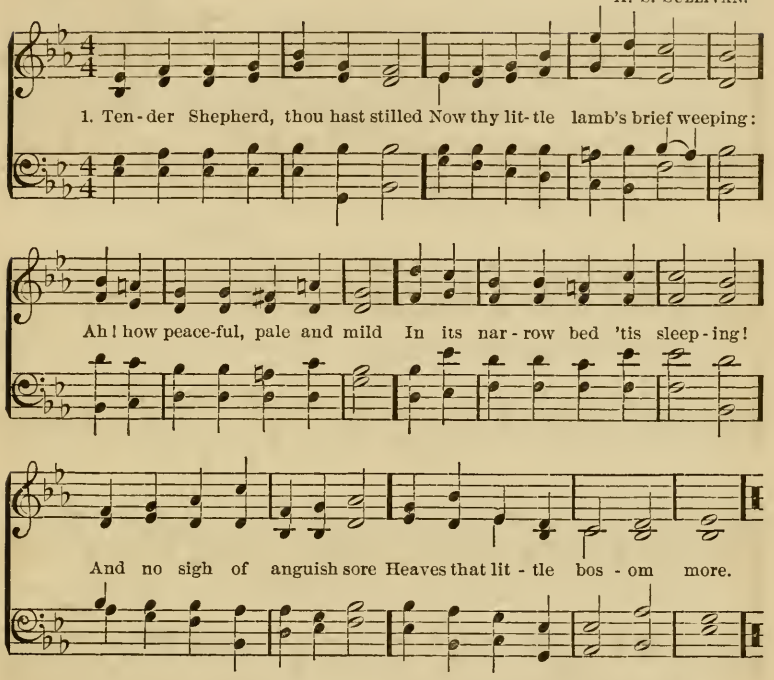
226 Tender Shepherd, thou hast Stilled.

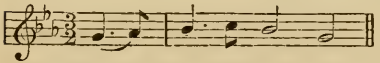
A. S. SULLIVAN.



2 In this world of eare and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave
To the sunny heavenly plain [it;
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus! grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

227



1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

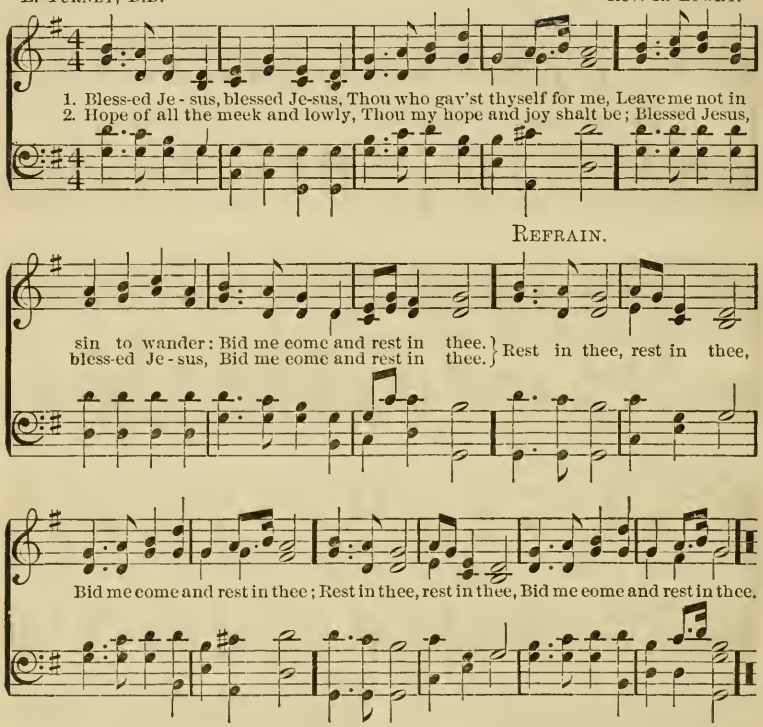
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

William Cowper.

228 Rest in Thee.

E. Turney, D.D. Rev. R. Lowry.



3 Draw me from each sinful striving;
From myself oh set me free;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Bid me come and rest in thee.—Ref.

4 Highest, purest, sweetest pleasure
Shall thy service bring to me;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Bid me come and rest in thee.—Ref.

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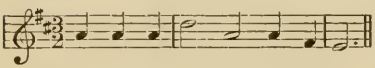
229 Rest. L. M.



1 Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

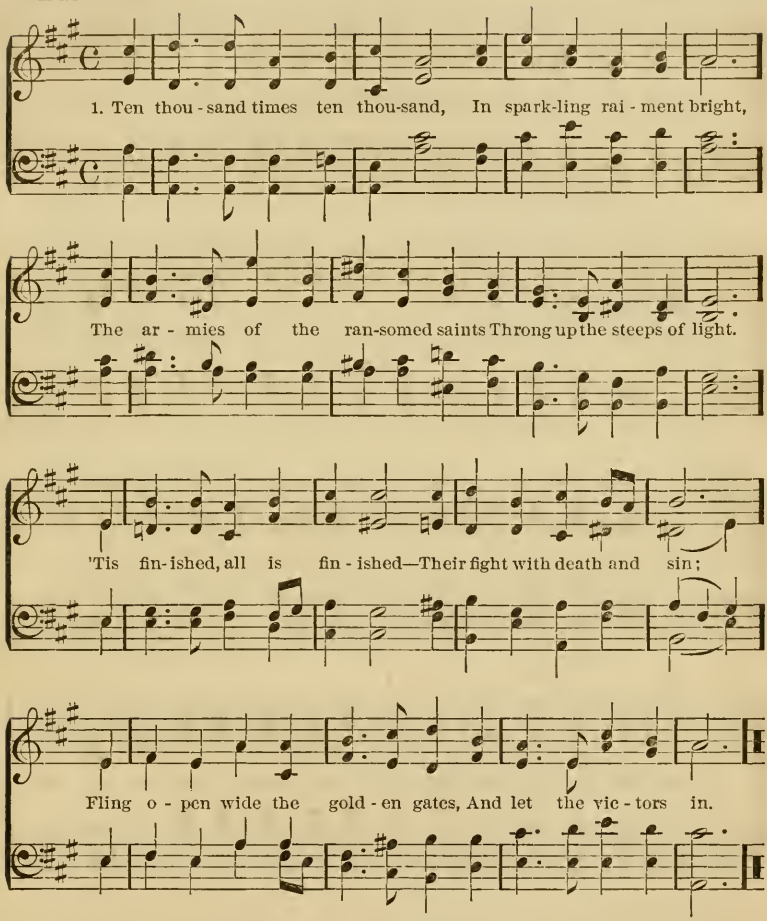
2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be,
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

230 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

HENRY ALFORD. J. B. DYKES.

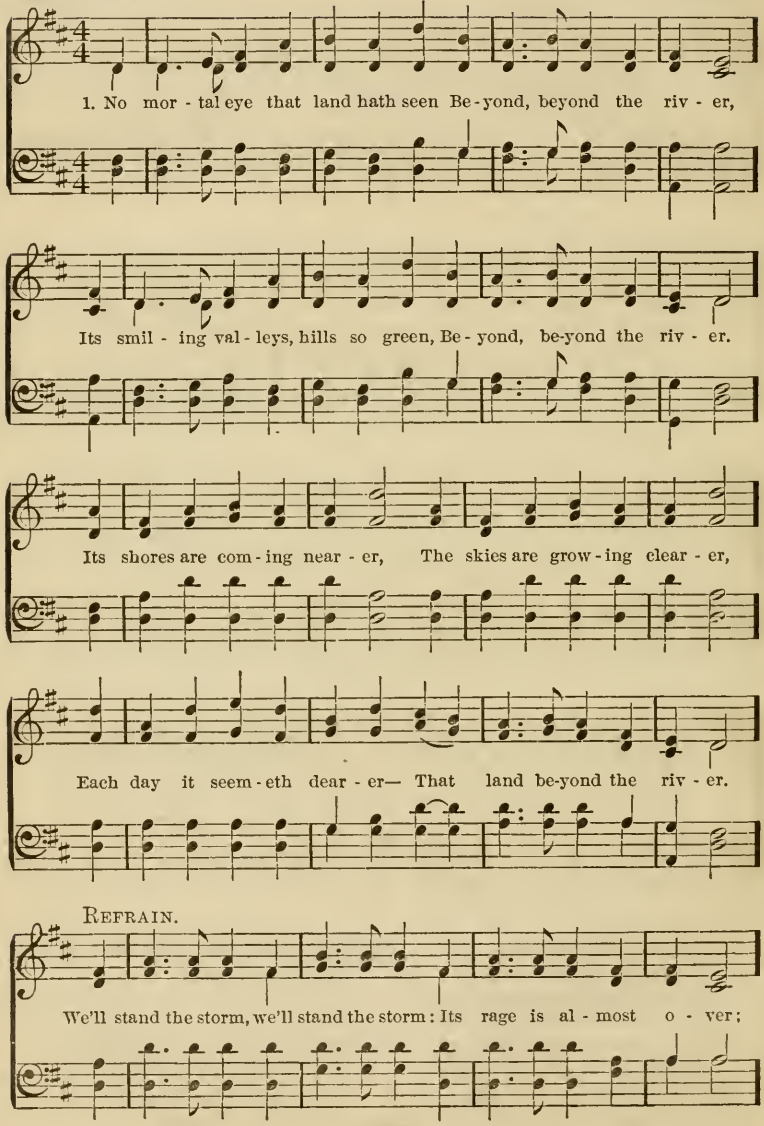


2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

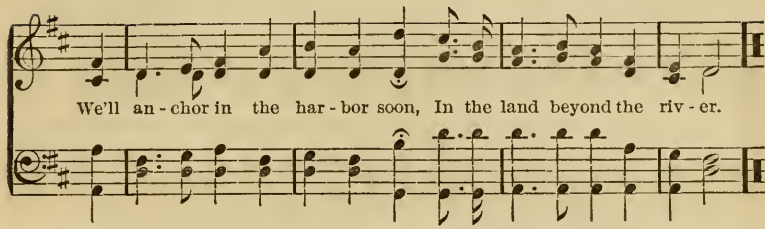
3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

231 The Land Beyond the River.

H. L. FRISBIE. H. L. FRISBIE.



The Land Beyond the River.—Concluded.



2 That glorious day will ne'er be done
Beyond, beyond the river,
When we've the crown and kindom won,
Beyond, beyond the river.
There is eternal pleasure,
And joys that none can measure,
For those who have their treasure
In the land beyond the river.—REF.

3 When shall we look from Zion's hill
Beyond, beyond the river?
With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill,
Beyond, beyond the river.
There angels bright are singing,
There golden harps are ringing;
We ne'er shall cease our singing
In the land beyond the river.—REF.

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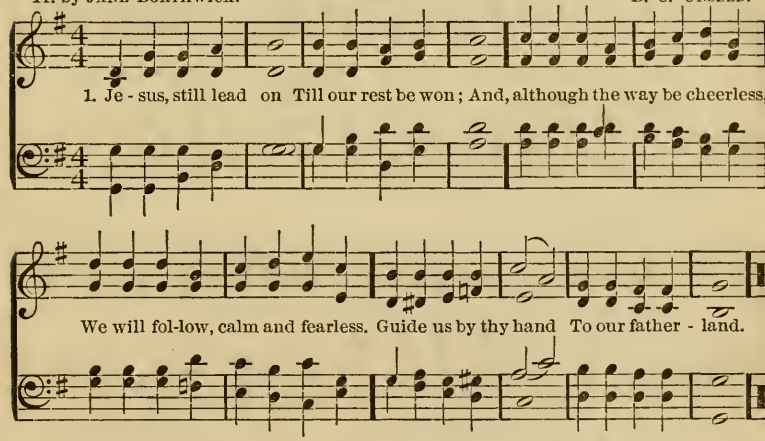
232 Jesus, Still Lead On.

Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK. B. C. UNSELD.



2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,
Let not faith and hope forsake us;
For through many a foe
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief,
When oppressed by new temptations,
Lord, increase and perfect patience;
Show us that bright shore
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our fatherland.

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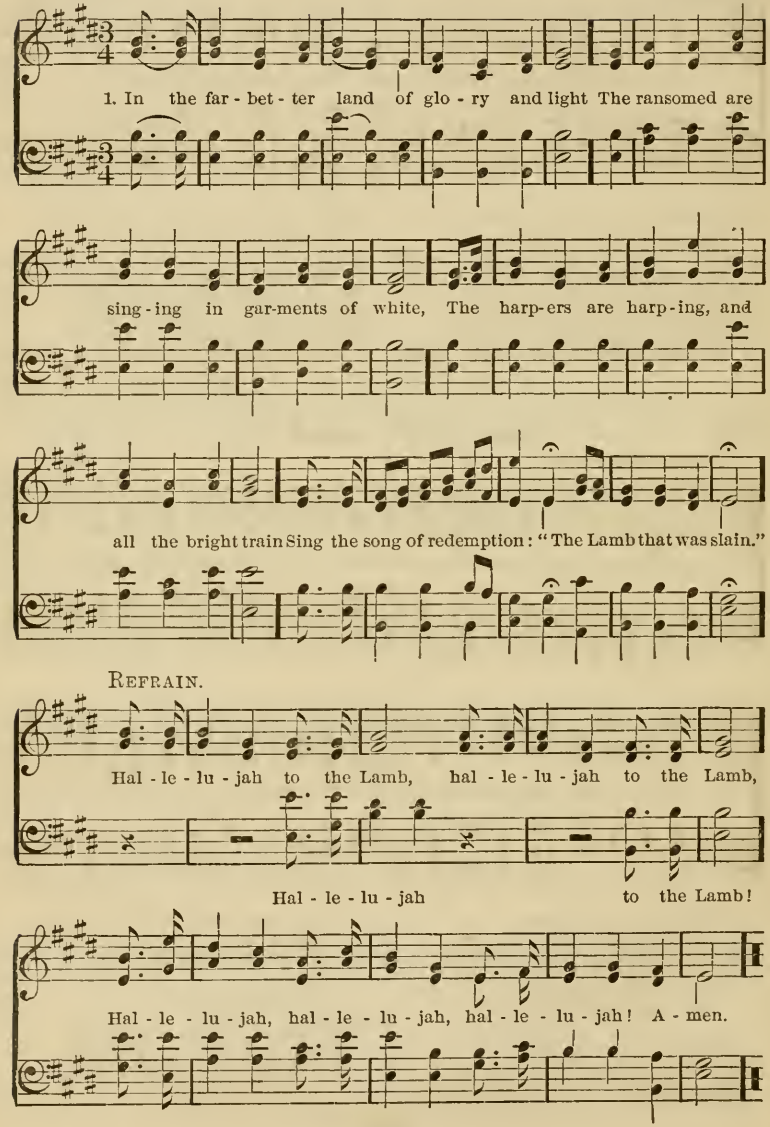
233 In the Far-Better Land.

E. S. PORTER, D.D. E. L. WHITE.



In the Far-Better Land.—Concluded.

2 Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of praise
Round the star-circled crown of the Ancient of days,
And thrones and dominions re-echo the strain
Of glory eternal to him that was slain.

REF.—Hallelujah, etc.

3 Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes, yes, we will sing, and thine ear we will gain
With the song of redemption: "The Lamb that was slain."

REF.—Hallelujah, etc.

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234 *Tune.*—IN THE FAR-BETTER LAND.

1 Come, children, and join in our festival song,
And hail the sweet joys which this day brings along;
We'll join our glad voices in one song of praise
To God, who has kept us and lengthened our days.

REFRAIN.—Hallelujah to the Lamb, hallelujah to the Lamb,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Amen.

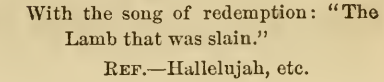
2 Our Father in heaven, we lift up to thee
Our voice of thanksgiving, our glad jubilee;
Oh, bless us and guide us, dear Saviour, we pray,
That from thy blest precepts we never may stray.

REF.—Hallelujah, etc.

3 And if, ere this glad year has drawn to a close,
Some loved one among us in death shall repose,
Grant, Lord, that the spirit in heaven may dwell
In the bosom of Jesus, where all shall be well.

REF.—Hallelujah, etc.

235 WOODLAND. C. M.



1 JERUSALEM, my happy home—
Name ever dear to me—
When shall my labors have an end
In joy and peace and thee?

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats, through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

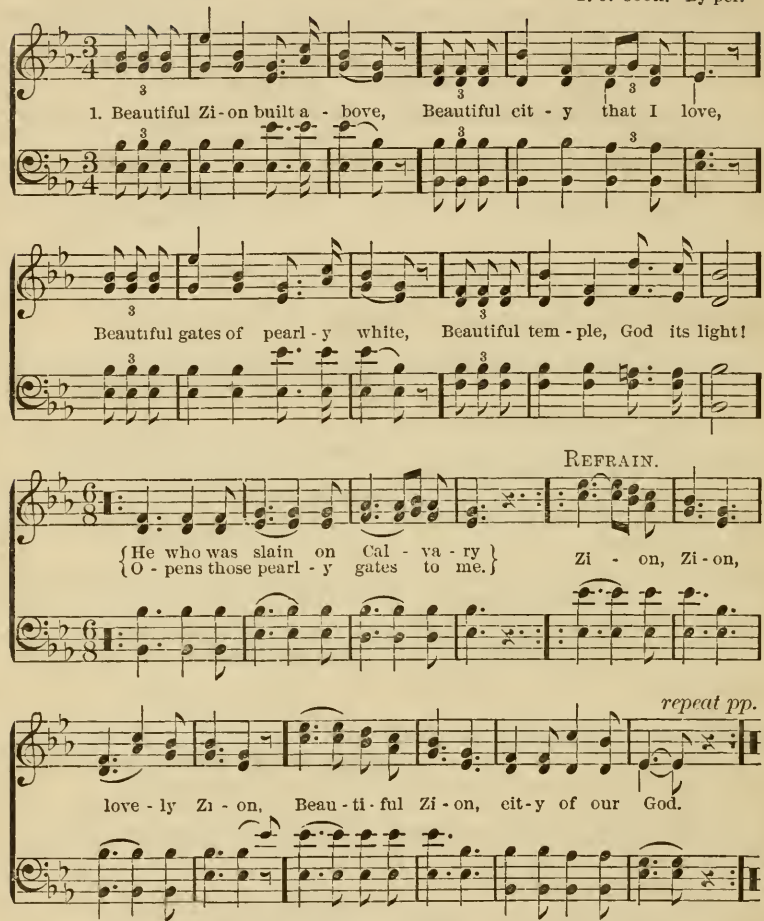
4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand,
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

John M. Dickson.

Beautiful Zion Built Above.

T. J. Cook. By per.



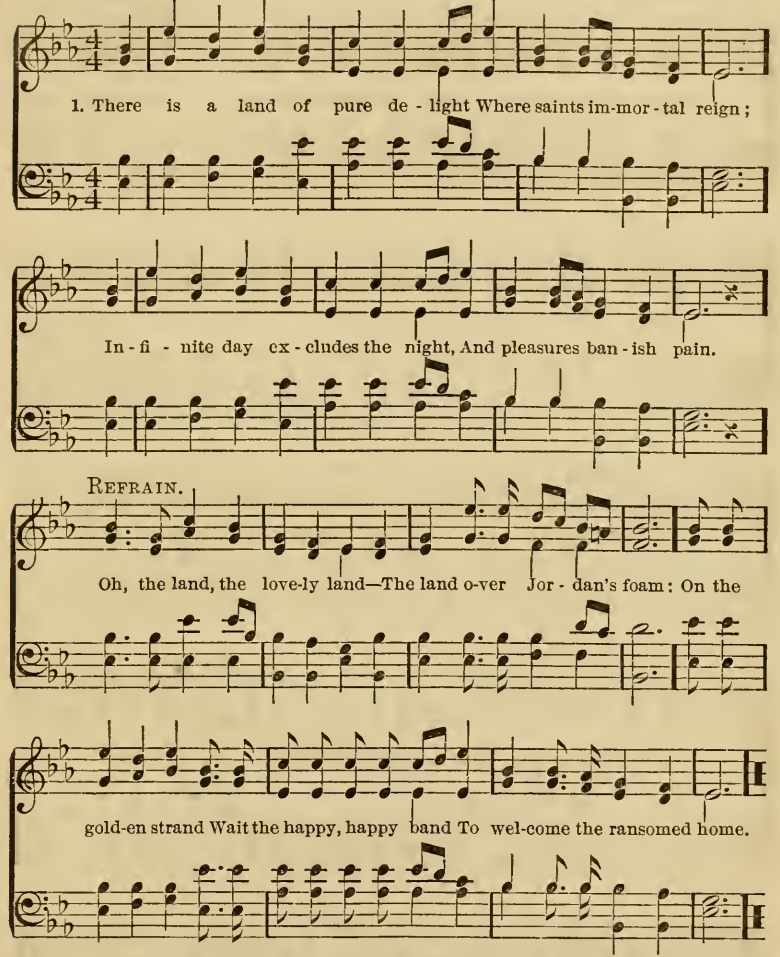
2 Beautiful heaven where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir!
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.—Ref.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show;
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there!
Thither I press with eager feet;
There shall my rest be long and sweet.—Ref.

4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace!
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;
Haste to this heavenly home with me.—Ref.

237 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

ISAAC WATTS. Rev. R. LOWRY.



2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.—REF.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.—REF.

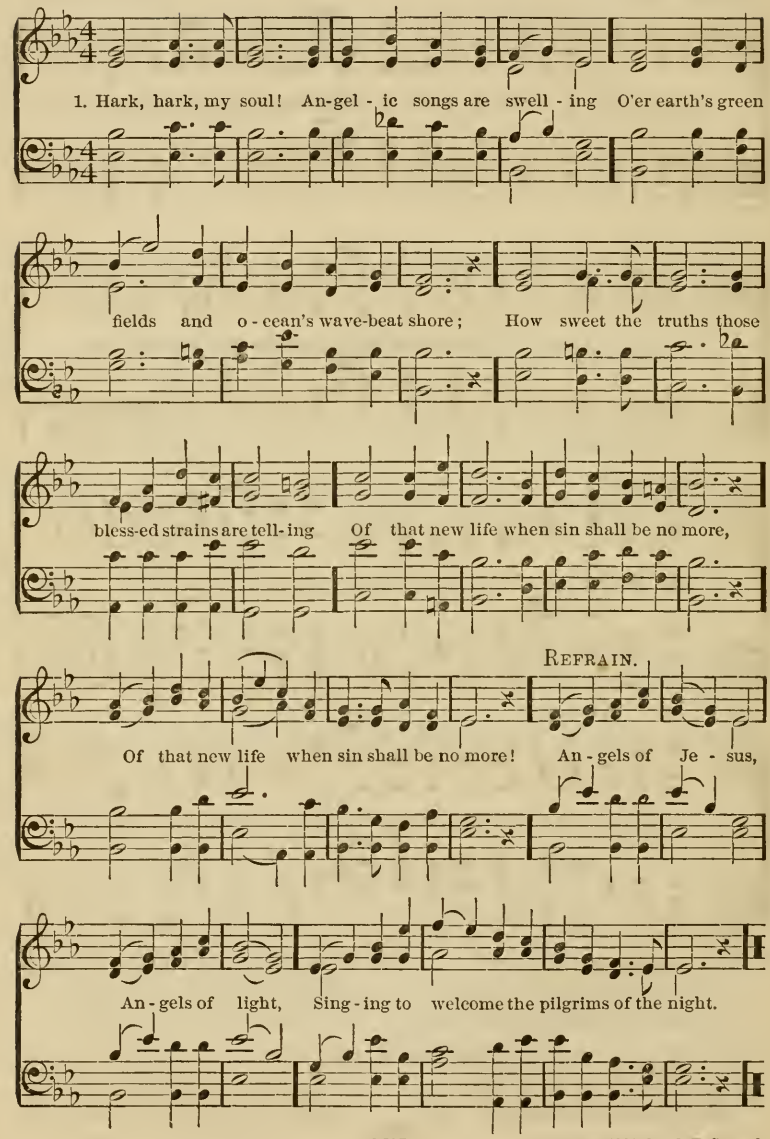
4 Oh, could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And view the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;—REF.

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—[flood
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.—REF.

Copyright, 1865, in "Happy Voices."

238 Hark, Hark, my Soul!

F. W. Faber. Theo. F. Seward.



Copyright, 1883, by T. F. Seward.

Hark, Hark, my Soul!—Concluded.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing:
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.—REF.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.—REF.

4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—REF.

5 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping—
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above—
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—REF.

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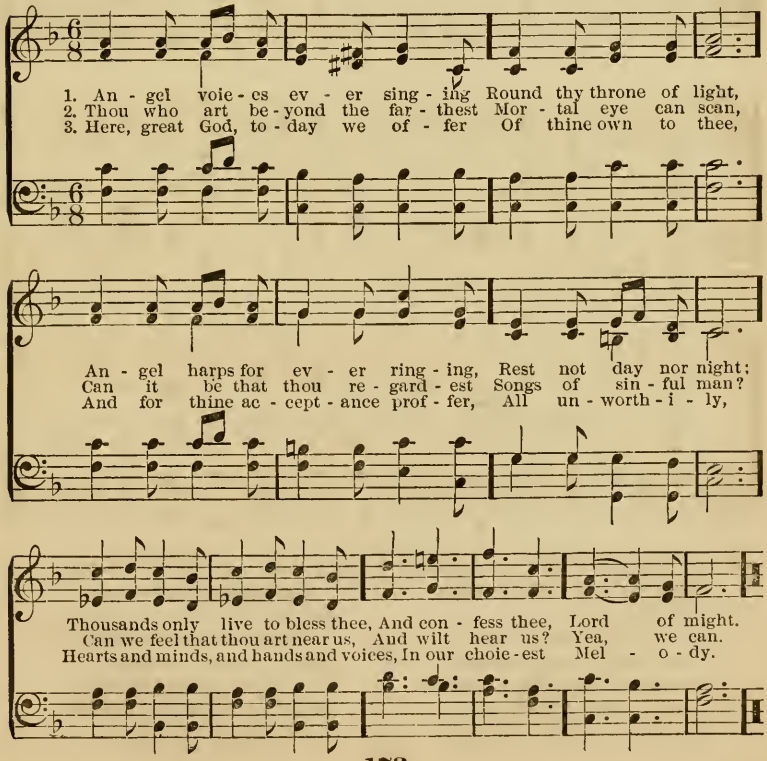
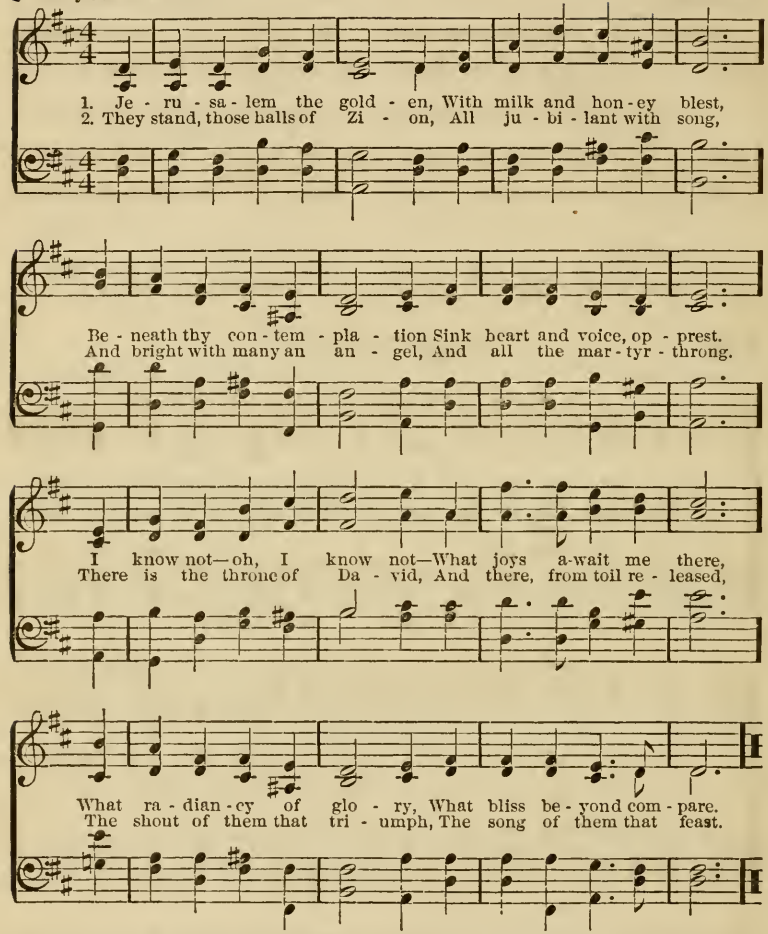
239 Angel Voices.

FRANCIS POTT. A. S. SULLIVAN.



240 Jerusalem the Golden. 7s & 6s.

Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE. A. EWING.

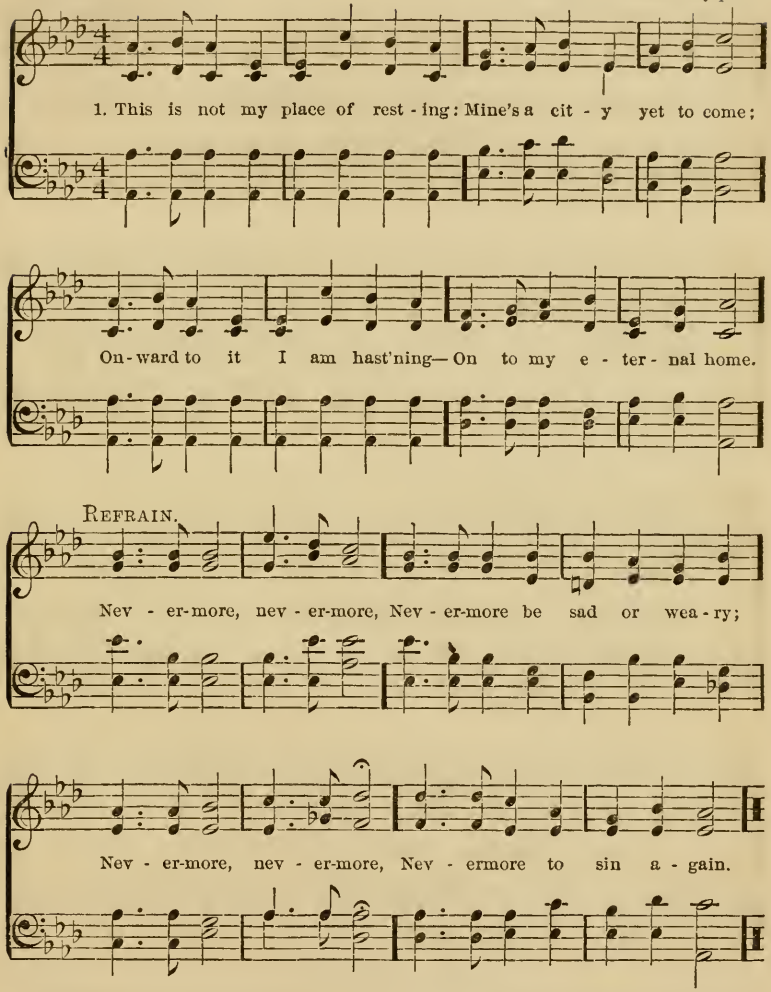


3 And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.
Oh, land that seest no sorrow!
Oh, state that fear'st no strife!
Oh, royal land of flowers!
Oh, realms and home of life!

4 Oh, sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect—
Oh, sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father
And Spirit, ever blest.

241 Nevermore be Sad or Weary.

H. Bonar. Theo. F. Seward. By per.

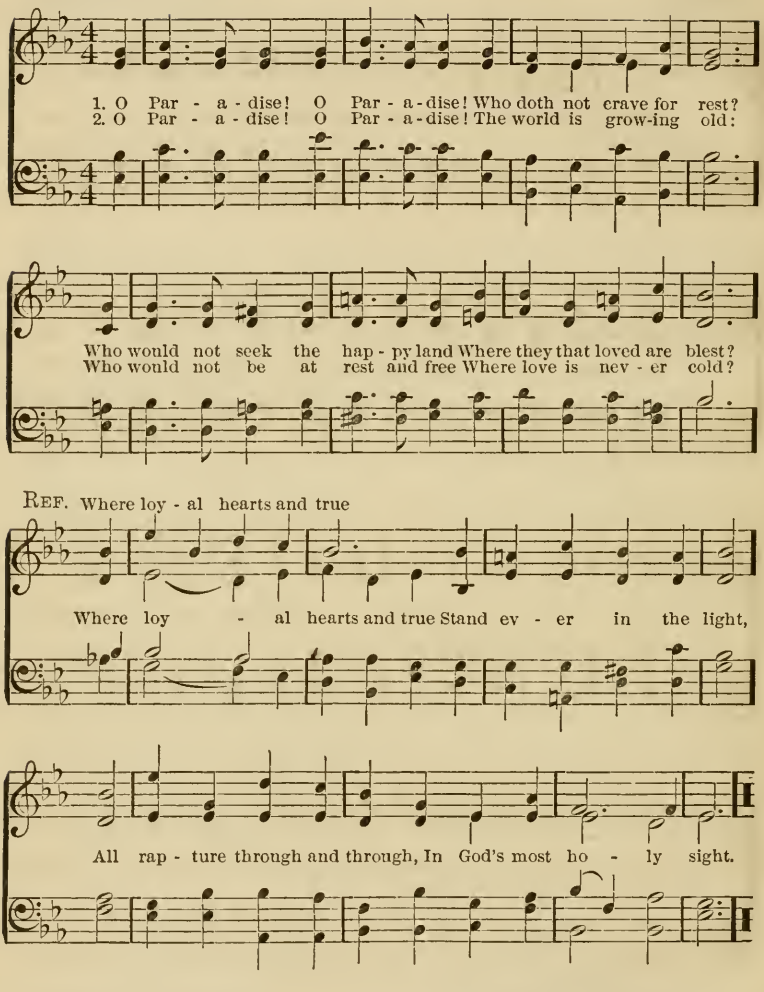


2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse, has passed away.
Ref.—Nevermore, etc.

3 There the Lamb our Shepherd leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pasture feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.
Ref.—Nevermore, etc.

242 O Paradise! O Paradise!

F. W. Faber. J. Barnby.



3 O Paradise! O Paradise!
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
In love prepares for me.

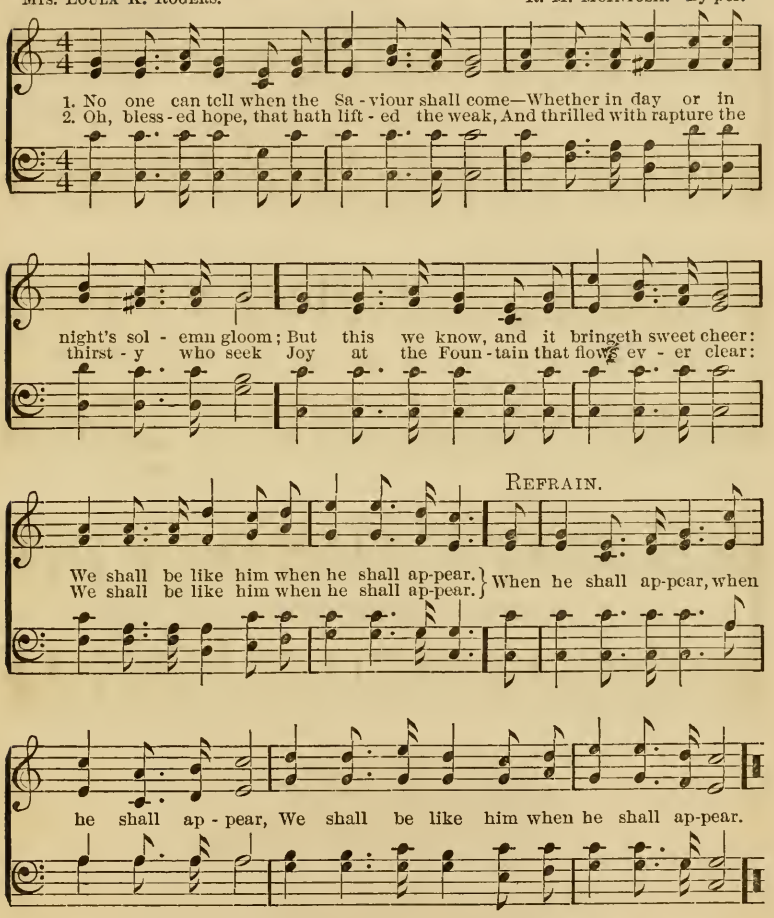
Ref.—Where loyal, etc.

4 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,
Oh, keep me in thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above!

Ref.—Where loyal, etc.

243 When He shall Appear.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh. By per.

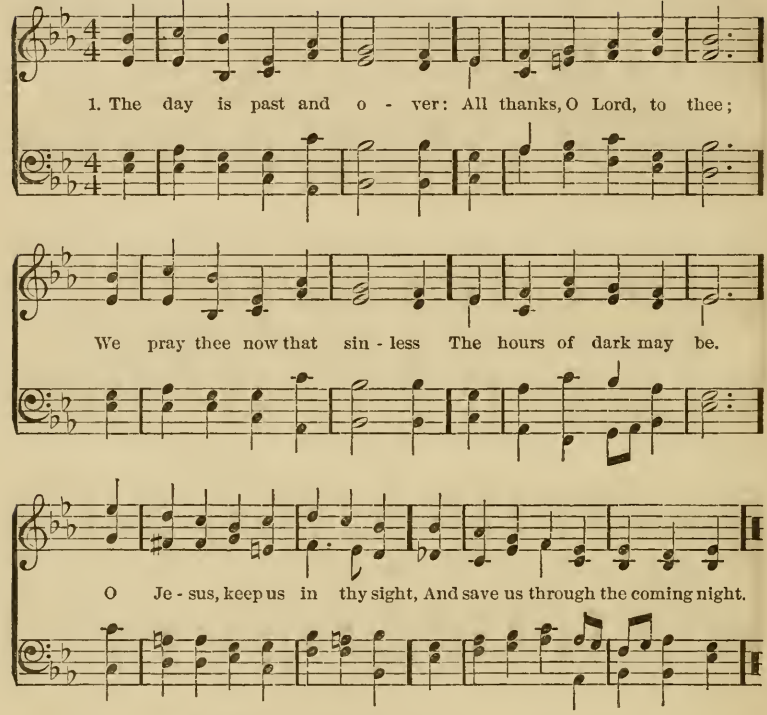


3 Even to me this sweet promise is given—
That I may shine in the glory of heaven;
Life's heavy burdens I'll cheerfully bear:
We shall be like him when he shall appear.—Ref.

4 Oh, let us strive, then, to work with a will;
Soon he will come and his promise fulfill;
Ever be ready his summons to hear:
We shall be like him when he shall appear.—Ref.

244 The Day is Past and Over.

ST. ANATOLIUS. A. H. BROWN.



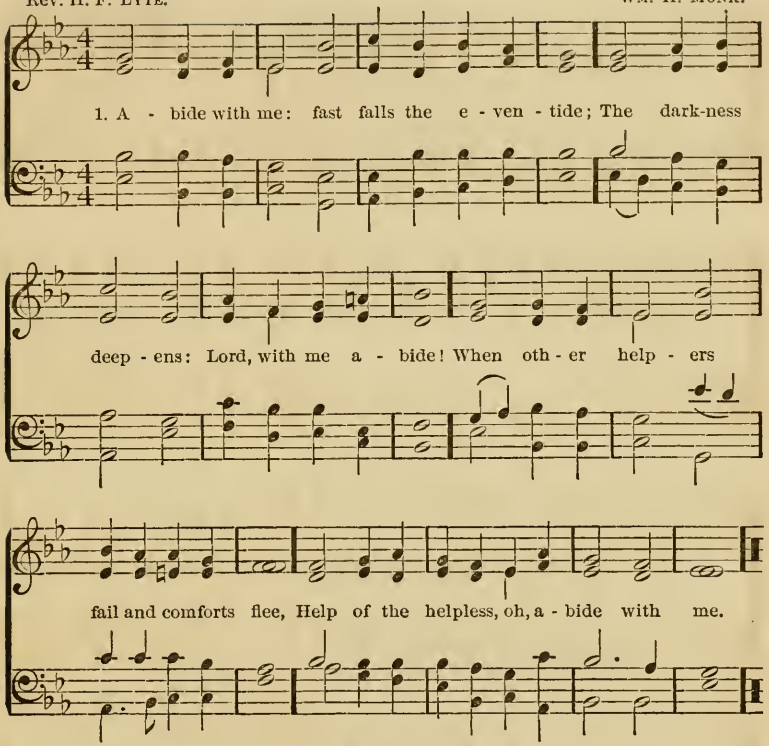
2 The joys of day are over:
We lift our hearts to thee,
And ask thee that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save us through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over:
We raise our hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesus, keep us in thy sight,
And guard us through the coming night.

4 Be thou our souls' preserver,
O God, for thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which we have to go.
O loving Jesus, hear our call,
And guard and save us from them all.

245 Abide with Me.

Rev. H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.



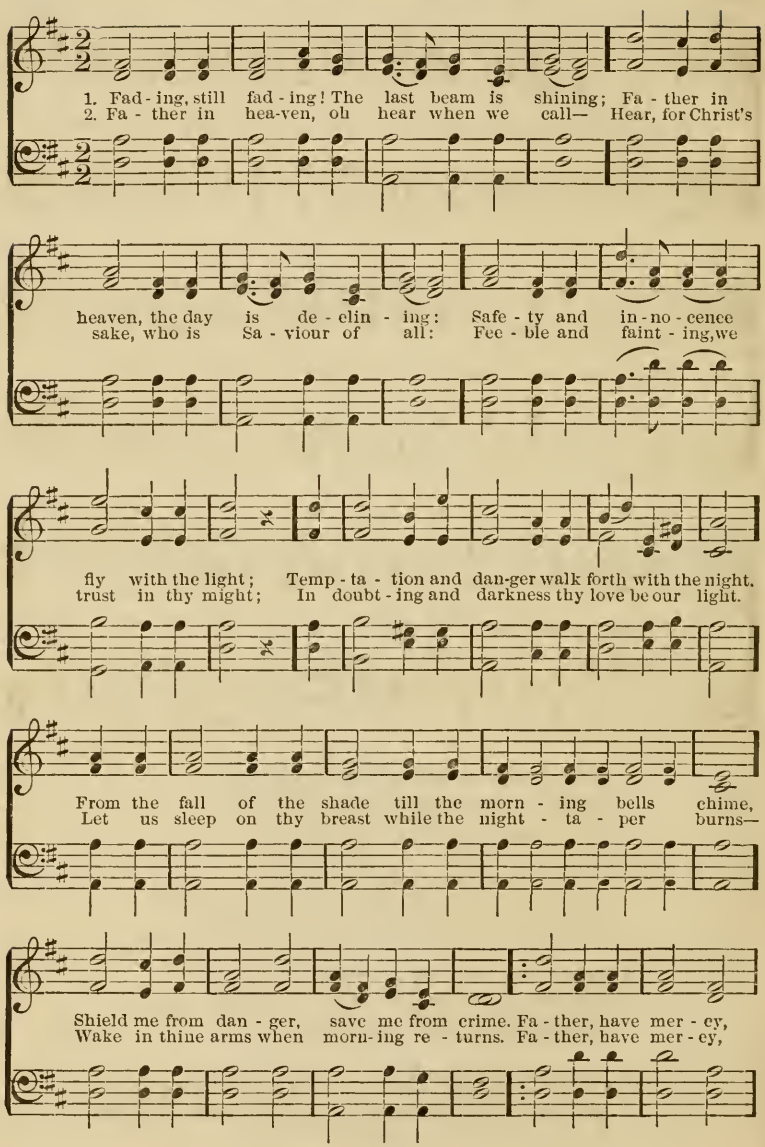
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

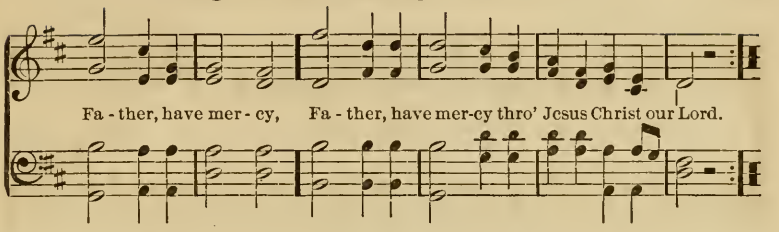
4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Fading, still Fading!

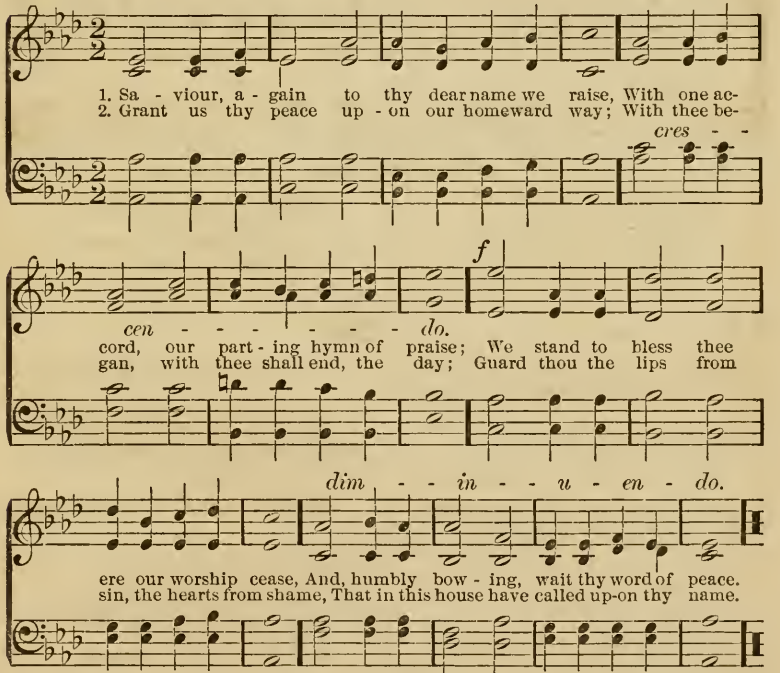


Fading, still Fading!—Concluded.



247 Saviour, again to thy Dear Name.

JOHN ELLERTON. E. J. HOPKINS.

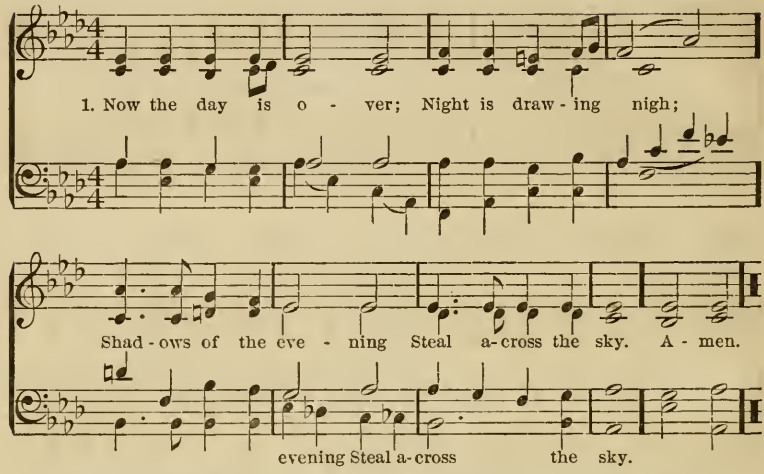


3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life—
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

248 Now the Day is Over.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould. J. Barnby.



2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close!

3 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

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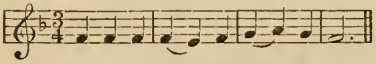
249 HURSLEY. L. M.



1 Sun of my Soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, "How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!"

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble.

250

Tune.—GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

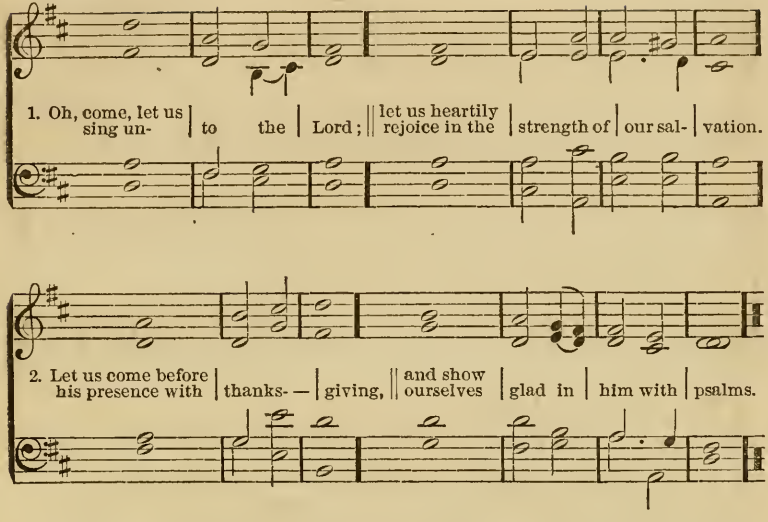
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day!

W. Shirley.

251 Oh, come, let us Sing.

Psalm xcv. W. Boyce.



3 For the Lord is a | great — | God, || and a great | King ·· a- | bove ·· all | gods.

4 In his hands are all the corners | of ·· the | earth, || and the strength of the | hills ·· is | his — | also.

5 The sea is his, | and ·· he | made it; || and his hands pre- | pared ·· the | dry — | land.

6 Oh, come, let us worship | and ·· fall | down || and kneel be- | fore ·· the | Lord ·· our | Maker.

7 For he is the | Lord ·· our | God, || and we are the people of his pasture, | and ·· the | sheep ·· of his | hand.

8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty ·· of | holiness; || let the whole earth | stand ·· in | awe ·· of | him.

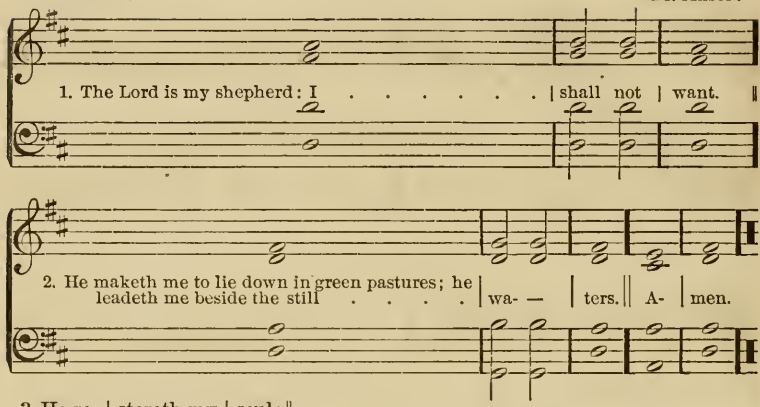
9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge ·· the | earth, || and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | peo - ple | with ·· his | truth.

10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || and | to the | Holy | Ghost;

11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever ·· shall | be, || world | without | end. A- | men.

252 The Lord is my Shepherd.

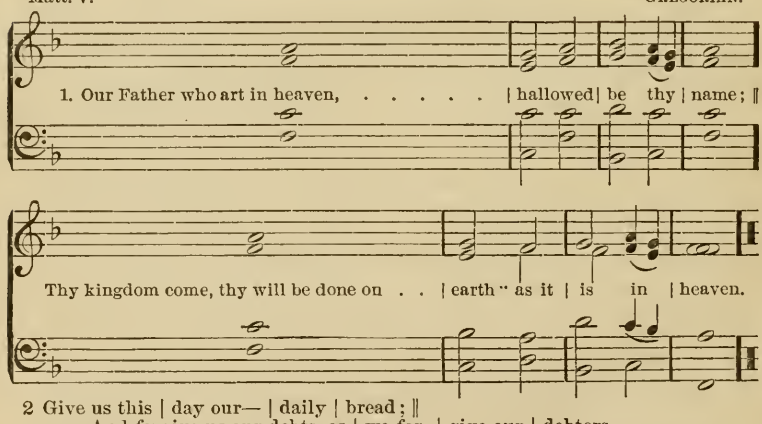
Psalm xxiii. Dr. MASON.



3 He re- | storeth my | soul; ‖
4 He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's — | sake.
5 Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil: ‖
6 For thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.
7 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine | ene- | mies, ‖
8 Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup | runneth | over.
9 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of my | life, ‖
10 And I will dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. ‖ A- | men.

253 The Lord's Prayer.

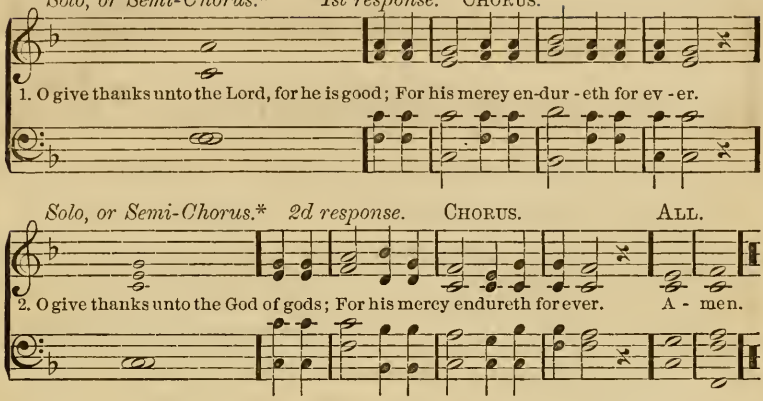
Matt. v. GREGORIAN.



2 Give us this | day our— | daily | bread; ‖
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ‖
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A- — | men.

254 O Give Thanks.

Psalm cxxxvi. WM. B. BRADBURY.



3 O give thanks unto the Lord of lords; CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
4 To him who alone doeth great wonders; CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
5 To him that by wisdom made the heavens; CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
6 To him that stretched out the earth above the waters; CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
7 To him that made great lights; CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
8 The sun to rule by day; the moon and stars to rule by night; CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
9 Who remembered us in our low estate; CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
10 And hath redeemed us from our enemies; CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
11 Who giveth food to all flesh; CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever.
12 O give thanks unto the God of heaven; CHO. For his mercy endureth for ever. Amen.

* By teacher or teachers. The responses by the scholars.

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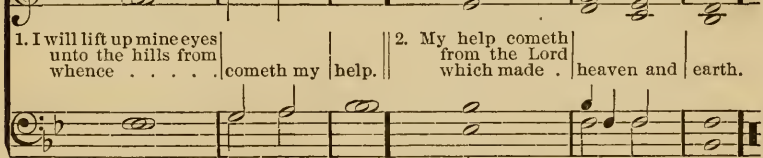
255 I will Lift Up mine Eyes.

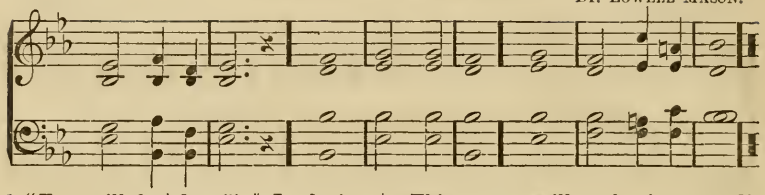
Ps. cxxi.



3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel, shall not | slumber nor | sleep.
5 The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy | right — | hand.
6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the | moon by | night.
7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore. | A- — | men.

256 Thy Will be Done.

Dr. Lowell Mason.



1 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying streams of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done!"

2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a | prosperous | sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine: |
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Though shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, ‖ one comfort, one, |
Is ours: to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done!"

Close by repeating the first two measures, "Thy will be done!"

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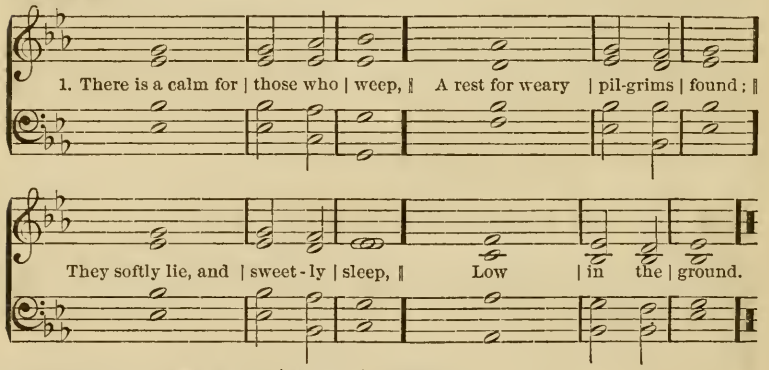
257 Troyte's Chant.

Montgomery. A. H. D. Troyte.



2 The storm that sweeps the | wintry | sky [pose
No more disturbs their | deep re- |
Than summer evening's | latest | sigh
That | shuts the | rose.

3 Then, traveler in the | vale of | tears
To realms of ever- | lasting | light,
Through time's dark wilder- | ness of | years.
Pur- | sue thy | flight.

4 Thy soul, renewed by | grace di- | vine,
In God's own image, | freed from | clay, [shine
In heaven's eternal | sphere shall |
A | star of | day.

258

1 God of my life, thy | boundless | grace
Chose, pardoned and a- | dopted | me;
My Rest, my Home, my | Dwelling- | place,
Father, I | come to | thee.

2 Jesus, my Hope, my | Rock, my | Shield, [me,
Whose precious blood was | shed for |
Into thy hands my | soul I | yield,
Saviour, I | come to | thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

2 C. M.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

3 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

4 7s.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Praise and glory be to theo
Now and through eternity.

5 7s & 6s.

FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Join we with the heavenly host
To praise thee evermore;
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Three in One and One in Three,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
All glory be to thee.

6 8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

7 8s, 7s & 4.

GREAT Jehovah! we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

8 L. P. M.

Now to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

9 11s.

O FATHER almighty! to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
All glory and worship, from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

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